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RACE LIFE

OF THE

ARYAN PEOPLES

BY

JOSEPH P. WIDNEY

Volume Two

THE NEW WORLD

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RACE LIFE OF THE ARYAN PEOPLES

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I

THE NEW RACE HOME OVERSEA

THREE parallel streams of Aryan blood, separate and distinct from each other, crossed the Atlantic to the New World in quest of homes: upon the south, the Ibero-Latin Spaniard; upon the north, the Celto-Latin Frenchman; midway between, a mixed stream of Teutonic peoples. Of these three the Spaniard had the start of the Teuton by a century; the Frenchman by some years. What became of these different streams of Aryan blood in the new lands, under new climatic conditions, with changed physical surroundings, in a vastly broader field of action, is the question which lies before us. As they had clashed and battled, the one against the other in the older home for supremacy and dominion, so they clashed and battled in the new. It was only the old conflict transferred to new fields. To the Teuton there was this difference, that whereas in the old home his land lay practically between the Slav on the north and the mixed Latin bloods upon the south, in the new home the Slav element to the problem was eliminated, and his battle for race supremacy was with the Latinized bloods alone. Yet the struggle was no less arduous, for to the forces arrayed against each other in the new land the relative

strengths remained much the same, only the elements differed somewhat. And again the Teuton lay midway between his rivals. It can scarcely be called a triangular contest, this battle for control of the New World which quickly arose, for, as in the old home in Europe, the position of the Teuton midway between put upon him the necessity of doing battle with both, while the same position midway between the other two kept them apart and permitted of little chance of their clashing with each other. In the New World then as in the Old, the struggle resolved itself down practically to a battle of one as against two. This position of the Teuton in the new land midway between his rivals, had the same advantages and the same disadvantages as in the older home in Europe; for while it placed him, here as there, in the more masterful position, it was also, and for the same reasons, the more vulnerable position. Hence while it made the struggle all the harder, it also made the final result all the more decisive. To Frenchman and Spaniard it was largely only a battle each as against the Teuton whose lands lay between them. And to them the problem in the beginning was rendered the more simple from the fact that they were respectively each of the one speech, the one faith, the one type of political life, and each had back of him from the first, and continuously, the one parent power in the old home as supporter and ally. To the mixed Teutonic bloods, however, the problem was more complicated in that while they were of the one general race division as against the Latin, yet among themselves they differed in speech, in sympathies, in type of political life, somewhat less so yet still markedly in religion, and had back of them at the first not one, but several different

and not always friendly parent powers. Neither was there always the accord with the parent power itself which we find in the case of Frenchman and Spaniard.

The homogeneity of Spaniard and Frenchman respectively gave them from the very start an advantage as against the Teuton in the contest which quickly arose for race empire; for the Teutonic bloods had first to settle this contest as between themselves, and so to develop and make firm a race homogeneity, before being fairly prepared to enter upon the contest with Frenchman and Spaniard upon anything like equal terms. That the Teuton was thus handicapped in the very start of the race has not, possibly, been sufficiently taken into account in contrasting the relative rates of progress of the different nationalities in the New World in the beginning.

Another factor lay back of the question of rapidity of race spread in the new lands, and this was not one of race fitness but of chance of location in the first settlement. The Frenchman landed at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Before him lay the deep, direct waterway of that river leading to the Great Lakes and on to the heart of the Continent. The Spaniard planted himself in the Floridas, greater and less, and at the mouth of the Mississippi, where another great waterway led on to the interior, and he also came to the narrow isthmus where a few miles' journey opened up to him the long coast line of the Pacific. That they quickly pressed on from the places of landing by the converging waterways to seize and hold between them the vast regions of the interior, and the Spaniard to possess also the coasts of the Pacific, is not to be wondered at. The wonder would be if they had not done so.

The Teutonic stream, on the contrary, first came to the new Continent along a coast where no great rivers led inland as highways to the interior. Not only this, but before them lay, barring the pathway to that interior, the long forest-clad chain of the Appalachian Mountains, stretching with scarcely a break almost from the region of the Lakes southward well toward the Gulf, a wall that reached from Frenchman to Spaniard, and behind which the Latin could securely flank and head off the advance of the Teuton into the interior. In these days of well-built mountain roads, of railways, and low-grade tunnels, men can hardly realize the retarding barrier that mountain wall was to the pioneer of two centuries ago. To his clumsy, ill-made wagon its steep sides were impassable. To pack trains the tangled underbrush was only less so. And back of all was the ever-present danger of the Indian ambuscade by day, and the peril of wild beasts by night. These difficulties and dangers, because of the ease and comparative security of their broad, open waterways, Frenchman and Spaniard largely escaped. That they quickly saw their advantage, and promptly availed themselves of it, is shown by the line of settlements and forts which were early planted from the Lakes down along the valleys of the Maumee and the Wabash, and up from the Gulf to the mouth of the Ohio, and backward up the valley of the Ohio as far as the forks where Pittsburg now stands, and up the valley of the lower Tennessee.

Into this flanking line of hostile power the Teuton drove an entering wedge. Its northern edge was the south bank of the Ohio, its southern limit the north bank of the Tennessee, its base the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia. And now the converging lines were

in the Teuton's favor. The objective point was the confluence of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi, with the débouchure of the Missouri only just above. It was the strategic center of the Latin line and the one all-important point in the battle for Continental dominion. To it all natural lines of travel and of transportation converged from the Atlantic coast. From it all such lines led out and diverged to the regions beyond. The advance upon it was a race repeating unconsciously the tactics of Epaminondas two thousand years before upon the field of Leuctra that fatal day when the long-drawn-out battle-line of Sparta was pierced and rolled back by the solid Theban phalanx "as the beak of a ship plows through a wave," and the ancient Spartan power went down to rise again no more. It was the strategy of the battle-field that other fateful day at Wagram when Macdonald led the forlorn hope which pierced the Austrian center and saved Napoleon. In each it was the deeper wedge-shaped column with its broad supporting base that won the battle.

This time the Teuton could not, as in Mid-Europe, be flanked and attacked from the rear, for behind his line of advance was the solid wall of the Appalachians with the strength of the hills as a second base. Down the converging lines of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Ohio, this wedge of Teutonic population was driven into the long thin line of the Latin power until at the mouth of the Ohio it pierced and divided the Latin front; the French line was broken and thrown back from the Illinois towns upon the Lakes; the Spanish forced from St. Louis down upon the Gulf; and the battle for the mastery of a continent was practically won. All after

was easy. And all this does not necessarily mean the battle of arms alone. The battle-field of mere arms seldom settles the ultimate fate of races. Louisburg and Kaskaskia, and the battling with Spaniard upon the south, are only incidents to the struggle between Teuton and Latin, just as the Great Kanawha, the Fallen Timbers, and Horse-shoe Bend are only incidents in the struggle between White Man and Indian. Both of these race struggles were broader, more far-reaching in their results, than any war of arms and battle-fields, and fought by other weapons besides the rifle and the sword. It was a war of rival and irreconcilable race civilizations.

Why is it that the Teuton, with the advantages of priority of settlement, and of the law of grades and transportation thus against him, and having the further disadvantage of division at the first in his own ranks and lack of efficient backing from the parent powers in the old home, yet in the end distanced both his rivals and remains master of the continent? The final causes must be sought elsewhere than upon the battle-field where men vie with each other in mere feats of arms; for the actual conflicts at arms upon the field of battle were not many nor decisive. They seemed rather to mark than to make eras. Battle-fields are oftenest only mile-stones on the way; and the Teuton as often lost as won; for with all his love of fighting he was never renowned as a strategist.

Possibly of all causes leading to Teutonic supremacy in the New World, more important than priority of settlement, or advantage of location even, is the law of pure blood. The Teuton, and more especially the Englo-Teuton, who for reasons yet to be considered became the

dominant strain of Teutonic blood in America, has more largely than the other peoples kept his blood free from admixture with inferior races. Theorize as we may about the original oneness of all mankind, the practical fact remains that now the races of men are many and unlike. And a further fact is also well established, That the limits within which race bloods may be crossed without resultant deterioration are not broad, but narrow. In the great groupings of the families of mankind the lines of demarcation are well established, and may not lightly be transgressed. Transgression means too often to the resultant progeny an inheritance of the vices, the weaknesses of both the parent bloods, the possession of the virtues, the strength of neither. And even within the families themselves the lines are apparently narrowing. It seems to be a process of race selection and evolution going on through the ages whereby out of it all shall be brought about the survival of the fittest; and that fittest is evolved by successive steps of selection and advancement from the original ranks of the less fit. Thus, Aryan no longer crosses without harm to the progeny with non-Aryan bloods. And even within Aryan lines the process of selection is going on until Teuton no longer crosses without deterioration with all of the non-Teutonic Aryan bloods. This second law is not as yet so far advanced in its workings as the first, yet no close observer can fail to note its existence and its results in the intermingling of Aryan bloods among themselves.

We possess a striking example of the baneful effects of the mixing of Aryan with non-Aryan bloods in the history of the Latin settlements in America. In the sixteenth century the best blood of Spain—and it was a

strong, adventurous, aggressive blood, the blood of the Spain of Carlos V. when Spain was the dominant power of Western Europe, and her banners on every battlefield from the gates of Granada to the dikes of Holland, while her fleets sailed every sea—that strong aggressive blood was poured like a flood into the fairest regions of the Western Continent. From Cape Horn to the banks of the Mississippi it, and its congener the Latin Portuguese, held all the land. No other race in Europe was powerful enough to even dispute possession. Yet that blood has left as its heir to all these broad regions only the mongrel broods of the south lands, Indian, Negro, Latin, all mixed and mingled into one. The Ibero-Latin failed to take his home with him. The mother of his children in the new land had never known the shores of Spain or the banks of the Tagus. The blood of Conquistador was smothered in the baser tide that surged in the veins of the great subject Indian peoples. Cortez, De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Pizarro, Coronado, left progeny—but no successors. Spanish America to-day, after all the four centuries, with its ever-recurring revolutions and its inability to maintain settled governments, shows the ferment even yet unended. Will it ever end? Possibly only with the incoming of a newer race, stronger, purer-blooded.

Upon the north, a century later, came to the banks of the St. Lawrence the man of the France of Louis XIV.; and now France, the France of "Le Grand Monarque," had succeeded Spain as the dominant power of Western Europe. And now the sturdiest blood of the Celto-Latin began to try its fortunes in a virgin land. Before it lay the deep direct waterway of the St. Lawrence leading to the heart of the continent, and along this the first settle-

ments were made. Beyond were the Great Lakes and all their branching river lines tapping the lands. And again the whole interior of a continent opened up to a Latinized blood. It was a possibility of empire such as has fallen to but few peoples. And behind stood as backer and supporter all France. But like the Ibero-Latin upon the south, the Frenchman also left his family behind. The mother of his children in the new land was not of Aryan blood; and the tawny-faced voyageur with his half-breed lineage roams over the lands of his knightly sire and his nameless mother, while another, not of his blood or kin, rules in the land and is filling it with his homes. Most potent of all the factors which have cost the Latin his empire in the New World may be classed the debasing of his stronger Aryan blood by this crossing with an alien and a dying race.

Unlike Spaniard and Frenchman, the Teuton brought his family with him. The mother of his children was of his own land, his own faith, his own blood. No extensive crossing with Indian blood ever took place. The brand of a social ostracism has ever been placed upon the man who has transgressed the unwritten code of the race by a mesalliance with an inferior blood; and the progeny takes caste with the race of the mother, not of the father. And this phase of the family and social life of the Teutonic race in America has back of it a race history long antedating the days of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Of all the Aryan bloods of Europe the Teutonic is probably the purest. Celt, Latin, and Slav have no such clear family escutcheon. The baton sinister which casts a shadow across the shield of the other branches of the Aryan folk of Western Europe from admixture with the pre-Aryan

bloods, has made little, if any, mar upon his. Other races have had to die out before him, or remain as an inferior caste at his gates. In this instinctive pride of race blood the Teuton, and notably the Englo-Teuton, stands side by side with his kinsmen the Iranic Parsee and the Brahmanic Hindu. Immeasurably beyond all other causes it has been the Teutonic home, and the law of pure blood, that has given America to the Teutonic peoples. It was the Teutonic wife that settled the question of race empire in America.

Yet other, altho as compared with this possibly less potent, causes have been at work to help to the same end of Teutonic supremacy in America. And possibly the most potent of these has been the influence of climatic law. The Spaniard landed south of his normal climatic home. Spain lies in the latitude of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. The same parallel passes through Madrid and Philadelphia. The isothermal line of Spain is that of the Carolinas; yet Spain, with its mountain uplands, has the colder winter and the drier summer. From practically the climatic line of the Middle States, therefore, the Spaniard migrated to the hot, humid shores of the West Indies and the shore line of the Gulf of Mexico, and to the great equatorial plains of the east slope of the Andes. While he gained other outlying possessions, the regions just specified constituted the greater portion of his territorial acquisitions in the New World, and remained to the last his chief places of settlement and the center of his power. The average annual rainfall of the greater portion of this new homeland is double that of his old home in Spain. His settlement of the drier and cooler Pacific coast came later, and because of remoteness was

scant and feeble. This change was to the Spaniard somewhat such a change as comes to the English man who from the salubrious shores of Britain goes out to the tropical plains of India. The enervating climate of the West Indies, bathed ever as they are in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, the hot, damp subtropical shore-line of the Gulf of Mexico, the *tierra caliente* with its malaria and its yellow fever, the tropical plains of the Orinoco and the Amazon, these could not breed the iron-sinewed man of the high dry mesas of Castile and Leon. The children of the men who, clad in armor, could toil through the everglades of Florida battling their way on to the banks of the Mississippi, and who could brave the marshy plains of the *tierra caliente* with their dread vomito—the half-breed children of these men of storm and stress swung in the hammock under tropical shades, smoking the cigarette, and dreaming away the noonday hours, while men of a sterner breed despoiled them of their patrimony. The life of storm and stress for them did not exist; and the empire their fathers had won in toil and battling slipped unheeded from nerveless hands.

The Frenchman, also, in coming to the New World left his normal race home. Not in latitude, for Canada and the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes are all between the same parallels as France. But the cool arctic current which sets out from Davis Strait and follows down the coast inside the Gulf Stream reverses the work which the latter does upon the other side of the sea for the West-European shore, and gives to this American France the isothermal lines of Norway and Sweden. To the Frenchman in the New World a life of battling did indeed fall as his lot, but it was with climate rather than with man.

No grape-clad hillsides cheered the new home. The wine song gave way to the shrill whistle of winds that swept down from the arctic snows with no kindly barrier of sheltering mountain range between. To a short, hot summer as of Northern Africa succeeded a long cold winter as of the Asiatic uplands. While the Spaniard, leaving his home in the mid-temperate zone, had migrated to a subtropic clime; the Frenchman, likewise leaving a home in a mid-temperate land, had, on the contrary, migrated to a subarctic zone. Here life became a battle with the elements. The Frenchman escaped the enervation which robbed his Spanish kinsman upon the south of his energy; but the struggle at the first was too sharp, too arduous, to conduce to the rapid building up of a race; and he lagged behind in the attempt to carry out that old injunction to "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth."

The Teuton, on the contrary, escaped both of these extremes. Measured by latitude, it is true that he, like the Spaniard, has gone wide of the parallel of his old home in Europe. There he dwelt between the parallels of fifty and sixty north; in the new home he has moved southward to a belt lying between the parallels of thirty and forty-five. The change would seem to be great. In latitude it is. Yet measured by the isothermal line he is still in the latitude of his old home. The line of a mean annual temperature of 50° F. passes through Germany, Holland, Britain, and New York. True there are minor differences, as of winter and summer extremes, and of relative degrees of moisture; yet to him the change has been far less radical than to either Spaniard or Frenchman. While he also had to endure the privations and

the hardships incident to migration and to life in a new and untamed land, yet he escaped upon the one hand the tropic enervation and diseases of the Spaniard, and upon the other the battle with the extreme rigors of the Canadian winter which the Frenchman had to face. And then his new climatic home could breed Teutons; breed them rapidly, and improve upon the breed. And when the battle for race supremacy resolved itself into a contest of race vitality and endurance even more than of arms, this advantage alone would ultimately have decided the struggle. For while Conquistador and Chevalier left progeny but no successors, Puritan and Cavalier left successors as well as progeny. They are to be found in the pioneers of the Mississippi Valley, the pathfinders of the overland trails, the Argonauts of forty-nine, and the gold explorers of the Sierra.

Still another factor, however, lies back of, and helps to explain the relative rates of increase of population of the Latin and the Teuton. Religious clashings have always been a fruitful cause of migration. But the Latin bloods knew only one religion. The Inquisition and St. Bartholomew's had done their work only too well. Their religious expatriations were already past. The hundreds of thousands of Huguenots who went out from France for conscience' sake to the Teutonic lands had already been absorbed and assimilated by the Teutonic peoples. Their numbers, their industry, their mechanical skill, had gone to help upbuild Teutonic power. They had not even been permitted to find a home in exile under the Latin flags. When a little band asked permission of Louis XIV. to emigrate to Louisiana the reply was, "The King has not driven Protestants from France to

make a republic of them in America." When another band of them had settled in Florida, the Spaniards broke up the settlement and hanged the colonists, placing above the suspended bodies the placard, "Not as unto Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." And so, outlawed by France, rejected by Spain, the Huguenot blood which emigrated to the New World went to swell the current of the Teutonic stream in Georgia and the Carolinas, and to give good account of itself among the pioneers of that great Teutonic wedge which finally broke the Latin power in the Mississippi Valley. But then, after all, the Huguenot was not really Latin, but the Norse blood of Rolf the Ganger and his Vikings. The outgoing was only the Northman turning to his own again. In Latin lands persecution had largely ceased because there was no longer any opposing faith left to persecute. Religious peace reigned among the Latin peoples—that religious peace which is born of spiritual death. Among the Teutonic peoples it was different. The clashing of rival faiths and creeds was still on in all its theological bitterness, falling short of the Latin bloodthirstiness, yet intense enough to drive men out from the old home for peace and conscience' sake. A steady stream of migration flowed across the Atlantic to the New World to escape from the social and political disabilities which dissent brought as its penalty.

Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, Lutherans, Catholics—the stream never checked for a century. This added immensely to what would otherwise only have been the normal healthy overflow of the more adventurous spirits, of the older homeland. Within twenty years twenty thousands of Puritans alone landed upon the shores of Massa-

chusetts Bay from Britain. Immigration poured in similar floods upon the shores of the Delaware and the Chesapeake, and southward over the lands of Georgia and the Carolinas. And all these, fleeing largely for conscience' sake and for peace, came to stay, bringing wives, children, household goods, farming implements, live stock, with them. They came to make homes, the Teutonic home. Very different was this from the stream of adventurers who crossed from the Latin lands in quest of gold and peltries, and who in lack of women of their own blood consorted with the women of the native races of the land. While the race speech was retained through the fathers, the race identity was obscured through the mothers.

And so it came to pass, not by chance but through the working of purely natural laws, and laws which are general in scope, not special, that the Teuton and not the Latin was to control the New World. It was only one more illustration of that survival of the fittest which is the key to all human progress since the world began.

But the law did not cease its workings with the victory of Teuton over Latin. The battle was still on, and this time between the Teutonic peoples themselves. Circumstances and environments over which these various Teutonic settlements had little control were steadily forcing them into a common race life under which race differences must inevitably disappear. But such race amalgamation seldom, if ever, comes as a compromise. The rule is that some one of the number absorbs and assimilates the others. And again it is the survival, or rather the supremacy, of the fittest. English man, Swede, Hollander, German, Huguenot—which was it to be? This

was the question which arose for settlement, for all had crossed the water to make homes in the new land; and it was not long before the clashing began. Upon the solution of this question the whole future history of America was to turn; and it was no slight issue that was at stake, for already marked divergences in race character and race possibilities had shown themselves even among the Teutonic peoples; and it was a continent that was at stake.

II

THE ENGLO-AMERICAN

ENGLE, Saxon, and Jute crossed the narrow waters of the English Channel to found a new homeland. It was the stronger Engle blood that prevailed and made out of all, Eng-land. Dane, Norman, Huguenot, came after, but they were quickly absorbed into the Engle race; their speech merged insensibly into the Engle speech; their separate race life disappeared in his. The Celt also, who had preceded him as a dweller in the land, soon began to lose his race speech, and to sink his race identity in the broader life of his conqueror. Out of it all was built up one race, one speech, and that was neither Saxon, Jute, Dane, Norman, nor Celt, but English; and to-day Britain knows practically only one man in speech, in national sympathies and aspirations, and that is the English man.

We now come to consider the second great mingling of Teutonic peoples. Again, but this time across the broad waters of the Atlantic, passed oversea a varied folk, English, Dutch, Norse, German, Huguenot, and also the Celt. These landed, as has already been described, upon the mid-coast of America, between the Celto-Latin Frenchman and the Ibero-Latin Spaniard. The English man settled along the New England coasts, in Virginia, and in Maryland, and Georgia. The Dutchman possessed himself of the valley of the Hudson, and the coast line adjacent to its mouth, and also settled in the valley of the lower Mohawk. The Swede seized the west shore of the

Delaware. The Huguenots made their homes more especially in the Carolinas; while the Celt scattered wherever the English man went. And now again in this second mixed mass of Teutons and Celts a process of absorption and assimilation set in; and again the one blood proved to be the stronger and absorbed the others; and again it was the Engle blood which prevailed. And this second era of assimilation was probably as little foreseen and planned for as was the first upon the other side of the Atlantic. When the Puritan landed upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay it was with no apparent thought or purpose of admitting others of alien speech and blood to the privileges of the commonwealth which he built up. On the contrary, he resented and rebuffed their coming.

So Henry Hudson, in the employ of the Dutch East India Company of Amsterdam, that day as the *Half Moon* sailed silently into the placid waters of the Tappan Zee little foresaw the great city of English speech that was to grow up about the mouth of the river which was to bear his name. And the old Patroons of the upper Hudson fought determinedly against the process of absorption which soon began to threaten the perpetuation in America of a new Holland. The Swede of the Delaware shore as little desired the change which fell to his lot, and through which the new Sweden shortly lost identity and name. Neither did the English of the colonies farther south, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, foresee at the first their broader future. English man, Hollander, Swede, each came intent upon seizing and holding his own piece of the new land; there to build up a second edition of his older home where the race speech, the race political institutions, might be perpetuated. The Huguenot came, not

seeking dominion but peace. He found the peace he sought; but with it race obliteration. And the Celt? He, as ever, drifted with the tide, nor dreamed nor planned of aught. The race doom to be only a feeder and an enricher of other bloods was still upon him. He was still to be only a builder up of other men's dominion. It was his doom before the Latin; his doom in the doors of the Teuton; and it followed him across the seas. First of the Aryan peoples in their migration westward to the new lands, his doom has ever been the doom of Reuben, that other first-born, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

But influences were at work from the very beginning to cut short this segregation of the Teutonic peoples in America, and to make out of the many, one. It was only unconsciously recording history already lived when two centuries later the new race, which was to emerge from all this confusion of kins, adopted as its motto the "E pluribus unum" which so aptly and so graphically tells a deeper tale than that of mere political union.

The question of race union of the Teutonic peoples in the new home in America naturally resolves itself into two:

1. The causes which brought about a union at all; which made a continuance of the separate race life, with its divided and often antagonistic interests, an impossibility upon the west shore of the Atlantic, and forced an amalgamation.

2. The causes that settled which was to be the absorbing race, and which should lose their own race identity in this process of amalgamation.

1. Isolation, and a sense of an ever-present and com-

mon peril, could not long suffer the various colonies to go each its own way with no thought or care for the others. The loneliness of two thousand miles of separation from the homeland, with the uncertainties of communication in an age when navigation as an art was yet in its infancy, would naturally induce a longing for fellowship between the various colonies even tho differences of speech and national ties were a bar between. Then, too, men soon found that in the stir of the great wars which were rending and tearing the nations of the Old World in their struggles for race supremacy, the little bands of colonists upon the far shores of the New World were quickly forgotten. The Thirty Years' War in Germany, when the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus swept alternately over Mid-Europe from the Alps to the Zuyder Zee; and then the two English civil wars, with the struggle which practically extended over a period of nearly half a century; and then the incessant wars of France, both military and religious—these, and the years of exhaustion which followed to Europe, left little time or strength for the homelands to concern themselves about the insignificant bands of emigrants across the sea. Yet these unceasing wars were adding to the numbers of the colonists, for unnoted in the warring of the nations, a steady stream of the best blood of the older lands poured across the Atlantic, self-exiled for the sake of peace and religious liberty, and wisely content in the new land to be overlooked and forgotten, for obscurity meant to them safety from the perils of the European contests.

Yet a new peril was born of the very isolation. Behind them was the sea; before, the as yet trackless forests with ever-present dangers of Indian warfare; for the In-

dian was arousing to a vague apprehension and foreboding of the possible results of this incoming of a new race to the land. He had watched the first coming of the ships, and of a race that seemed to him as beings of another world, who brought with them the trinkets and implements of metal which to the simple native with his tools of bone and flint were of priceless worth. He had welcomed them for purpose of trade, not yet fearing their scattered and apparently feeble settlements along the sea board. But he saw after a while that these men who had come at first only to trade, remained to occupy; and that from the unknown land beyond the sea they kept coming in an ever-increasing stream until he was crowded back, the game upon which he depended for subsistence driven away, the lands cleared of the forests and transformed into cultivated fields, and the smoke of the settler's cabin going up where before was only the flicker of his campfire. Then, too, in the eyes of these newcomers he was only an inferior, but little better than the black man whom they brought manacled in their ships from oversea to toil for them in their fields. In his heart a deep, bitter resentment grew up, and the colonists began to know the horrors of Indian warfare. And it was a warfare cruel and merciless; for already, with a prescience that was pathetically prophetic, the Indian began to realize in his dumb, savage fashion that it was to be a battle of rival races to the death.

It might seem strange at first sight that the Teuton of all men who came to America was the one who aroused the bitterest hatred upon the part of the native races; yet that it was so, is a matter of history. The Spaniard was more cruel in his treatment of them. The horrors of the

West Indies, and of Mexico and Peru, under the Spanish yoke, can scarcely be described. The Teuton made slave of the Black-man but not of the Red; the Spaniard made no distinction. Toiling in the mines, digging in the swamps, they perished by the millions. Fifteen millions exterminated within the brief period of his episcopate is the estimate of the Roman-Catholic bishop of Chiapa. To this day the Red-man is peon to the Latin. Yet the bitterest hatred of the Red-man is not toward the Latin, but toward the Teuton. The explanation lies in that trait of the Teuton, and especially of the Englo-Teuton, to which allusion has already been made, race caste. No sting pierces to the quick like the sting of social inequality; no hatred so bitter as that which is born of caste. The Spaniard might enslave; yet from the ranks of his slaves might be chosen his wife. And the children of a slave mother and the children of the master might play together as companions with no ban of social lines to forbid. Men will forgive cruelty; they never forget or forgive slight. It is this that arrays the dark-skinned peoples against the Englo-Teuton as against no other race; for to the Englo-Teuton the dark man is the inferior. He may not enter within the family circle. He may not sit at his board. Should an Englo-Teuton so far forget himself as to take to wife one of the dark-skinned race, the social ban is upon him also. He does not lift her to his level; she drags him down to hers; and the offspring may not rank with the father's race. This unwritten law of the folk may seem at times a hard law, but it is making the Englo-Teuton master of the world. But it is also making him hated of all others. He does not kill except in open and fair fight, and then only as the battle may

last: he has ceased to enslave even the Black-man; but under the chill of this social ban the dark-skinned races hate him with a sullen hatred, and retreat before his footsteps and die out; and he remains alone to possess the land. It was the dim consciousness of these facts, and then that dumb instinct of peril which aroused the Indian even as the wild wolf is aroused, that made him first give battle, then retreat before the White-man to the deeper coverts of the forest. And in the black forests Indian and wolf alike found shelter from the White-man's eye. This bitter feeling of social inferiority is the key-note to every council-fire speech of the Red-man; it gives thrill to his eloquence.

There is a pathos deeper than speech in the fate which befell the American Indian; the more pathetic because speechless. His race life was not of a high type. It was cruel; it was largely self-destructive; it had in it apparently the germ of only a limited possibility of race development; yet it was his own, and as such it was to him the ideal of race felicity. Under it he built his bark hut; hunted the wild deer; reared his dusky children; bravely sang his death-song when the fate of war went against him in battling with his fellow Red-man; looked up to the blue sky with a dumb trust in the Great Spirit; and was content. What latent possibilities of race development yet lay before him, no man can now say, for it was a race cut off before the normal end had come. This much we know, that two germinal points of a possible higher growth had made their appearance—the one in the confederation of the Six Nations about the lakes of Central New York—the other in the Creek confederacy of the South. Both resembled somewhat the Amphiktyonik

Leagues of early Greece. Under the protection of these confederacies habitations were becoming more fixed; the land rudely tilled; and wars, as between the confederated tribes, had largely ceased. But, able to hold his own against his fellow Red-man, he proved to be helpless before the more highly organized and better equipped forces of an older civilization. Yet he was not without men of ability who, foreseeing the end, made brave and skilful effort to at least delay it. Philip and Pontiac and Tecumseh were only red-skinned Hermanns who failed of his success. Their Teutoburger forests held for them defeat, not victory. It would be a kindly courtesy to give to them also a place upon the walls of the Hall of Honor in the capitol of the land which once was theirs; for their children also yet dwell in the land, and have fought under its flag, as their fathers fought against it. To them it is home. They know no other. They, too, are Americans —older Americans. And that man of the woods was a MAN. He did not ask quarters; made no plea for pity; fought the fight to the end; accepted the issue—and died. American soil has given birth to no manlier man. Let this at least of honor be accorded to him.

Possibly in his clashing with the Red-man the Teuton could not have been other than as he was; possibly in the working out of race destiny where peoples are only puppets in the grasp of a power beyond themselves, it was not intended that he should be. This much is clear, That because he was what he was, the perils of a bitter race hatred, and an unceasing race war, were upon him in the new land; and the common peril, and the isolation, forced men who had been foes as between themselves, yet who had no natural bar of race between, to become first

friends, then allies, then one. In the presence of a common foe, with home and family at stake, men soon learned to put aside the theological divisions of Cotton Mather and Roger Williams and William Penn and Calvert, and the broader yet still not insuperable race separations of English man and Dutch man and Swede, and to make common cause against the common foe. The fierce flames of the "Old French War," with its seven long years of Indian horrors, supplied the white heat which finally welded the various colonies into one. And as we now look back in the clearer light of historic retrospect we can see that the Old French War, together with this work of welding together, did another, and at that day little mistrusted, work; it proved to be to the scattered colonists the training-school for the Revolution. In it they first learned their own strength; and from it dates the arousing of the impulse to a separate national life. Had Europe been less busy with her own wars, and could the homelands have given the requisite support to this advanced guard of the nations, these colonial divisions would not, in all probability, have so quickly disappeared; but isolation, and the common peril, and a craving for fellowship, speedily undid the alienating work of centuries of race rivalries in the older lands across the sea, and brought together those whom no real bar of race blood had put apart.

Yet there were also other causes at work to break down the separations caused by differences of nationality, and to force the scattered colonies together into a common political and resultant race life. The generally acted-upon theory of the normal relationship of a colony to the mother country in that age was that of dependence. The col-

ony was to be a source of profit, a feeder, to the parent land. Its trade was placed under restrictions. Buying and selling must be, so far as possible, only through chartered channels and with the mother country alone, all else to be forbidden or to be so hampered and restricted by hostile legislation as to be practically stifled. It was the theory of the old common law with regard to a minor carried into colonial matters; yet less just in that it imposed only slack obligation of care or protection upon the parent, and recognized no age of majority in the offspring.

Under the practical working of this system smuggling and excise-law breaking ceased in popular estimation to be stigmatized as morally criminal, or even disreputable. Illicit traffic rapidly grew up not only with the outside world, but between the colonies themselves; and the fellowship of a common evasion of what they deemed to be unjust restrictions stimulated the fellowship of a common resistance, and thus tended to rapidly break down lines of race and colonial separation. Especially was this process hastened by the fact that the colonies mutually supplemented each other in their needs and requirements. New England desired the tobacco of Virginia, the cotton of the Carolinas, the rice of Georgia, the sugar and rum of the West Indies; while all of these needed the salt fish and the manufactured products of New England. Thus community of interests, and the fellow feeling under what they felt to be a common oppression, gave an additional force to the craving for fellowship in their isolation, and to the natural drift toward union for the defense against a common foe. And so English man, and Dutch man, and Swede, and Huguenot, forgetting the old lands across the sea, and the old animosities, began to feel the grow-

ing tie of a kinship born of the exigencies of a new race home, and to cut loose from the past. It brought many regrets, many heartaches, but these were the inevitable birth-pangs of a new nation; for nations are born in pain and stress.

2. But which was to absorb the others?

A common future would necessarily mean one tongue, one political policy, one race affiliation. But which should it be? Under the influences at work they could not remain English, and Dutch, and Swede, and Huguenot—but which should they become? for one must absorb and assimilate the others. And it was not chance that decided. There is no chance. Chance so-called is only causation as yet unseen or unnoted. It was the old contest of Engle, and Saxon, and Jute over again; and again it was the Engle man that won, and for much the same reasons as before. When Engle and Saxon and Jute crossed the waters of the English Channel to make a new home in Britain, it was the Engle who crossed in the greater numbers; so great indeed that his name disappeared entirely from the older home in the lowlands south of the Baltic. While Saxon and Jute settled in the narrower lands of Essex, Wessex, and Sussex, and in Kent, south of the Thames, the Engle had been colonizing the long line of the Northumbrian shore until from the Cheviot Hills almost to the mouth of the Thames the land was his. Possibly mere excess of numbers alone was the deciding factor as between the three; possibly other factors entered into the problem, factors which are lost in the dimness of early history; certain it is that the Engle became the dominant power, and Saxon and Jute disappeared as separate names and bloods. And the Celt who

dwelt in the land before, and the Dane, and Norman, and the Huguenot who followed after, they shared the fate of Saxon and Jute, and out of them all the land knew only one man, and he was the Engle, or English man.

In the colonization of the New World it was again the Engle who crossed over the water in the greater numbers —this newer Engle who was now the English man. And this was natural, for he had a more populous parent land to draw from. The Dutch and the Swedes compared with him were only a feeble folk. And then the long bitter civil strife of Britain under Stuarts and the Protectorate did not have its parallel in either Sweden or Holland to force men to expatriate themselves oversea. The New-England shore, the Chesapeake and its rivers, the Carolinas, and Georgia made a vastly preponderating land-holding for the English man as contrasted with the Hudson River Valley for the Hollander, and the Delaware shore for the Swede.

Yet it is not always land and numbers that prevail; and there were other causes at work also. Something must be credited to that practical turn of mind, that talent for affairs, which makes of the English man of to-day, whether of Britain, or America, or of the islands of the seas, the most successful of the world's colonizers; something also to the mastery of a speech which has proven its superior fitness by becoming the speech of the world of travel, of colonization, of trade. Possibly not least also among these causes may be reckoned a certain grim determination which will not acknowledge defeat whether upon the battlefield as at Waterloo, or in the settler's cabin as during that first disastrous winter on the bleak New-England shore, or in the beleaguered stockades of

the lone Indian frontier. And so it came to pass through the working of these various causes that the English man prevailed; Hollander, and Swede, and Huguenot, and German, and Celt shared the fate that befell Saxon, and Jute, and Dane, and Norman in the centuries before; and the new home, like the old, knew only the one race, the one speech, the one type of government, that of the English man. Yet it was not the English man of Britain, any more than the English man of Britain was the Engle man of the low Baltic shore; for again time and change and climatic law were doing their inexorable work in modifying race type. It was a broader man that grew up in the new home westward oversea, for now he ceased to be insular and instead became continental. No narrow shore lines shut him in. A vastness as of the primitive race home upon the Asiatic highlands again opened out before him. Here for the first time in three thousand years of migration the Aryan blood was to find climatic and physical surroundings such as had made it the one masterful strain of the life current of the world; and to this new homeland had come the most masterful strain of the Aryan blood itself. The race changes which resulted to the Englo-Aryan under the modifying influence of the new environments will be considered later, and under the proper heading. We turn first to follow the westward march of the Englo-American Aryan across the broad lands of a new continent.

III

THE WESTWARD MARCH INTO A NEW CONTINENT

UPON the shallow shore plain of the Alleghanies this newly evoluted Englo-American Aryan stood facing not backward across the water to the old homeland oversea, but with eyes fixed hopefully toward the heart of the continent. Allusion has already been made to the fact that population first began to penetrate the interior, not from New England, not from New York, not from Pennsylvania and Maryland even, or from Georgia upon the south, but from a middle section which lay back of Virginia and the Carolinas. This was not chance. There is an adequate geographical reason for it. Again, as in the old Aryan migrations across Europe, it was primarily the law of grades and of ease of transportation that fixed the line of advance; for these general laws lie back of it, and give clue to the routes of all race migrations in whatever land or age. The river valleys, which because of accessibility and superior fertility were naturally the first points of settlement, in New England and the Middle States run northward more or less parallel with the projecting trend of the coast, and away from the interior of the continent. Up these open ways population first flowed, up the valley of the Merrimac, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, led on by the rich soil, the easy grades, and the shipping facilities. When at length these lands were filled, and population began to turn westward

toward the interior, it found itself face to face with the Great Lakes and the French; for the French settlements, following up the waterway of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, had already flanked the English population and headed it off upon the west as far south as the forks of the Ohio where Pittsburg now stands.

South of the Chesapeake, however, all this was changed. The rivers here run, not northward parallel with the coast, but westward from the coast directly into the interior; and every new farm, every adventurous hunter, every exploring party, led on toward the heart of the continent. It was thus that the first overflow of population from the coast plain crossed from the headwaters of the James and the Roanoke, with their branching waters north and south, and drove as an entering wedge into the great unknown lands of the Mississippi valley, striking first the headwaters of the Tennessee and the south branches of the Ohio, and later the Cumberland and the Kentucky. There were yet other causes, however, scarcely less potent, at work to gender and stimulate this westward movement of population from the Southern rather than from the Northern colonies:

1. The narrowing of the coast plain back of the Chesapeake, and the sandy uplands of the western Carolinas with their thin, poor soil, together with the monopolization of the more fertile lowlands of the coast in large tracts by the wealthy planters either through grant or purchase.

In the more northerly colonies this was different; for not only was the coast plain there much more extensive, but also it retained a rich, deep soil over a much larger portion of its area, not pinching out as did the Carolina Bar-

rens. And then the modified form of slavery which at the first existed in the colonies farther north did not, in the lack of any great marketable staple, conduce to large land-holdings. Even the vast grants to the patroons of the Hudson were quickly broken up and subdivided into small farms. Thus it came to pass that while in what are now the New-England and Middle States the great mass of people of limited means was enabled for a number of generations to find ample space in which to grow and multiply, farther south they were speedily forced to penetrate the interior of the continent in search of suitable lands for homes. Cotton and tobacco were the making and the ultimate undoing of the South.

2. Then, too, the social caste which slavery quickly established in the South, but which never prevailed in the North, repelled by a law of human nature, strong as the manly pride of humanity, all who were not possessed of the wealth which was the credential of entrance within the charmed circle, and drove them out to find homes where no such social bar existed. By a strange law of retribution those social exiles of the South became its Nemesis generations after; for it was the children of these people who through the mountains of the West Carolinas, Northern Georgia, East Tennessee, and Kentucky, were the weakness of the Confederacy in the days when slavery made its strike for a separate national life. The old inborn resentment against the social tyranny of the slavery from which their forefathers had fled made them its foes when the hour of its peril was upon it.

3. Yet another cause for this earlier migration from the Mid-South across the mountains to the Mississippi basin is to be found in the character of the second wave

of immigration which flowed across the sea to Virginia and the Carolinas. Unlike the first incoming movement of population which was largely of the Episcopalian English who had fought or sympathized with King Charles in the civil war, these men were more of the Scotch-Irish Covenanter blood that had fought against him. Not the English Puritans of Cromwell's *Ironsides*, for these went to the New-England shore, but the Scotch-Irish who, while fighting side by side with the Roundheads of Cromwell's troop, yet remained separate and distinct. It was a blood as stern, as hard, as God-fearing, as the Puritan himself, but it was not Puritan. It was—Scotch-Irish; and that tells the tale. But again it is to be remembered that the name as a race designation is geographical, not ethnic, in its signification; that there are two separate and distinct races in Ireland, the Irishman who is not Celtic, not Protestant, but Pre-Celtic and Romanist; and on the other hand, the Irishman who is Celtic and Protestant and who in blood is one with the Scotch Highlander. He is the Scot who remained behind when the Celtic kin passed on across the narrow waters of the North Channel from what is now Ireland to West Scotland. It was good blood with which to found empire. But with the memories of the civil wars of the old home across the sea yet fresh in mind, this blood did not readily and at once harmonize with the royalist blood of the coast plain, but pressed on to settle in the interior and to become the advanced guard of civilization in its march westward. It is not to be understood, however, that the pioneers of the Virginia and Carolina border were all Scotch-Irish; only that they, probably more than any other one element, helped to give color and tone to the wave of

emigration which first crossed the Appalachians upon the central line.

And so it came to pass out of the working of all these causes that from the headwaters of the south branches of the Potomac, and from the thin-soiled upper valleys of the James, the Staunton, the Dan, the Yadkin, the Catawba, an exodus began; and across the low passes of the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky Mountains, and then a little later across the second crest of the Appalachians, led on by glowing reports brought back by adventurous hunters of the fertile lands beyond, untenanted save by stray bands of Indians, and driven on by the harder life and the galling bitterness of the social inequality in the older home, a great wave of strong, hardy frontier blood welled up and overflowed into the heart of the continent. Yet only just behind the first range it began to meet and mingle with a current of Northern frontier blood; for down the broad valley of the Shenandoah, that wide-open back door between North and South which because of its ease of passage so often during the Civil War proved to be the danger-point of either army—down the river-courses of this valley flowed a steady stream of migration from the upper Potomac and the Pennsylvania valleys. And this mingling of bloods helped to influence and shape the whole after-history of the mountain regions of the South.

The pathway, which from the sea to the mountains had been largely along east and west lines because of the trend of the river valleys, west of the Alleghanies changed in part, and for a similar reason, to north and south lines. The drainage of the valleys lying between the Alleghanies and the Cumberland mountains, owing to the

trend of these two ranges, is no longer as upon the coast plain eastward to the sea, neither is it westward to the Mississippi, but north to the Ohio, and south with the great bend of the Tennessee. And so, southward down the valleys of the French Broad, the Holston, the Clinch, the headwaters of the Tennessee, and northward down the Great Kanawha and the Big Sandy to the Ohio, the stream of population dividing began to flow. As the northerly stream neared the Ohio, it met and mingled with a belated flow of migration from Western Pennsylvania, which by the way of the Susquehanna and the forks of the Ohio now began to overtake it.

Farther south the main current, gathering volume in the narrow valleys of the upper Tennessee, and led on by reports of the broader and richer lands westward beyond the Cumberlands, forced its way across the Cumberland Gap by what became known as the Wilderness Road, to the headwaters of the Kentucky, the Green, and the Cumberland rivers, and thence with down grades and water transportation to the Ohio, there to mingle and be lost in that current of Northern blood which in ever-increasing volume was now flowing directly down the Ohio in flat boat and barge. This mingling and crossing of the two streams of migration, the one from the North, the other from the South, upon the divide about the headwaters of the tributaries to the Tennessee and the Ohio, explain some otherwise apparently anomalous facts of population and political affiliations—a strong Southern strain in the parts of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois which border upon the river, showing itself in speech and customs and political sympathies, and an equally strong Northern strain in the mountains of East Tennessee and

Kentucky. So strong is this crossing that during the Civil War the Southern sympathizers north of the Ohio, and the Northern sympathizers of the mid-region south of the Ohio, made of these territories, as in the old Indian days between the Algonkins of the Lakes and the Appalachians of the Gulf slope, a debatable ground held entirely by neither, battled for by both.

As this wedge of English blood west of the Appalachians was driven farther into the field of Frenchman and Spaniard it began at first to widen from its base for a while, yet not symmetrically. The broadening out upon the north was much more rapid than upon the south; and again it was not chance, but the working of the law of lighter grades and easier transportation. Other causes came into play later to assist in the more rapid development of the north side of the triangle. While the Tennessee at first led southward, its valley tho fertile was narrow and walled in by mountain chains which, even so far westward as across Northern Alabama, shut off farther way to the south. When finally the river breaks through the west wall of the Cumberland Mountains it soon turns northward and finally empties into the Ohio. The Cumberland River also, after a westerly course at the first, bears off northward and drains to the Ohio. The rivers of the Kentucky plain, the Green, the Kentucky, the Licking, and then farther east the Big Sandy and the Kanawha, all lead almost directly northward to the Ohio, facing in their various courses the south frontage of the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, while the river valleys of these States, opening out broadly from the north and facing the Kentucky shore, led by direct lines, low grades, and ease of river transportation northward to the shore plain of the Great

Lakes. It is to be borne in mind also that we are not to judge of the importance of the tributary waterways of the Ohio, north and south, to the early pioneers as channels of communication by what they are, or rather are not, to travel and traffic now. The shrunken streams, now flooded for a few weeks in the springtime by the rapid drainage of waters from the tree-denuded uplands, had then a volume and a reliableness of nagivation which in the absence of roads were to the first settlers, with their flat boats and canoes as the sole means of transportation, of incalculable importance. These tributary waterways of the Ohio were largely instrumental in deciding the question of the direction and priority of early settlement in the West. I can remember as a boy the Great Miami with its dry sandy bed and its insignificant stream, scarcely sufficient for mill purposes; and yet the men who were even then only gray-haired told of the flat boats of their boyhood plying upon its waters and which, in the days before roads and canals, served as the sole means of outlet to the world beyond.

These patent topographical features alone would be sufficient to account for a northward rather than a southward development of population. It was up hill and over mountains toward the south; it was down hill and by comparatively level grades toward the north; and the law of grades won the day. Soon the hardy pioneers began to cross the river line upon the north to the rich beech lands of Ohio, then later to the more open prairie reaches of Indiana and Illinois.

Yet there were other causes also at work to turn the current of population northward rather than to the south. When the men of Virginia and the Carolinas crossed the

Appalachians from the seacoast to the headwaters of the Tennessee and the Cumberland, they had to make no radical change of climate. While there were minor changes from the seacoast to the interior, still they remained within the normal climatic belt of the Teuton. Now, however, the crossing of one single flanking range upon the south brought with it a radical and inimical change. South of that range the rivers drain by comparatively short courses directly southward to the Gulf. The whole land now is the Gulf plain. The warm humid winds and the heavy rainfall of the Gulf reach every part. The beech, the oak, give way to the magnolia and the cypress. Instead of the nutritious blue-grass is the coarser herbage of the subtropics and the canebrake. The land, fertile beyond expression but equally rich in malaria, and subject to the subtropical diseases. Into this land the blood of the Northman penetrates slowly and haltingly. In it his race vigor soon begins to fail.

Upon the north, however, all is different. From the valley of the Tennessee to the shores of the Great Lakes is the Teuton's normal home. Its more bracing climate can breed Teutons. In it his race vigor is preserved, and he multiplies rapidly. The great wave of Teutonic blood which began to pour across the mountains from the Atlantic coast plain, without reasoning all this out possibly, probably never having even thought of it, yet with a race instinct which is forerunner and seer to race reason turned away from the subtropic lands of the Gulf plain to people the lands which spread northward to the Great Lakes.

Yet another cause, and this one which was within the control of man himself, helped in no small degree to fur-

ther this turning of population from the south to the north. The men who left Virginia and the Carolinas largely to escape from the social inequality which came of slavery, with a curious inconsistency brought slavery as an institution with them. The blight of the older home fell upon the new; for while, as in the older home, the few became wealthy and held slaves, the many, having possibly little of the wealth-accumulating ability, turned away yet again to escape from the old inequality. Southward was the Gulf plain with its products of cotton and sugar and rice, and the culture of these involved the great plantation system, and slavery in its most intensified form. Northward spread out the land of the corn, the wheat, the apple, and the small farm, with slavery, even where introduced, making no headway but slowly dying out, and the bar of a social inequality based upon the ownership of slaves unknown. To this land they turned. Then, too, this factor of slavery was most powerful in deflecting northward the ever-swelling current of the after-immigration from oversea. Unaccustomed to slavery in the old home, it turned away from it in the new with a repugnance which nothing could overcome.

Before passing on from this topic it might be of interest to contrast the comparative after-developments of population of the regions south and north of the Ohio. The slavery question as a factor has been settled for a generation; yet the contrast, and to the disadvantage of the South, becomes more marked with each year. North of the line of the Ohio, population steadily and rapidly increases; south of that line the average increase is slow, while in many of the mountain districts there is a decrease. There must be other causes at work than those already

cited, to account for this. A reason which goes back of social and topographic causation is to be found. And it is one which shows how far-reaching and unescapable are the influences of physical causes upon man's development upon the earth. The alluvial benches upon either side of the immediate river valley of the Ohio mark the dividing-line between two entirely different systems of surface-soil formation. South of this line is to be found a surface soil of local origin, the accumulation of humus and of decomposed rock of the great central mountain region of the South. This soil, while warm, genial, and easy to cultivate, is not deep except in the alluvium of the river bottoms. With the clearing of the forest growth, and the after-denudation which followed cultivation and surface washing, it soon became thin and impoverished. These are the "poor uplands of the South." And with each successive year they become thinner and less able to support a dense population.

North of the Ohio it is different. While the lands south of the river belong largely to the mountain system, those upon the north belong to the Lake system. Their soil is formed of the deep detritus of the glacial era, when the great ice sheet plowed and planed its way down from Labrador southward, grinding and pulverizing the primary rocks, and upon its recession leaving the whole land covered with the deep, strong clays. Upon these as a subsoil is the after-deposit of humus from the growth and decay of the dense forests which soon covered the plains and the rolling hills upon the recession of the ice cap. The region south of the Ohio might be described as a land without a subsoil; while from river to lake the subsoil is deep and strong. The dense beech forests of these Ohio

clay lands were much more difficult to clear, and the soil harder to subdue than the more open growth and the lighter soil of the mountain lands south of the river, but once cleared and tamed they have a strength and an endurance of productive capacity and a tenure of agricultural life far beyond those of the mountain regions south. The first generation began already to exhaust the lands of the mountain south. It took, upon the other hand, the first generation to fairly subdue and bring into full productive condition the heavy clays of the glacial plains of the North-Ohio slope. And now while one sees the poverty-stricken homes and the failing population of the uplands of Kentucky, and Tennessee, and West Virginia, north of the river he sees a constantly increasing productiveness, and an ever-growing density of population in Ohio and the tier of States farther west.

A fourth factor in determining the lines of the growth of population was the great waterway of the Ohio River. The importance of the influence which this river had in determining the line of advance west of the Appalachians can hardly be overestimated. In this respect neither the Tennessee nor the Cumberland can be compared with it. Starting with its branching headwaters in that great open plain of Western New York and Pennsylvania where the mountain wall of the Appalachians, which shuts off the Mississippi Valley from the Atlantic, breaks down, letting the coast plain swell up and pass over through comparatively low hills to the interior, the broad, placid stream of "La Belle Rivière," as the early French explorers admiringly called it, flows on westward for a thousand miles directly into the heart of the continent. Only once in that long course is the calm tenor of its way broken even by

a rapid. To the crude navigation of the primitive barge and flat boat it offered a highway free from danger of rock or shoal. It was also comparatively free from the perils of Indian ambuscade which ever beset the routes by land; for the wandering savage was seldom provided with boats to make attack upon the water, and the flat boat with its solid gunwales was in itself a floating block-house within the shelter of which the emigrant and his family might dwell secure while yet traveling onward, and especially as the mid-current of the broad river was well beyond the range of effective fire from the light-caliber rifles of Indian warfare. Of all the natural factors entering into the problem of the settlement of the West this river was the most important. While population, for reasons already stated, first penetrated the basin of the Mississippi by the line which led across the mountains from Virginia and the Carolinas, it had hardly become firmly seated in the land when the delayed current from Western Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and New York, overtook it, coming down by the way of the headwaters of the Ohio. The flat boat and the barge started the stream which later, with the introduction of the steamboat, swelled to a flood. The pack-trains of the Old Wilderness Trail from Virginia and the Carolinas were only a rivulet compared with it. And then the greater population of the North-Atlantic States, now rapidly outgrowing the South, gave a larger source of supply from which to draw.

The waterway of the Ohio did not remain the only line of travel from the Northern tier of States to the lands north of that river. The Wilderness Road across the mountains from Virginia and the Carolinas to the lands south of the Ohio had its parallel to the regions upon the

north. In 1811 the Goverment of the United States began the construction of the Great National Road. This was a solidly built, macadamized highway, leading from the town of Cumberland, head of navigation upon the Potomac, to Wheeling upon the Ohio, thence on across the midlands of the State of Ohio through Columbus, and on across Indiana to Vandalia, Ill. It was completed to Wheeling in the year 1820, to Zanesville, Ohio, by 1830, to Vandalia, Ill., in 1836. It was planned to extend to the Mississippi River and partly finished, but was never macadamized beyond Vandalia, as the rapid development of the railway began to deprive the wagon-road of its importance as a highway for traffic and travel. I well remember, when a boy, hearing the conductor on the Cincinnati and Toledo railway call out "National Road" as one of the way-stations. Built in the most substantial manner of stone, broad, smooth, with easy grades and streams bridged, probably no other great landway before the advent of the railroad ever witnessed such a stream of migration and traffic. The road-bed was of broken stone eighteen inches thick upon a graded and drained base of earth. The lower course was of stone sized to pass through a seven-inch ring; above this a layer of three-inch size; the surface, of more finely crushed stone, rolled with iron rollers of three tons' weight to a four-foot face. The freight wagons were required to have nine-inch tires.

Yet so incessant was the traffic that the road-bed, which it had been supposed would endure for a lifetime, was worn until almost impassable within the first five years and had to be largely rebuilt. From that time only constant repairs kept it in serviceable condition.

To accommodate the incessant stream of travel, taverns grew up at an average interval of only two miles; yet it was no uncommon sight to find encamped about each of these at night-time from forty to fifty of the great six- and eight-horse freight wagons, each with its load of several tons. An almost unbroken procession of these wagons, laden with iron, salt, and all kinds of merchandise needed upon the frontier, passed westward, while the return line carried to the Eastern market the flour, bacon, peltries, and all the products of the New West. Daily mail coaches carried letters, papers, and passengers. Droves of livestock thronged its length. But more significant than all these was the never-ceasing procession of "Mover Wagons," as they were called, carrying each year thousands of new families with their household goods on to the unoccupied lands of the West. As this pioneer stream of migration crossed the Ohio it began to scatter. At every diverging road little streamlets branched off from the main thoroughfare to take up the still unsettled government lands. I can remember, when a child upon the old home farm in Western Ohio, the great white-covered mover wagons which came out of the unknown lands of the East to pass on to the equally unknown and mysterious lands of the West. To the childish imagination their people seemed as denizens of another world. I do not know that statistics are available of the migration by this great highway, but it was of a volume that rapidly began to fill with a sturdy population the thousands of square miles of the States that now border the Ohio River upon the north.

The "National Road" was built primarily as a political measure to counteract the tendency to separation

between East and West which was already beginning to manifest itself, and which had its causation in the difficulty of intercourse and an increasing divergence of interests. The Burr conspiracy only accentuated a feeling which was rapidly growing up; for the West was with each year looking more and more toward the mouth of the Mississippi rather than the Atlantic seaboard as its one possible outlet. This road, however, and the canal system which is yet to be spoken of, efficiently supplemented the Ohio River in the work of binding East and West together as one; and they may be counted as forces which long beforehand were predetermining the outcome of the Civil War when the clash came over the slavery question; for these, and not the waterway of the Mississippi, had forged the stronger tie.

Yet the time arrived when even the Ohio River and the National Road failed to suffice for the rapidly growing needs of population in the new lands. And then, of course, river navigation ceased near the forks of the Ohio where Pittsburg now stands, leaving the National Road from Wheeling on the Ohio to Cumberland upon the Potomac, a hundred miles across the mountains, as the one main thoroughfare to the Atlantic seaboard. The vital need was for a waterway which should connect the Ohio and the lands of the West with the Atlantic. Population might come, and did come, rapidly by wagon and stage, but even the long procession of freight wagons which lined the traveled way of the National Road could not suffice for the transportation of the rapidly growing freight traffic which was springing up between East and West. Far-sighted men already foresaw that ampler facilities must be furnished, or again the West would be

forced to turn to the Mississippi for an outlet, and this trade would be lost to the East, while the tendency to separation would again inevitably manifest itself.

The route and the grades for such a waterway from the West to the Atlantic had already been provided by nature. In Central New York the long line of the Appalachians, which from Northern Georgia parallels the coast, a solid mountain wall between East and West, breaks down to a level plain. Between the Catskills, which are only a portion of that mountain chain, and the Adirondacks, which are the northern extension of the same chain, the valley of the Mohawk opens through from the Hudson to the basin of the Great Lakes. Through the depression of this valley the region of the Lakes once drained to the sea. The Mohawk River is only the shrunken remnant of what was then a riverway of which the Hudson, the Niagara, the Detroit, and the St. Mary's are portions. The Hudson above the confluence of the Mohawk was then only a small tributary of that Greater Hudson which, deflecting almost at right angle where the Mohawk now enters it from the west, passed on backward to the heart of the continent, a rival of the Mississippi in volume and length. The outlet channel of that older geologic river, the Greater Hudson that was, may even yet be traced by soundings many miles out to sea beyond the Narrows as a deep submarine valley, for the comparative levels of land and sea were not the same then as now. The estuary of New York Harbor is only the unfilled channel of that Greater Hudson of the past.

The St. Lawrence as an outlet for the water system of the Great Lakes did not then exist. Change of level, or the detritus of glacial action, possibly both, closed the

old outlet by the Mohawk and the Hudson and opened the new by the St. Lawrence. Yet even now the summit level of the dividing crest between the Hudson and the Lakes is only 165 feet above the waters of Ontario, while it is 305 feet *below* the surface level of Lake Erie. Altho the old waterway is closed, the open valley remains. Its utilization has been the key to the commercial supremacy of the port of New York over Philadelphia and Baltimore upon the south, ports which at the first far outranked her in volume of trade, but which had the disadvantage of the high Appalachians as a wall between them and the trade of the Mississippi Valley. And this low geologic valley opening out from the Atlantic to the Lakes, and on to the heart of the continent, was chief instrument in settling more than the mere question of commercial supremacy as between certain rival cities. Through its low easy grades, first for waterways between East and West, and afterward for the great trunk-line railways, it became the key to the rapid and disproportionate expansion of the States north of the Ohio and of the Great Northwest, as contrasted with the slower development of the South, and thus did more than probably any other physical cause to determine beforehand the issue of the struggle for political supremacy which afterward arose between them; for when the final struggle came between peoples equally brave, it was the preponderance of numbers and of developed material resources that settled the issue. It is only one more illustration of the fact that even in political questions the predetermining factors often lie far back in physical conditions wholly beyond the control of men, and often at the time little suspected by them.

In 1791 Elkanah Watson, farmer and traveler, crossed

by canoe and portage from the Hudson to the Lakes by way of the Mohawk-Valley depression, and with the prescience of a seer foretold the canal system which afterward grew up, and urged its construction. Some years after, James Geddes, by order of the State Legislature, made a preliminary survey. Governor Clinton of New York became its earnest advocate. The work was undertaken by the State of New York. Construction was begun in 1817, and the canal from the navigable waters of the Hudson at Albany to Buffalo upon Lake Erie completed in 1825. The length of the canal was 363 miles; its total cost, $7,600,000. This was no small burden to the State of New York which then had only a small fraction of its present wealth and population. The depth of the canal was four feet, giving passage to boats of eighty tons' capacity. Freight, which before the building of the canal had been $100 per ton from New York to the Lakes, at once dropped to $10 per ton, and soon thereafter to $3 per ton.

Yet, valuable as this canal proved to be to the regions of the West which bordered upon the Lakes, it would have been of practically little value to the greater regions of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys unless it could have been made to connect with the system of inland navigation which had so rapidly developed upon the waterways draining to the Gulf of Mexico. And here again nature had already provided routes and easy grades. The plain which lies between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River, and which is now included within the limits of the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, while well above the level of the sea, is nowhere much above the level of the Lakes. Of this plain a narrow rim drains into the Lakes. The

longer slope, however, is southward to the Ohio. The crest of the divide is an almost level plain, where the one slope merges insensibly into the other. The headwaters of the streams of the two slopes are never more than a few miles apart, and often overlap each other. At numerous points a portage of from five to ten miles would transport a canoe or light boat from the waters of the one system to the waters of the other. Especially was this the case before the settlement of the country by the white people had led to the cutting down of the forests with the resultant shrinking of the water springs. Across this plain from times long antedating the coming of Europeans to the land the Indians had established well-defined lines of travel between the Ohio and the Lakes. Ascending the one stream to its headwaters, then carrying their light canoes across the few miles of the divide to the headwaters of the other, they descended its course to the outlet, and thus kept up a system of internal navigation which sufficed for their simple traffic. It was so probably that the virgin copper of the Superior veins found its way southward to the Indians of the Gulf slope through barter in prehistoric times. Following in the track of the Indian came the French voyageur in his trading with the Indian for peltries. He, too, toiled up the streams in his bark boat; made the portage over the divide by the well-worn Indian trail; and then relaunching his boat, and reloading its freightage of goods or peltries, passed down the waters of the opposite stream to his destination. The system which sufficed, however, for Indian and for French trader, quickly proved to be utterly inadequate for the rapidly growing civilization of the English man. Indeed, it was hardly even taken up.

To meet the need of a better system of communication between the Ohio River and the Lakes, and to make available for the Middle West the newly opened transportation facilities of the Erie canal of New York to tide water upon the Hudson, the State of Ohio in the year 1825, the year of the completion of the Erie canal, began the construction of two separate canal systems from the Ohio River to Lake Erie. The Eastern system, starting from Cleveland upon the Lake, forks midway in its course and reaches the river by two outlets, at Marietta, and at Portsmouth. The Western system leaves the Lake at Toledo and taps the river at Cincinnati. The two gave for the infant commerce of that day ample passageway from River to Lake, and so on by the Erie canal of New York to the Atlantic and Europe; while with their branches they opened up the whole interior of the State of Ohio to rapid settlement. The total cost of these two canal systems to the State of Ohio was almost $16,000,000. Their length, including lateral canals and branches available for commerce, aggregates 796 miles, with a minimum depth of four feet and a maximum of five and one-half feet. Great as had been the undertaking of the Erie canal to the State of New York, the magnitude of the Ohio system, and to a State younger, less populous, less wealthy, was still greater. Yet the practical results as amply justified the outlay, and proved the wise foresight of the men who planned them, and the business sagacity of the State which shouldered the then almost colossal financial burden of construction.

Under the vivifying impulse of these artificial waterways to the ocean, the Mid-West awoke to a new life. The immigrant with his family and his household goods

found cheap and easy transportation to the new lands of the Ohio Valley, while the products of his fields likewise found ready outlet to the markets of the world. The forest quickly gave way to the farm, and a dense population soon covered the lands which before had known only the wild beast and the scarcely less wild Indian. I can remember the canal-boats in my native town in the interior of Ohio as they rolled out upon the quays the great hogsheads of New-Orleans sugar, the barrels of molasses, the coffee from Brazil, the iron and coal from Pittsburg; and the boats from the Lakes laden with merchandise from New York city—only it was always a boyish wonder, how boats that brought lading from New York should come to us from the north. And then the return trips with cargoes of grain, of bacon, wool, linseed oil, apples, and all the varied products of an agricultural community.

The Erie canal filled Western New York with a thrifty population, and gave to the port of New York the start for that supremacy as an outlet for the West which it has ever since retained. The Ohio system of canals gave to that State the supremacy which it so long held among the States of the West. Together, through the impetus which they gave to the Middle and Northwest, they did much to predetermine the issues of the Civil War decades before that first gun was fired at Sumter.

Only three quarters of a century have passed since the inauguration of the system of canals just described, yet so rapid has been the development of the interior of the continent, and so intense the competitive struggle of modern trade, that long since the system was outgrown; and again the country stands face to face with the old problem, How to provide adequate passage for the commerce

of the interior between River and Lake, and on to the Sea? The original canal system has failed to keep pace with the needs. The railway system which grew up in its stead has not proven equal to the demand for cheap transportation for the heavy and bulky products of forest and farm and mine. The magnitude of this internal commerce is only faintly comprehended even by the public of our own land. The Sault Ste. Marie ship canal does three and one-half times the business of the Suez canal; yet it is only a canal between States. The published statistics for the year 1902 show for the Suez ten millions of tons; for the Sault, thirty-six millions. And yet the Sault and the Lakes are frozen up for one-fourth of the year. More tons of freight enter and clear from some of the Lake ports yearly than enter and clear from the ports of Liverpool or Havre. Every year of the keen yet totally inadequate competition of rival routes is forcing again the canal system to the front, supplemented by slack-water navigation upon the rivers, as a possible relief. At a time when Europe, with her limited area, her accessibility to the sea, and her relatively large railway mileage, yet finds it profitable to expend money by the hundreds of millions to further develop and utilize her waterways, America can hardly afford to neglect hers. And the profit is not to be looked for in the mere return tolls, or the per cent upon bonds, but rather in that more valuable return which is found in a broader national development, and in the control of great routes of trade.

It is interesting to note that the proposed routes for ship canals to meet this pressing need closely follow the old lines of Indian travel and French portage:

1. From the St. Lawrence to the upper Hudson by

way of the glacial trough of the Sorrel River and Lake Champlain.

2. By the pre-glacial valley of the Oswego and the Mohawk, from Lake Ontario to the Hudson.

3. By the more artificial line of the old Iroquois trails and portages from the Mohawk westward by the way of the glacial lakes of Central New York to Lake Erie at Buffalo.

4. The proposed line of ship canal by way of Ashtabula Creek and Beaver River from Lake Erie to the Ohio River at Pittsburg, a line which approximates to the old French-Indian trail and portage from the vicinity of Presque Isle to Fort Du Quesne at the forks of the Ohio.

5. The line of the Chicago and the Illinois rivers to the old French towns upon the Mississippi.

The old portage line to Vincennes by way of the Maumee and the Wabash, while in common use by Indians and French, has because of its greater length never been seriously considered as available. The other suggested routes from the western lakes to the Upper Mississippi also, because of the shoaler headwaters of the river system, have never received serious consideration. It is not hazarding much to predict that the waterways from River to Lakes and on eastward to the sea will again become potent factors in determining and fixing the belts of population and wealth. Nor is it much to say that if the men of the Ohio Valley, who have fallen heirs to the commercial and financial supremacy which their fathers so laboriously won, would retain their heritage they must again bring River and Lakes together, and these to the ocean. But this time it must be, not for the tow-path and

the barge, but for ships that can sail the sea. Even a canal for the thousand-ton barge will not take the place of that continuously down-grade ship canal from Erie to the Hudson which government surveys have shown to be practicable. In addition to the commercial considerations involved, the superior ship-building facilities of the Lakes, where raw material and ship-yard are side by side, will be a strong reason for its ultimate construction. Then, too, there is a specter looming up in the commercial horizon which is vaguely known as the New Northwest; and it also is talking of ship canals, and short cuts to the ocean, and not by the old routes. Changes in trade routes have made and unmade many a great city. Genoa and Venice slept in fancied security while their trade turned away to new routes, and then awoke to find it was too late. America is not very old, yet it, too, has trade centers and trade routes which have slept and then awakened to find their traffic diverted to other channels and their greatness departed. The world never holds back the years for its Rip Van Winkles. They sleep; but the price must be paid.

In that larger development which is coming to the American peoples the future must see artificial waterways, of ample capacity for traffic, from the Great Lakes to the Hudson; from the St. Lawrence by way of Champlain to the Hudson; from Lake Superior by short cut across the peninsula to Lake Michigan; from Michigan to the Mississippi;—is a canal possible from the south end of Lake Michigan directly east to Lake Erie?—from Lake Erie to the Forks of the Ohio, and thence by slackwater navigation down the full length of the Ohio; across Florida; an interior waterway paralleling the coast from

the Hudson to Florida and the Gulf, and maybe further paralleling the Gulf shore to the Mississippi and beyond; through Cape Cod; from Georgian Bay to Ontario or the St. Lawrence; and that world highway, the Isthmian canal. All these are only part of the larger system of artificial waterways of the future in North America.

It is a common and a short-sighted error to measure the value of these public utilities by the mere toll returns. A toll-book is not necessarily always a true index to profit. There are ultimate gains which can not be figured in any ledger. The toll-book is for the individual, the corporation, rather than for the nation. The mere toll receipts do not show that the National Road ever paid running expenses, not to speak of the capital sunk by the Government in its construction. Yet it was one of the main factors in the making of the West; and as such the millions of its indirect profit to the nation can not even be computed. The same may be said of the New York and the Ohio canals. The few millions sunk in their construction were the price paid by the country for the hundreds of millions which came back to it through the rapid settling of the Great West. The state, or the nation, which gages the value of such public utilities solely by the toll-books will be quickly and hopelessly distanced in the race by more far-sighted competitors. The millions apparently sunk in these public utilities, are the seed-wheat of the harvest of the billions coming back through channels for which the toll-book has no column. It was so with the National Road. It was so with the New York and the Ohio canals. It is so with the Sault Ste. Marie. It will prove so with the Isthmus canal.

IV

IN THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT

THE advance of this American Englo-Aryan from the sea to the Mississippi had been along converging lines, and for two reasons:

1. The initial convergence, as has already been shown, of certain of the coast rivers toward a middle region upon the east slope of the Appalachians; then, the Appalachians once crossed, the recurring convergence of these lines along the waterways of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Ohio. Down these riverways in an ever-swelling flood the current of migration steadily flowed westward, led by the law of light grades, fertile lands, and ease of transportation. Wood, water, and grass were no longer, as in the old Asian days, determining factors, for these upon the Atlantic and East-Mississippi slopes were to be found everywhere. The focal point of all these converging lines of migration was the confluence of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Mississippi.

2. The other reason for this advance of the English-speaking population westward into the interior of the continent along converging lines was, the lateral pressure of the Frenchman upon the north and the Spaniard upon the south. And with them were joined the powerful confederacy of the Six Nations about the shores of the Great Lakes, and the Creek confederacy in the south Appalachians, which sided with Frenchman and Spaniard respect-

ively in the battle to check the westward march of the English-speaking peoples. All these combined forces helped at the first to restrict lateral spread. Moreover, in the direct front of the English man, down the valleys of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Ohio, the land was largely a neutral belt, a no-man's-land, almost unoccupied as between the ever-warring native confederacies upon the north and south, and so was the line of least resistance to the English man's advance. The incessant warring of savage life kept, as a matter of security, the home-lands of the great northern and southern Indian confederacies far apart. The intervening mountain regions of Kentucky and Tennessee and the immediate vicinity of the Ohio were a border land, held by neither, roamed over, but warily, by the small hunting parties of both. This fact helps to account for the lack of organized resistance to the White man's advance along the middle line. It is to be noted also that even in the wars between Indian and White this middle land was always only a skirmish ground. The sudden foray and the stockade sieges were only incidents in the long struggle for possession of the Middle West. The battle-fields were elsewhere. Harmar, St. Clair, Wayne—it was all north of the Ohio. It is the beech-lands of Ohio in the black shadows of the forest, rather than the open reaches of Kentucky, that are entitled to the appellation, "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

Thus it was that the English-speaking man in his advance westward was forced, by the working of causes beyond his control, to assume the very most effective form of a military assault upon the long-drawn-out frontage of the Latin; and with his concentrated strength struck his

rival at the most vital point; the center of the long thin Latin line was pierced at Cahokia, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, as his first line had been pierced at the Forks of the Ohio; and the battle for a continent was won. True, when the final victory came, the British flag was flying over the French settlements upon the line of the upper Mississippi and the Wabash, as it was flying over Canada and the St. Lawrence, for the question of the flag had virtually been settled at Louisburg and Du Quesne, but the whole spirit of the civilization was Latin, not English. It was the Latin civilization which went down before Clark and the men of Kentucky and Virginia. The after-work of rolling the disjoined forces backward, the one wing upon the Lakes, the other upon the lower Mississippi, was a comparatively easy one, and done not by arms, but by the lateral pressure of the ever-advancing and broadening wedge of English-speaking population.

Arid America

The advance of the English-speaking man thus far across the continent to the mouth of the Ohio, had been, as stated, along converging lines. West of the Mississippi, however, this was changed. Now, instead of converging lines, the lines began rapidly to diverge. Not only this, but factors began again to come into play which the Aryan man had left behind him ages before upon the semi-arid plains of inland Asia. Wood, water, grass, again begin, even more than the law of grades, to determine the lines of migration. The east slope of the Mississippi, and the Alleghany seacoast plain are only Europe over again in their more marked climatic features. Each is a land of abundant rainfall, of living streams, of forest,

and grassy field. West of the Mississippi all is different. The annual rainfall quickly grows scant and uncertain. The forest, save along the course of streams, dies out. Long reaches of treeless, waterless plain become the dominating feature of the landscape. It is the mid-continent of Asia over again. And again to the toiling emigrant comes the question as a vital one—wood for the nightly camp-fire—water for thirsty man and beast—forage for the hungry flocks and herds. In it all we may trace the same laws as settled the lines of advance of the Aryan man from his primitive home in the dry mid-uplands of another continent—wood, water, grass, for the nightly encampment; easy grades for the heavily laden wagons; wild game to help out the failing food supply. I can never forget my own old camping days upon the plains; the long, weary march; the anxious looking forward to the evening halt; and then the cheerful blaze of the camp-fire, and the savory steam of wild game cooking in the pots. It was so our far-off forefathers must have traveled and camped in the days before they had reached the sea-plains of West Europe. It is so men travel to-day in lands that are yet primitive and untouched by modern ways. With them it is still as it was in my old days by the Gila: the slow toiling onward over desert trails; the watching by day; the guard by night, with the silent stars looking down upon the sleeping forms, and the lone sentry; the hush broken only by the howl of the wolf or the murmur of the night-wind borne from the far depths of the desert.

The presence or absence of these daily necessities determined beforehand the line of advance of migration westward from the valley of the Mississippi. Easy grades

and low mountain passes were also factors in determining routes; but while east of the Mississippi they had been the controlling factors, here, in the presence of the daily necessities of man and beast they were relegated to a secondary position. And west of the Mississippi, as east of it, the roving Indian had been pioneer and pathfinder to both trapper and emigrant. Upon the rivers the Indian canoe was pilot to the bateau; upon the plain and in the mountains the hunting trail was forerunner to the emigrant road. And again also the history of the Indian confederations repeated itself. Upon the north, instead of the Algonkins was the no less formidable tribal family of the Sioux; upon the south, instead of Creek and Cherokee, the warlike Comanche and Apache. Upon the north, however, the Frenchman as an opposing force had disappeared. The wandering voyageur, without power, without enmity, neither opposed nor helped the onward advance of the English-speaking man. Forgetting the flag of the forefathers of what Latin blood was in him; indifferent to the quick-coming fate of his Indian half kin; without love or care for the flag which floated over him; he was a man without country, born of the wilderness, content to eat, and drink, and hunt the bison, and trap the beaver, and breathe the free air of mountain and plain. Why should he strive for dominion?—it meant worry and care. And then the world was big enough for all. And so, while he hunted the bison, and trapped the beaver, another race with the land-hunger in its blood, and with unrest and empire in its veins, seized the broad leagues for its cattle, and turned the mountain streams to mine and farm; and bison and beaver were gone; and the world was *not* big enough for

all; and only the French names that still linger from the Great Lakes to the Pacific upon river and mountain and plain tell of the days when the Voyageur roamed, and hunted, and in his careless fashion dominated the land.

Upon the south, however, the Latin Spaniard opposed a more serious bar to the way across the continent, yet with an ever-failing strength. The unceasing warfare with Comanche and Apache had told heavily upon him.

His settlements had gradually contracted their borders, his military posts drawn back, until much of the land gained by Coronado and Oñate had been reconquered by the wild Indians. Still, upon the Rio Grande, and upon the Pacific coast north to the Bay of San Francisco, the power and the rule of the Spaniard remained unbroken, and were only to go out with blood and arms. But the doom was fixed, and the end only a question of time, from the day when that thin edge of the English man's advance pierced the center of the Latin line at the mouth of the Ohio. Napoleon, when he signed the treaty by which the west bank of the Mississippi from headwaters to the Gulf passed into the hands of the English-speaking man, recognized the fact that the Latin power was broken, and that the New World henceforth belonged to the Teuton. What he then foresaw with the eyes of a seer, and quietly accepted without battling or strife, it took another century, and then Santiago and San Juan, to show to Spanish eyes. But the end was the same.

De Soto and Coronado, as well as La Salle had toiled that other men might enter in. It would be a justly earned tribute as well as a kindly courtesy should the American Hall of Fame make due recognition of the

debt, for in the retrospect of time these also were Americans as truly as were the Pilgrim Fathers or the Cavaliers of Jamestown and the South. They, too, were builders of empire. They, too, felt the thrill of the new life that stirred in the veins of the men who crossed the seas; and they did their work bravely and well. Their bones know no resting-place but the land of their adventurous deeds. The Old World in the self-centered life of its crowded millions has neither name nor place for them. Neither can place be found for the memory of their deeds among the Latin peoples of America. They have their own dead to honor; and these men did not toil and build for them. The lands they toiled for are become the heritage of the English-speaking man. For them it must be place with his dead—or oblivion. The English-speaking man of America can not for his own fair fame ignore the debt he owes to them; for their toil and peril helped to lay foundations, not for the Latin, but for the broader Engle-land which has been builded west of the Appalachians.

With a just fairness and a kindly courtesy, the English man of Britain acknowledges his debt to that Celtic Arthur (myth, or typical embodiment of the spirit of a race, whoever and whatever he might be) who opened the way for an English Alfred; and the two stand side by side in the Valhalla of the honored dead of his land. The English-speaking men of America can not be less just, less courteous to these men of another blood who pioneered the way for the broader Engle-land which spreads from the valley of the Mississippi westward over the great plains to the shores of another ocean. The names of Champlain, of Marquette, of La Salle, and of

De Soto, Coronado, Oñate, belong not with Europe which does not know them, not with the Latin of the south, but with the English-speaking land which they helped to upbuild. For it is their land also; stamped with their individuality; with the names they gave still lingering in a spell of romance about mountain, and river, and plain, and by the shores of another sea. And the English-speaking man of America may fitly accord this; for he is become more than English. In his reabsorption of the scattered peoples who have pressed to his shores he is becoming, as no other man of the world, Aryan once more; that typical Aryan of the continental highlands, in the days before all these variant kin had gone out from him.

V

THE MARCH INTO THE DESERT

WEST of the Mississippi the Ohio has a counterpart. It, with its branching tributaries, was the key to the farther advance into the heart of the continent. One hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the Ohio the Missouri pours its floods into the Mississippi. From the old French town of St. Louis, a few miles below the confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi, as a focal point, the westward march began. It may be called a march rather than a flow, for unlike the deep, placid current of the Ohio, these western rivers are shallow and shifting, and uncertain as a means of transportation, and served rather as guides than as carriers. Along the wooded and grassy river bottoms the long wagon trains made their slow way into the deeper heart of the continent. Instead of the flat boat it was now the prairie schooner.

At first, while still within the belt of the Mississippi rainfall, the advance was slow; for, as in the earlier migrations down the valleys of the Ohio, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland, the land was occupied as they advanced, and the forward progress was by the overlapping wave. As population, however, began to pass beyond the influence of the Gulf rains into the more arid West, that "Great American Desert" of the earlier maps, the order of advance was changed; and, crossing over the long stretches of seemingly barren plain, settlements were

made in the isolated but better-watered oases about the sources of the streams and near the mountains where irrigation might do for agriculture the work for which the rainfall was now insufficient. Men soon found also that the semi-arid plain, while unreliable for cultivation, was the normal home of the bison, and that, where it could live and multiply, their flocks and herds could do equally as well.

The American Aryan, after all the long centuries, was relearning the lesson which his semi-pastoral forefathers had learned ages before upon the arid plains of another continent; and, forgetting the settled habits of the European home, he began to revert to the semi-pastoral race life of his far-off ancestors. The cowboy of the Western plains of America is only the cowboy of the uplands of Mid-Asia of three thousand years ago come to life again. His prototype is more than hinted at in the cow songs of the Hymns to the Maruts and in the earlier Avestas, even to the "round-ups," lacking only the grim crack of the revolver, but not lacking the grim spirit of battling which found other and no less efficient methods of expression. And there were "Rustlers" also then as now; men whose herds increased in numbers with an abnormal rapidity, and to the detriment of the herds of their neighbors. The Vedas and the Avestas tell of them also.

The larger current of migration followed up the Missouri, and then out along the Platte to the low divide in the Rocky Mountain chain where the South Pass leads over from the head branches of the Sweet Water to the basin of that inland sea of which the Great Salt Lake is only the shrunken remnant. Here dividing, one portion

passed on down the South Fork of the Columbia, by what was known as the Oregon Trail, to the sea, settling in the valley of the Columbia and in the adjacent territory. It made one of the three centers of population of the English-speaking peoples upon the Pacific shore. The other portion of the divided stream turned southwestward from the vicinity of the South Pass by the Salt Lake Trail to the sink of the inland basin, and then on by the east and west line of the Humboldt River to the passes of the Mid-Sierra, and across to the valley of the Sacramento-San Joaquin to have as its focal point San Francisco Bay. It constituted the second center of English-speaking population upon the Pacific. While the northern branch had found upon the Pacific shore a land practically unoccupied save by the native races, the branch which turned to the Mid-California coast found the Spaniard already in possession. In the rush which followed the discovery of gold, however, the Spanish régime quickly disappeared.

But there was yet another line of advance westward from the valley of the Mississippi. Starting from the same initial point, the confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi, and following at the first the same general course as the others up the valley of the Missouri, it soon, however, deflected southward across the rolling prairie lands to the upper waters of the Arkansas, and on by the Old Santa Fé Trail to the uplands of New Mexico and the headwaters of the Rio Grande, thence on by the valleys of the westward-flowing tributaries of the Colorado, and the low southern passes of the Sierra to the seacoast valleys of Southern California. Still another, and somewhat later stream, passed over by the long east and west

valley of the Gila, which half spans the continent and gives easy grades and an abundance of wood, water, and grass for the emigrant train from the valley of the Rio Grande to the very portals of the Pacific coast. By this route passed an unceasing migration across the continent from the States of the extreme South.

This stream of English-speaking migration also found the Spaniard in possession of the land. It was a kindly civilization, that of the old Missions which held the hills and valleys of California del Sur, as the soft Castilian speech lovingly called it. And it was already old and hoary with that premature age which comes of isolation and the mixing of widely variant bloods. While the English man was yet looking down from the crest of the Appalachians westward upon an almost unbroken wilderness that covered the whole valley of the Mississippi, the pastoral life of the Franciscans had spread northward upon the Pacific coast from Mexico to the waters of San Francisco Bay. It was a quiet, uneventful life; hardly enough of it for a history; the monotony only broken by the yearly visit of the trading-ship that formed the one connecting link with the outer world; utterly unlike anything the restless, pushing Englo-Aryan, with the unrest of the *wanderlust* upon him, had ever before known. At the north, the inrush of the gold-seekers overwhelmed it. In Southern California, where the gold rush never came, it simply faded away. The more robust atmosphere of the Englo-Aryan civilization proved uncongenial to it. No hand was raised against it. No one sought to crush it out. It simply faded away. The broad ranchos passed into other hands. The Mission bells grew silent. The tinkle of the guitar no longer sounded in the hush of the twilight

under the orange blossoms of the patio. The people disappeared. Gone—no one can say where. Simply—gone. Gone as the French voyageur of the Northwest.

It is the Passing of the Latin.

Requiescat in Pace!

And now from ocean to ocean at last the Englo-Aryan possesses the land. The battle of three centuries is over. Pure blood and the Teutonic home have won. The half-breed has failed. The concubine at last is avenged.

And so the continent was won. Won not by the politicians, or the statesmen even, but by the great common people. For while politicians and statesmen squabbled and intrigued for party advantage, or caballed and compromised upon tariff and the slavery question, the people reached out and seized the land which meant empire. White in the Senate could denounce the acquisition of the territory west of the Mississippi as "the greatest curse" that could come to the country; Webster could urge the trading off of our claims upon the Pacific coast for some petty fishing privileges upon the Newfoundland shore; Wendell Phillips could express the wish that the Indians of the plains might in blood render impossible the construction of a transcontinental railway (the while his own New-England Indians were homeless and outcast); yet all the while the great common people, with a truer loyalty and a wiser instinct, were moving on and possessing the land. Of all our statesmen probably the one who most clearly foresaw the future and grasped its broader possibilities was the Senator from Missouri

whose statue stands by the banks of the Mississippi with outstretched arm pointing westward, and the prophetic words—"There is the East."

Benton, not Webster, nor Clay, nor Calhoun, was the true seer of the first century of American national life; for while that masterful political triumvirate was busied with disputes and compromises over the tariff and the slavery question, he was content to trust these to the years, and reached out to the centuries. He, rather than they, foresaw the broadness of the future. He, rather than they, grasped the race truth that land means empire. Where other statesmen saw the east slope of the Rocky Mountains, and the Atlantic Rim, and Europe, he saw a Continent, and Two Oceans, and the World-Power that was to be. Where other men saw only the trackless wastes of the Great American Desert, he saw the highway to the Pacific world. The seer's mantle of Jefferson fell upon his shoulders. Of all gifts which the statesman may possess, the weird vision of the seer is of most worth to his land.

VI

THE AMERICAN ARYAN

American or European—Which?

A PORTION of the European Aryans crossed the Atlantic to make homes in the new land. What was to be their relationship to the Aryans of the land from which they had gone out? Could they, the new home once established, remain subject to the authority of the rulers of the old? If they had continued to do so, it would have been to reverse the race law of Europe itself. Peoples separated by even moderate geographic or orographic barriers soon begin to grow apart. Greece furnished an object-lesson of the working of this law, even where the area was limited and the barriers slight, in the numerous valley states separated by only low mountain ranges or narrow gulfs, and which, altho peopled by the same blood, soon drifted apart. They were all Greek, yet time, and the separation caused by even such narrow barriers, made of them as the years went by Athenian, Theban, Messenian, Achaian, Spartan, in the Greek homeland; and then all the island peoples, each a folk unto itself. If this could come to pass with such narrow barriers, how much more is it to be anticipated when an ocean rolls between?

It is primarily the law of the family. The son going out from the father's house to build up his own home, while he looks back to the old home with love and reverence, no longer takes law or orders from even the father himself. And no wise father would claim, much less attempt

to enforce, such authority. He looks back and remembers that he himself so cut loose from the authority of his own father. And it is not unnatural, not unfilial; it is the law of nature. It is just and right. Without it, all human progress would be hampered and checked. It is thus nations are born. The colony which continues to retain the colonial dependence is as the child that never cuts loose from the old home. No wise parent would desire such a state of affairs. It was under the working of this law of race growth and race subdivision that the Greek cities of Ἡ Μεγαλη Ἑλλας, that Greater Greece which lay westward over the Ionian Sea and about the west shores of the Mediterranean, cut loose from the parent cities and built up their own separate civic life. The Greek homeland might be individually the less powerful for the independent life of the cities of the Greater Greece in Italy, in Sicily, and beyond, and for the independence of all those other Greek cities upon the north shore of Africa, and about the Propontis and the Euxine, but the Greek race was the stronger.

And the England of the British Isles was not the first but the second England, an offshoot from that older England which lay about the lowlands of the North Sea and the Baltic. Nor did Engle and Saxon and Jute when they crossed the Channel carry with them a continued fealty to the parent land. It is safe to say that had they done so, had the England which grew up in Britain remained only a colony of the parent England of West Europe, the history of a Greater England would never have been written. But fortunately for the broader race life of the English-speaking peoples, even twenty miles of water rendered this impossible. Is it to be wondered at

that two thousand miles of water did a like work between the second England and the third? And again it is better that it has been so; for so, and only so, has been made possible that still broader race history of the English-speaking peoples which even now is only beginning to be written.

And so it came to pass that in the fulness of time the tie was severed; and in the New World a third home of the English peoples was born into a separate national life. The manner of the severing is not essential to this work; it is only an incident in the history of the English peoples; like a family dispute, better to be buried and forgotten. It simply proved that the child was a true son of the sire. The fact of the severing is the one thing of historic importance, and is the thing to be rejoiced over by all right-thinking men upon both shores; for so, and only so, as just said, has the greater world life of the English peoples been made possible. And this also may be said, that this, too, was only a part of the long battle for English freedom.

The Revolution of 1776 was the third revolution of the English peoples. The work which the English barons began in 1215 at Runnymede, and which the Long Parliament took up again in 1640, the Continental Congress carried to a completion at Philadelphia in 1776. King John simply became King Charles, and then King George. The Declaration of Rights of 1774 was only a modern Magna Charta. John Hampden's Ship Money became John Adams' Stamp Tax Money. Lexington and Yorktown were only the adjourned fights of Marston Moor and Naseby fought to a finish. The American revolutionists of 1776 were as truly fighting the battle for liberty of all the

English-speaking peoples as were the barons of Runnymede or the British revolutionists of 1644; and as the heritage of a greater freedom has come to America because of the battling of Cromwell's *Ironsides* and the Scotch Covenanters, so the heritage of a greater freedom has gone back to the English man of Britain because of the battling of the New-England farmers that fateful day by Concord Bridge, and of those other farmer men on through the eight years that followed from Massachusetts Bay to the swamps of the Carolinas; for out of the blood and the suffering of Concord, and Bunker Hill, and Valley Forge, and King's Mountain, and Yorktown, was born a broader freedom even for Britain herself.

VII

PHYSICAL SURROUNDINGS IN THE NEW RACE HOME

In the second migration of the Englo-Teuton, as in the first, he still kept within the belt of his normal climatic home; yet even within that general belt are to be found noticeable minor variations. For the new home oversea the Englo-Teuton has gone ten degrees of latitude south of his European home; yet climatically he is still in the same isothermal belt, as the line of mean annual temperatures, which upon the west shore of Europe is deflected northward ten degrees of latitude through the influence of the Gulf Stream and the warm southwest winds, in America is again deflected southward ten degrees. He has remained within his normal climatic belt, and has done so by returning to the belt of latitude of the older home in the interior of the Eastern Continent. He is still in the land of the oak, the maple, the beech, the ash, the birch, the pine, the apple, the land which is the climatic home of the wheat, rye, barley, oats, the onion, the bean, the succulent grasses. He has found, and sent back to be domesticated in the older home, maize and the potato.

Yet there are climatic differences. The new home, while having the same annual mean of temperature as the old, is a land of greater extremes. The winter is colder; the summer hotter. The annual precipitation of rain and snow also is less than upon the European shore, where the warm, moist southwest winds from the Atlantic

carry the modifying and tempering influence of the sea far inland and yield a precipitation which is often excessive. The atmosphere is less constantly charged with moisture; the skies consequently clearer. The land, except upon the immediate coast plain, is less open to the sea. Europe is peninsular, largely surrounded by seas, and deeply indented by gulfs and bays. America is continental, with a coast line marked by few indentations of the sea, its interior walled off by long mountain chains from the ocean. Yet there is a portion of America which resembles Europe somewhat in configuration. There is, after a fashion, a peninsular America also. Draw a line from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Finland and extend it from the Gulf of Finland to the White Sea—westward you have peninsular Europe. Draw a line from the west end of the Gulf of Mexico to the head of the Great Lakes, and then yet farther on to the shore of Hudson Bay—eastward you have peninsular America. And peninsular America is the portion which is most similar to Europe in climate. What the warm, moist southwest winds from the Atlantic do for peninsular Europe, the warm, moist Gulf winds do, but somewhat less effectually, for peninsular America. But beyond the Mississippi all this is changed. As America east of the Mississippi is Europe, only a modified Europe; so America west of the Mississippi is Asia, only a modified Asia. The rainfall rapidly decreases; the air becomes desiccated; the land arid. Timber, except along the river bottoms and in the mountains, soon disappears. Instead, the plains are covered with an annual growth of grass. Cultivation, unless where irrigation is possible, becomes more uncertain in its results. The land is no longer

suitable for the farmer, but for the pastoral life of the grazer. It was the great bison range; it now is the great cattle range of America, the dried bunch-grass of the semi-arid plains furnishing an abundance of nutritious feed even during the cold of winter.

Then comes the snowy crest of the Rocky Mountains —and then the Desert. A great interior basin, shut off westward from the Pacific by a second range, the Sierra; open north and south over high broken mesas; partly drained to the sea by sunken rivers which have their outlet through deep cañons, partly drained into sinks and basins having no outlet, where the salty waters grow saltier year after year through the excessive evaporation caused by an unclouded sun, and by the insatiable thirst of an atmosphere desiccated even below the dew point; a land where nature, unclothed by forest or tree, lies bare in all her nakedness; a vast charnel-house of the Tertiary period, where fossil remains of old extinct reptilians of giant size lie buried in the dried-up ooze of dead seas. Grass is now largely gone, except the coarse salt grass along the margins of the briny lakes or in the flats where the white alkali crusts the earth as the hoar frost. Sagebrush, the *Artemisia tridentata*, and the dwarf acacia known as the mesquite, take the place of timber upon the uplands, mingled with the weird forms of the various members of the cactus family, giving to the landscape, especially in the uncertain twilight of morning and evening, or in the moonlight, a ghostly look as of a no-man's-land.

In the daylight the mirage hovers in the distance as the wraith of the dead seas to haunt the dried and desert plain. It is the land of eternal thirst. This is the

Great American Desert of the older maps, but shrunken far within the limits then assigned; desert, not because of the lack of fertility, but because of deficient rainfall. The Rocky Mountains wring out the moisture of the Gulf winds before they can reach it; while the high wall of the Sierra does a like work for the damp winds of the Pacific. Yet where the melting snows send down from either range the life-giving waters, green oases break the somber gray of the sleeping soil. Given water, and it awakes to an exuberance of life which tells of a soil still in its virgin strength. It is such a soil as is now forming beneath the seas from the wash of the continents distributed by ocean currents and mixed with all the decomposing débris, animal and calcareous, of the myriad sea life; for this, too, was a sea.

Another mountain range crossed, and still another climatic type presents itself. Down the long line of the Pacific coast flows the Alaskan current, return tide presumably of the Kuro Siwo of the Japan seas, but now chilled by the cold of the north, and serving as a great equalizer to the temperature of the coast from the Aleutian Islands to the extremity of the peninsula of lower California. In the extreme north, warmer than the land, it sends inland the sea-breeze which tempers the cold and gives the warm, moist Chinook winds of Alaska, British Columbia, and the region about and beyond Puget Sound. South of that region, now of lower temperature than the heated lands, it sends in sea winds and fogs which cool and refresh. This ocean current paralleling the coast thus in a measure suspends the working of the usual thermal law of latitude, and along a north and south line of two thousand miles, a distance which upon the Atlan-

tic side reaches from Newfoundland to Florida, gives a climate of the one type and unlike that of any other region of equal extent elsewhere in the world. It carries the orange north to the latitude of the fortieth degree. the apple south to the latitude of thirty-three. It gives to the valley of the Columbia the winter of the Carolinas, to Southern California the summer of the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Yet in all this varied topography and climate of America the transitions are not violent. The one type glides almost insensibly into the other. In this respect it is unlike the older Asiatic lands. The drop from the highlands of Tibet or the Pamir, only across the crest and down the sloping sides of a single range of mountains, is the change from a subpolar climate to the tropics. Even the change from that old Bactrian plain, the alleged cradle of the Aryan peoples, across the one range by the upland passes of the Hindu Kush, was to the Brahmanic Aryan a change from the north temperate climate, with its snowy winters, to the damp, enervating heat of the tropic jungle.

Bodily Changes Resulting from New Environments

If the migration across only twenty miles of water, from the mainland of Europe to the island life of Britain, brought with it climatic variations sufficient to place their stamp upon the race constitution, it would not be unreasonable to expect that the migration across two thousand miles of water, and from the island life of the second England to the broader continental life of the yet greater England in the New World, should bring with it changes in race constitution of a still more marked character.

The first generation of immigrants to the new land remained European in type. Even the earlier colonial life remained European. There is something in the mere fact of dependence which, in the colony as in the youth, checks and retards the mental growth toward adult life. The bodily modifications which arise from climatic variation require time, especially when the variation in climate has been one of degree only, not of radical unlikeness.

It is as we look back across the generations that we perceive more clearly the changes in race type which result from new environments. My attention was first directed to the marked change from the European type which is shown in the American Aryan, while stationed as post surgeon at Apache Pass in 1867–68. The post was upon the line of the great Southern Overland Trail from the Gulf States to California, and was located in a pass of the Chiricahua Mountains in the midst of the hostile Apache country, to guard the way. The emigrant trains from the Southwest camped at the springs below the post to recruit from the hardships of the long march from the Rio Grande before starting on to cross the arid plains of Arizona. My duties as medical officer frequently led me into the camps to visit their sick, for the instructions from the government were to give all needed assistance, whether of food or medical care, to emigrants by the way. Born as I was from generations of frontier blood upon the line of the Ohio, I here found a people longer native to the soil of America by some generations than myself. Of all the bloods of the United States the most thoroughly American is that of the mountain regions of the South. It is a blood which from the time of landing upon the coasts of Virginia and the Carolinas, nearly three cen-

turies ago, has hardly known any admixture with blood of subsequent immigration from Europe. Slavery, and the caste lines which speedily grew up in the South, turned the later immigration from Europe rather to the North.

As I went among the emigrant camps at Apache Pass, these men, my countrymen, became an interesting study to me. I found a people tall, erect, spare, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, full-chested, clean-limbed, head narrow rather than broad, of the dolichocephalous type, features inclined to the aquiline cast, hair straight, eye keen, alert, restless, hands and feet shapely, hands slim rather than broad—a whole bodily type approximating to the better types of the American Indian whose parallel in type is to be found among the Aryan peoples who still linger in the uplands of Afghanistan and Northern Persia. This was the man of the Mid-American frontier, the man whose forefathers had dwelt upon the banks of the upper James, the Yadkin, the French Broad, and had thence made their way to the headwaters of the Tennessee and the Cumberland. This was the man who for generations had served as a bumper between the steadily advancing civilization of the Atlantic coast and the wild Indian who was forced back before it; the man who had met the Indian, and had proven his superior in endurance, in cunning, in woodcraft. This was the man of the long flint-lock rifle and the buckskin hunting-shirt, who at King's Mountain served as the rear-guard of the Revolution; the man who was with George Rogers Clarke at Kaskaskia and Vincennes; the man who at New Orleans fought the last battle with the older England; the man from whose ranks came Henry Clay and Abraham Lin-

coln; the man who by his persistent loyalty to the old flag proved to be the weakness of the Confederacy in the Civil War—the Poor Mountain White of the South.

This is the American to whom all other Americans may take off the hat as the oldest Aryan American of all; a man who, with all the ignorance which has come of his hard lot, yet deserves well of his countrymen for his services in winning the West from Indian and Latin, and who was no small factor in turning the scale in favor of a common flag and a united country. This man, the Highlander of America, soon wore out the thin upland soil of his mountain home, grew poor, and suffered deterioration through the double cause of his poverty, which brought ignorance in its train, and his isolation, for the tide of population moved on, carrying with it the more roving among his children. But he is no race degenerate. His free, self-respecting mountain life saved him from that. The germ of better things for him and his is not dead, only dormant in him; and since the incubus of slavery is removed it shows signs of stirring to a new life. The Civil War was his awakening. This man who could endure all things, even death, for the sake of loyalty to the old flag, has untold possibilities in him now that a better day has dawned

It was long a favorite theory among certain ethnologists that the Aryan man has undergone a bodily deterioration in the change from Europe to America. It was a theory framed from insufficient data, and before time enough had elapsed to justify a judgment. A migration is a transplanting; and, as with a tree, the first effect is to set back and retard. A tree transplanted from its native forest to the open field, even tho suffering no

change of soil or climate, at first languishes, and lags behind those of its kind left to grow up without interruption in the dense mass of the wood. Yet as the years go by the stimulating influence of more light, a freer air, and a soil less taxed by interlacing rootlets begins to be felt; and now it outstrips its old companions in the wood.

It is so with the plant we call man. The breaking of old ties and old habits, those delicate rootlets of humanity, and the influence of new environments, are at the first felt only as a disturbance; and the immediate effect is to retard development. Yet if the change be one to similar climatic environments, as the years go by and the shock of removal is recovered from, increased room, better food and clothing, more commodious homes, and, added to the influence of these, that indescribable spur of life in a new land which must be felt to be understood—all these begin to have their effect, and the race after a season recovers from the effect of removal and passes on to an increased vigor and a greater vitality. Could we trace the history of the migration of the primitive Aryan from his original home to the peninsula of Europe, we should reasonably expect, and no doubt should find, a corresponding change for the better in the race constitution and vitality over that possessed in the yet older homeland.

It is only when the transition is so radical as to make an entire departure from the normal race habitat that deterioration and loss of vigor may be expected. Such a change for the worse, and from this cause, came to the Brahmanic Aryan as he descended from the cooler highlands of Mid-Asia into the tropic plains of India; to the Irano-Aryan, but more slowly and less completely, as

he went down to the semitropic valley of the Mesopotamian lands; and yet more slowly and less markedly to the Græco-Latin Aryans as they migrated southward to the enervating climate of the warm south temperate shores of the Mediterranean basin. It is only in the bracing air of the cooler north temperate zone that the Aryan seems to reach and retain his highest type of development as a race. Of all the many branches of the Aryan peoples the Teuton is the only one who seems never, in all his migrations, to have widely or numerously departed from this normal climatic habitat of the blood. And of all the Aryan kin he has seemed to retain most completely an unimpaired race vitality. Even the Slav has departed from his normal race habitat, only it has been to the other extreme, northward into the chill of the subarctic lands, the normal home, not of the Aryan, but of the Samoyed.

The military exigencies of the Civil War first brought out a reliable tabulation of the American man physically. The compiled and digested statistics of the examinations for admission to the army show the average American to possess, as contrasted with his European kin, an increased height; a chest capacity somewhat greater, especially when due allowance is made for the apparent chest measure which in the European is often deceptive owing to the superabundance of subcutaneous fat; a less tendency to corpulency; a more erect carriage; a freer, trimmer limb action. In only one particular did he seem to be less developed, the measure about the abdomen. Yet this, as experience has proven, instead of showing a deficient digestive and nutritive power, shows only the more nutritious, and consequently less bulky, character of his aliment. The grain- and meat-eating American is to the

vegetable-eating European as the grain-fed colt to the one which has been reared upon grass. Then, too, the more temperate habits of the American, and especially with regard to the use of malt liquors, saves him from the excessive abdominal enlargement of many of the European peoples. Mere bulk of paunch does not necessarily mean increased power of nutrition. Every stock-raiser is familiar with the collapse of girth, but the improved condition, of his animals when taken from pasture and put upon grain.

When in charge of some hundreds of recruits for frontier posts in 1867, I had opportunity to test this question of the comparative nutrition and endurance of the different nationalities. The men were of two classes, mature adult immigrants fresh from Europe, enlisted at the New York wharves, many of them not yet speaking the language; the other, rather immature and boyish Americans, for the adult American does not often enlist in times of peace. We landed at San Pedro in Southern California, and after a delay of a few weeks at old Drum Barracks to prepare a wagon train, set out upon an overland march to the frontier posts of Arizona. The march was a severe one of hundreds of miles, over deserts, through heat, and often suffering for water, but with fair food supply. As surgeon in charge I was constantly overlooking and inspecting the men, not only in camp but all through the day upon the march. I found great, strong-looking Britons, Germans, and Irish breaking down constantly and asking to be ordered back to the wagons, while slim-built Americans, so young and immature that they should not have been suffered to enlist in the army, endured the fatigue and privation with-

out a murmur, and came into camp each night tired but buoyant.

I remember one young fellow especially, trim-built as a race-horse, for there was blood in him, and with a long swinging step, whom thirty miles of desert sand could not wind. I found these same general facts to hold good in two years of active service in the Indian wars, in heat and thirst and with the men, through exigencies of the frontier service, often defectively fed. Our last scout was in the Arizona midsummer, with the mercury at 100, and the grassy plains through which we were marching all on fire as the Indians were trying to obliterate their trail. We left a scant water supply one noon; made a dry camp that night; traveled through fire and smoke all day; found the water-springs upon which the guides had relied dried up; and started for water forty miles across the mountains. Possibly all that saved the command was the accidental discovery of a small stream in a gulch late that night. In this scout also, it was the native-born Americans that held out. Back of the superior endurance of the American, as a well-recognized yet unmeasurable factor, is the element which we call nerve power; that intangible something which bears up against fatigue and privation, and against the depression of adverse circumstances.

This man, the product of a mingling of the different branches of the Teuto-Aryan family, yet keeping the Englo-Teuton type, probably represents the old Proto-Aryan ancestor of all more nearly than does any other of his descendants; for he is not only the composite Teuton with strong admixture of the Celto-Aryan, but also he has never left the general belt of the normal Aryan race

habitat, or changed from the normal race food; and now after all the ages is again dwelling in what is, probably more nearly than any other, a climatic parallel to the original continental race home. Laugh as men will at the long, angular caricatures of Uncle Sam, the cartoonist has yet caught much of truth in his representation. The world makes merry over the cartoon; it does not especially desire to meet in combat the man whose bodily peculiarities give point and piquancy to the picture. There is a certain grim earnestness back of that homely face and those lank sides, a suggestiveness of grit and endurance, which does not give promise of an easy adversary. And so the nations laugh—and are learning to keep to their own side of the road.

VIII

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS

So marked a change of homeland as that from Europe to America was followed, as we have seen, by a marked change in the man physical. It could hardly fail to be followed by an equally marked change in the man mental. No American can cross the water to the older European home without at once discerning the fact. He finds himself at once in a different mental atmosphere; and wherever he may go he is at once known as an American. And conversely, no Briton can cross the ocean to America without at once awaking to a realization of the same fact. He also finds a different mental atmosphere, and wherever he may go is at once recognized as of European type. It is the popular perception of this difference that gives point to the cartoonist's satire upon both sides of the water. The change from the life insular to the life continental is a change from a narrower to a broader field. The horizon expands; the problems of life widen out; the factors become vaster.

"Would you believe it, sir," said an untraveled Briton to a visiting American, "the Great River Thames is navigable for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the sea!"—this to a man fresh from a land of rivers navigable for more than two thousand miles before their headwaters are neared.

The field reacts upon the man. To the man of narrow horizon life becomes narrow. The sea, and her widely scattered empire, saved Britain from the narrow-

ness which grows up in insular but unmaritime peoples. Yet the broadness born of sea empire is different from that which is the birthright of the man continental. The sea is only a single formative factor. Mountain chains, great rivers, plains that seem boundless, seas that become only lakes—these and the broader waters of two oceans, and the broader questions to which they give rise, are factors so much vaster that their formative influence upon the mental life of a people must be more far-reaching in effect.

But the first effect of continental vastness upon an immigrant people, coming from the narrower insular life, is one of depression. The very vastness overwhelms and represses; as did the lonely vastness of that plain in the land of Shinar in the olden days when primitive man said to his fellows, "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, *lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.*" The earlier years of the colonial life upon the west shore of the Atlantic were years of homesickness and loneliness. Behind them rolled the sea, ever reminding them of the home they had left. Before them spread on and on the unexplored wilds of a land reaching no man could know whither; and out of the black depths of whose forests the war-whoop of the savage by day and the howl of the wolf by night told only of danger and death. And the depression of this loneliness and gloom did not quickly disappear; for back of the Atlantic coast-plain lifted the forbidding mountain wall of the Appalachians which only seemed to conceal, and yet magnified, the dangers beyond. It was the loneliness of the frontier. It weighs with a mental gloom upon all frontier peoples.

I can never forget the feeling of loneliness and isolation of the year spent as post surgeon at Apache Pass in the early Indian days; a little mountain garrison placed to guard the Southern Overland Road at its most dangerous point away up on the backbone of the continent. Sometimes a stray train of emigrant wagons, armed and watchful, slipped in out of the loneness of the desert plains and camped for a night at the spring below the post, only to pass on again after a brief rest out into the stillness of the desert beyond. But oftener months would go by with the isolation only broken by the weekly arrival of the military express rider, coming and departing in the dark that his presence might not be detected by waylaying Indians. And so the months went by until life became only a dream-life. The world seemed to have dropped away, and we only remained, stranded upon some lone rock, forgotten of men. The bugle calls that echoed back from the mountain rim seemed to come from the confines of space. Then when the nightfall settled down and the somber shadows of the mountains blotted out the day, with darkened windows and doubled guard the long hours of the night slowly passed in silence and gloom.

We never dared stand by a lighted window after nightfall. The commanding officer's quarters were only a few yards from my own; but we never stepped from the one door to the other after dark without a revolver in the hand. If we went beyond the limits of the parade-ground in the broad day, it was armed for instant defense. A lieutenant and myself were alone together, the only officers at the post for months. I read the burial service over his dead body after spending half the night with my

hospital steward in my room sewing up the gashed and mutilated body that it might be presentable for burial. My own life was possibly only saved by one of those strange happenings which we call chance. A farewell volley over the lone grave; and he slept the sleep of a soldier. In our last scout we found the swollen bodies of several of our men, captured when on escort duty and tortured to death. The soldiers scooped out a shallow grave for them with their tin cups, and piling great stones over them to keep them from the carrion coyotes, we left them away up amid the rocks and the loneliness of the Arizona mountains. In nearly two years of this frontier duty I slept only one night without a revolver, often buckled around me, and generally a rifle lying by my side. All men lived so. It was the price of life. And at the foot of the hill a long line of graves; and each with the pithy headmark, "Killed by Indians." It was only the life of the forefathers over again. It was so my fathers had lived in the pioneer days of the Ohio Valley. These things leave their mark alike upon men and races.

But as the years went by the wild Indian was slowly forced back, and the scattering farm-houses spread farther on into the depths of the wood, until from the summits of the Appalachians men looked down westward; and again it was upon a new world. The sound of the sea gave way in men's ears to the roar of the mountain pines as the wind swept up, no longer from the sea, but from the green swells of a wilderness which seemed to have no end. That mountain wind also has left its impress upon the whole mental type of the midland peoples of America; for they are a people of the mountains; and it is the mountains rather than the city and the plain which give

birth to poet and seer, and leave the most enduring stamp upon the mental life of a race. The spirit of the mountains must be felt to be understood.

I camped one night, with a little band of soldiers, away up in the depths of a basaltic cañon in the heart of the continent. The black shadows of the rocks added to the gloom of ever-present danger, for we were in the midst of the Apache country. I slept, rolled up in a blanket, with a rifle by my side, a few yards away from the spot where the sentry kept watch. In the midnight something aroused me, possibly the cry of a prowling wolf. The whole air was quivering with the deep organ tones of the night wind in the mountain pines. It was deeper, vaster even than the night boom of the surf on the shores of the sea; for I have slept also under the shades of the Redwoods where the long roll of the Pacific broke at my feet. This was deeper, vaster. No sea ever had such voicing. It was the vastness of a continent intoning a mighty anthem as the night winds of the desert played upon the swaying pines as upon the tense strings of some gigantic AEolian harp. And on through the long hours, until the gray dawn of the morning, the mighty music rose and fell in unceasing strains. That night it seemed to me I knew the heart of the continent as never before. From the mountains I reached out and touched the infinite. After nearly forty years that song of the night winds in the mountain pines is still sounding in my ears with a power I can not escape. It is the call of the Wild. Does man or race ever escape from its spell, once it is heard? It is the sound of the night wind in the pines that we hear as the deep undertone in the Hymns to the Maruts which our Aryan kin sang amid the moun-

tain passes of the Hindu Kush three thousand years ago; for they, too, reached out and somehow came in touch with the infinite.

Down from the crest of the Appalachians the advancing wave of civilization broke upon, and into, the great forest interior of the Mississippi Valley. Yet the advance meant toil and stress. The way of the pioneer had literally to be hewn out in the unbroken forest that reached on and on for hundreds of leagues. From the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Cumberlands almost to the base of the Rocky Mountains, the forest spread on, a vast sea of green. Brawn had such crowning of glory as seldom falls to man. The battle-ax of Saxon Harold became the forest ax of the beech woods of the Ohio. In that new frontier life it was even as it had been ages before with the Hebrew pioneer upon the wooded slopes of Lebanon; for again, "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." It was the fame that came to that sturdy old Norse man, Olaf Trygvason, when with a little band of retainers he turned from the open farm lands of Sweden and pushed on across the snow-clad Dovrefjelds to hew out for himself a kingdom amid the forests that overhung the fjords of the stormy Atlantic.

In that youth of the West, life was toilsome and simple. No precedence of rank or social lines was recognized. No right of primogeniture gave one man advantage over another. The new race life had not yet even evoluted to the stage of that terse saying, "Three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves," for it was still all shirt-sleeves. The ax, and the rifle, and a few simple cooking-utensils formed the outfit of the young couple who went on farther into the forest to make a new home. Unlettered

they were as the world calls letters; it was the lore of the woodland and its untaught folk that came to them. And so the homes grew up; and the land was subdued. Not all at once, however. Slowly, as it had been upon the Altantic slope; yet with an ever-increasing impetus as the tide of on-moving migration gained strength and volume through steady overflow from the denser population east of the mountains. Generations lived, hewed out new homes, and died, and still but just before always lay the receding forest line. It was a simple, homely, yet altogether sweet and wholesome life; such a life as makes nations. It was the heroic age of the West. It has never yet found speech or voice to adequately represent it; for those unlettered men and women were the dumb heroes of an epic still unsung.

I have said that this man of the Mid-West, the man of the Wilderness Trail, of the Ohio flat boat, of the Old National Road, is, more than any other, the typical American. He is the true man continental. The Atlantic slope is too near to Europe. Its people are influenced and tinged by the constant influx of alien blood. At its docks the flags of Europe float side by side with our own. The thunder of foreign cannon sounds in its harbors. Europe sways the trade, molds the thought, lends color to society, gives inflection to the speech. With the man of the West all this is different. His blood is yearly becoming more purely American; for he is breeding out the inherited types. Europe has become to him a far-off land; only less so than Asia, or the isles of the seas. He knows only his own flag. No foreign cannon has ever sounded in his ears. He has no tradition even of a colonial youth. To him the Revolution is

become a myth. Like Paul, he also can say, when others talk of a freedom dearly bought at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, "But I was free born." He is the American of the future; and he is beginning to awaken to a consciousness of the fact. This man of the interior may be less cosmopolitan than the man of the seaboard; may in some respects be narrower; but it is the intensity of character rather than its broadness which makes a nation. It is the race life which runs deep that keeps dominion and leaves its impress upon the world. The cosmopolitan Phœnician went down before the narrower yet more intense Roman. Rome in spirit never became cosmopolitan. It is this midland blood which is most instinct with the feeling that sooner or later only the American flag shall wave over the lands of the American continent.

I have spoken of the loneliness, the gloom, of the early life of the Colonies and of the Mid-West, a loneliness and a gloom which came of isolation and an ever-present danger. Even those who are not yet old may easily recall the influences at work. I, myself, remember the black shadows of the beech woods of Ohio about the scattered farm-houses, as the darkness of the evening settled down, and the feeling of lingering dread as the tales were told by the fireside of the perils of the Indian days, the sudden forays, the shrill war-whoop, and the barred doors with loopholed walls and the children cowering in the darkened room while the battle for life went on. The days of these perils were even then only but just passing away; and the flint-lock rifles which had borne part in the fray were yet hanging upon the deer-horns above the fireplace. Those days of peril and stress have left their impress upon the mental type of the race. The under-

tone of sadness in the character of the American is not without reason. His race life has had in it the bloody tragedy of the frontier for generations. It has found relief in the broad humor of the American frontier. This is the key to the jokes of Lincoln in the midst of the horrors of civil war. Men of Europe have simply not understood. They failed to catch the piteous pathos of it all.

Yet the exigencies and needs of this very life of isolation and peril made resourceful men. It made, too, men of self-reliance. It was a school such as Europe had not known for a thousand years. A parallel is to be found only in the days from Saxon Cedric to English Alfred. Yet even that was not the same, for in crossing the ocean king and noble had been eliminated, and every man of the newer English home was himself Cedric and Alfred in one. The initiative of the individual which is so marked a characteristic of the English-speaking man of America is a product largely of those days of isolation and peril. Men were of necessity thrown upon their own resources. Each must plan and act for himself. There was no one to advise or command. The border wars with the Indians were largely fought in this way. Even the earlier years of the Civil War, upon both sides, were fought in much the same manner. No keener critics, no abler strategists, were found in the councils of the generals than were to be found in those other councils which nightly gathered about the camp-fire where every private was a critic and a strategist sitting in judgment upon the plans of the campaign. When we went out, a class of young boys from the school-room to shoulder rifles for the conflict, each one knew all the political phases of the

struggle which was upon us, for it had been argued pro and con in all its varying aspects in the school debating societies, and each schoolboy felt that he, too, was a statesman and a general. No more truly did Vergil put into the mouth of Æneas the famous "Et quorum pars magna fui," than did each youth feel it to be true of himself.

That boyish picture is only a picture in prophecy of the man that always is to be. Sherman's march to the sea might be called a march of sixty thousand generals centering about one chief. That day at Lookout Mountain when Sherman looked up and saw the flag in the clouds upon Missionary Ridge, and asked, "Who ordered them to take the heights?" and the answer was given, "No one. They were sent to take the batteries below, and went on and captured the ridge themselves," it was the generals in the ranks, with the individual initiative of the old frontier blood, instinctively gaging the battle and deciding for themselves. And they proved to be right. I saw the same thing in the Indian wars of the frontier, the instinctive resourcefulness and the self-helpfulness of the native-born American soldier, especially the men from the West, as contrasted with the helplessness and the lack of initiative of the recruits from Europe. I could at any time have picked out from the ranks dozens of men fitted to take command of an expedition and lead it to a successful issue.

It is this capacity for the individual initiative, born measurably in the blood of all English peoples, but in this case developed by the generations of frontier life, and backed by the self-helpfulness born of an isolation which compelled the starting of all things anew, that is inevita-

bly making the English-speaking man master of the continent, and which in the broader world field is making of him the most formidable competitor in the struggle of the nations for political, industrial, and commercial supremacy. The Englo-American of all men first took to, and became master of, the rifle. There was in its directness and singleness of aim that which accorded with the directness and singleness of purpose of his mental makeup. The rifle is the weapon of a clear purpose and of direct doing. It is only one of the indices to the American mind, going directly to the point without circumlocution or waste. The trait shows itself in politics, in religion, in business, in diplomacy.

Possibly no other man has been so misunderstood among the peoples of the earth as this English-speaking man of America. And yet there has been reason for it. No other man has been so situated, with environments so different from other men, and so conducive to new phases in race type. The world, which has so long misunderstood, is only now beginning to understand him; and, more noteworthy still, he is only beginning to understand himself.

Schools

No small factor in the shaping of the mental life of the English-speaking man in America has been the free school. The genesis of the public school this side of the Atlantic is known. Just what its antecedents beyond the water were, is less traceable. That its germ already existed in some form in the older life beyond the sea, we may fairly infer from its quick appearance in the Colonies. Yet that the soil of the older home was less favora-

ble to its evolution, is shown by the fact that there it has scarcely developed at all, and even then apparently more as a reflex from the younger land west of the sea than as an indigenous product. It seems to be as a sickly exotic only in the land which must have given birth to the germ.

One markedly new feature, however, appeared in the school upon the west shore of the Atlantic. A line of divorcement speedily grew up between it and the church. Ecclesiasticism soon ceased to be a shaping factor in the educational life of the people. The all-pervading church influence of the Europe of the Middle Ages soon disappeared in the newer land. Yet not all at once. The New-England schools were at the first strongly under the dominating spirit of the Puritan ecclesiasticism. In Virginia and the Carolinas under that of the Established Church. And the institutions of higher learning were in the same condition. Harvard and Yale were dominated practically by the same influences which ruled in the common schools of New England. William and Mary, by the Established Church from beyond the sea, and with royal charter and endowment. The Middle Colonies in a measure escaped this, yet here, too, the church influence was preponderatingly felt in school work.

But when the mountains were crossed all this was changed. The man who grew up west of the Appalachians knew his Bible, but he knew no church. This he had out-traveled. And when the church overtook him, it found a people already emancipated from ecclesiasticism in their educational work; and to it they never went back. For good or for ill, as men after their religious convictions may view it, yet for good and all, the new civilization of the West had cut its purely intellectual life

loose from the spiritual, leaving each to develop independently of the other along its own separate lines.

The log schoolhouse of the ever-advancing frontier was a humble temple of learning, yet it did its work, and did it well. The curriculum was limited, but it made men; not very scholarly, but manly. The pioneers of the New West, those who have laid the foundations of its political and social framework, were trained largely in the district schools of that older West which lay in the beech woods of the upper Ohio. It is a serious question whether out of the more elaborate educational system which after a while grew up upon this primitive foundation has come forth a truer manhood. The log schoolhouse certainly did not rank high as an institution of scholarship, but it as certainly did turn out men in whom the individuality had not been sacrificed to a machine-like uniformity. Upon that pioneer district school as a foundation have been built the grammar-school, the academy, the college, the university. But while farther on in the stage of educational evolution, this after-work can hardly yet be called entirely satisfactory. A certain crudity has run through it all. Mere scholarship has been too much the aim, rather than that culture which is the ripening and mellowing of scholarship. We have forgotten sometimes that the man is of more worth than the mere scholar. Scholarship alone is not a high aim in education. In fact, it is a defective aim, and to that degree untrue. The true aim of a school should be to make men, not simply scholars; and the best school is that which turns out the best man as its finished product. There has been possibly too much of the influence of the German university in the work. Britain at Oxford and

Cambridge has done better; possibly less of mere technical scholarship; certainly more of that atmosphere of broad, liberal, refining culture which makes the truer man. And therein has been the defect of the German work; it has failed to refine.

The American college has, in some respects, done better than the American university. While it began as European in type, yet as the great West opened up and Europe became more and more only a dream, it developed a life and a genius of its own. It became a product of the soil, and took to itself the native flavor of the soil. The American university followed as an after-growth when through railway and steamship Europe was again too near. Its professors have run too much to Europe as a finishing school. As a result it has failed to develop the native flavor. Mere bigness has counted for too much—like the big squash and the big pig at the county fair. Quality, and that indescribable atmosphere of scholarly culture and repose, have counted for too little.

And here the influence of the German university with its vast herding together of students has been felt for harm. The pride and the peril of the university in its inner working may be found in its tendency to undue specialization. It tends to become microscopic in its work. It fills its chairs with professors to whom each man's specialty is the one thing of the world, and to whom technique is apt to become more important than matter; men to whom accent is more than the idea back of the word; men to whom the meter is more than the song. There is a saying in medicine that the man who is only a specialist is a poor specialist. And it is true. He lacks breadth. His mental vision is unsound because nar-

row. This truth is too often overlooked in university work.

There is an evil also in the growing tendency to cut short the preliminary general education, that time may be economized. In this the stamp of narrowness and littleness is indelibly fixed upon the plastic minds of immature students. They go out from this atmosphere of a narrow overrefinement hypercritical in small things—and lo, to their unspeakable surprise the world has no time to listen to them. It wants something broader. And the men upon whom they have looked rather superciliously, it may be, as crude and unlettered, men possibly without the university stamp, are the men the world instinctively seeks out, and who do its work. The schools may forget, but the world will not, that better than a mere scholar is a man. The possibility of blending the two into one is the true value measure of the work of a school. Manhood is the perfect standard.

Yet a reaction can be noted. Bigness is counting for less; quality is counting for more. There is also less questioning of the mere number of facts mastered; more of the quality of the man. And with the years, and the moss-grown walls, the mellowing of a truer culture is making itself felt. The American university is going through the process of evolution which came first to the American college; and out of it all is developing an institution which, as with the college, will be, not European, but American; American not in the offensive, self-assertive sense, but American in the better sense of a broad, sweet, kindly culture which shall bear flavor of the soil.

Religion

It is to the West that one must look for the typical American spiritually. The Appalachians are to be crossed before Europe and its molding influences are left behind. The New-England Puritan fled from the older land to escape persecution; yet he brought the old spirit of persecution with him as an unconscious but baneful legacy. While he sought liberty to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience, it was with no thought that other men who might come to dwell with him were entitled to exercise the same right. This, those who differed from him in religious belief quickly found out to their cost. The same spirit of proscriptive sectarianism pervaded to a greater or less extent all the colonies. Massachusetts restricted the right of suffrage to church-members, and jailed or banished Quakers, Baptists, Romanists, and other non-concurrers with the ruling faith. Connecticut and Rhode Island legislated against Quakers and Romanists. New Jersey took similar action against Romanists; Delaware, against unbelievers. Maryland prescribed the death penalty for denial of the doctrine of the Trinity, and later refused liberty of worship to Romanists, Episcopalians, Quakers, and Baptists. Virginia took action to expel all nonconformists to the Established Church. Carolina denied the protection of the law to all non-church-members. Georgia proscribed the Romanist. Even New York and Pennsylvania fell in with the popular current; the former by legislating against Quakers and Romanists; the latter by restricting the right of suffrage and of office-holding to professed Christians. In nearly, if not all, of the colonies the

public worship of the dominant sect was to be supported by public tax levied upon all inhabitants, whether believers with that sect or not.

While, as time went by, these laws were largely softened or ignored, yet the spirit which lay back of them continued to a greater or less extent to pervade community, and kept up a social ban even when the legal disabilities had disappeared. The dead letter of the law long remained a living spirit in the people, which even now in many communities has scarcely died out. The picture which we have of the religious intolerance of the communities where Protestantism was the ruling power was equally true, only in darker colors, over the vast regions controlled by Romanism farther south. Yet we are not to judge too harshly of these men. The colonies were only the spiritual children of Europe. It was no small advance from the old ways that the Inquisition of the Latin bloods, the auto da fe of the Iberian peoples, and Smithfield, and Bloody Mary, and Laud's troopers of the English-speaking peoples of Britain, should have softened to the political disabilities and the mere banishment of the colonies. This much also may be said, The spirit of religious toleration in the New World grew up much more rapidly among the Teutonic peoples than among the so-called Latin bloods; for even yet the cloud has not lifted from the Latinized south half of the continent.

All this the man of the Mid-West, and of that Farther West which was its child, escaped. His home never knew aught of proscriptive laws, or of that proscriptive spirit which is apt to linger with rankling bitterness among a people socially long after the legal statute has

become a dead letter or has been repealed. The religious training of this man of the Mid-West was in keeping with his rude surroundings. The Bible was practically the family library. It was commonly known as "The Book." No other stood beside it. Few others were known; still fewer read. No spirit of higher criticism ever called in question its authority. True, there was much of disregard of its precepts; yet it was still "The Book" of the fireside and of the home life. It was, as it still remains with the American family, the one wedding-gift which before all others must go to the new home. The formative influence of that old King James' Translation of the Scriptures upon the infant civilization of the West can hardly be overestimated. Burns's picture in the "Cottar's Saturday Night" might well have been written of the banks of the Ohio or the Cumberland. To the children its stories took the place of the fairy-tales of other lands. They grew up saturated with its spirit, their minds filled with its imagery. Abraham Lincoln, with the mien of an old prophet, stands as a type of its fruitage. Born of the Mid-West, bred in the atmosphere of the family Bible, his speeches and proclamations, worded in the imagery of the Scriptures, found an audience in the great mass of the common people which was quick to understand, for he spoke to them in the language and imagery of the home and the fireside.

Religiously the Mid-West may be said to have been largely the child of the Scotch-Irish blood, as New England was of the English Puritan. It was the old Covenanter of Laud's time transplanted to a new land, as New England's Puritan had been Cromwell's Roundhead. And both were children of the English Bible. Yet there

was a difference between the two. New-England Puritanism had been simply the revolt of one ecclesiasticism as against another. It landed in the New World with an ecclesiasticism and an attendant civil polity of its own, full-fledged, and as intolerant as those from which it had fled. It can scarcely be said that the average Puritan, either in the Old World or the New, was a broad man. Intense he certainly was; but that he was in any true sense of the word broad, men of discernment would scarcely dare affirm. All the early colonists came in more or less organized bodies, and never knew the isolated individual life of the frontier. Each colony was made up of people who were generally of one type, and who neither encouraged nor desired the presence of others of unlike religious belief. New-England Puritan, Pennsylvania Quaker, Maryland Catholic, Virginia Episcopalian, in their colonial life at the first kept apart. It was only as the seacoast was left behind and the currents of westward migration from the various colonies commenced to cross and intermingle, that the old segregation and exclusiveness began to be broken up.

All this, however, the Scotch-Irish migration to the New World escaped. Crossing later, and not in colonies but as families, and finding no organized kin of its own, it naturally passed on beyond the not overly hospitable first line of sectarian population to the frontier. And here they settled, not by themselves in colonies, but as a scattering fringe to the colonies already established, more especially Virginia and the Carolinas. As already described, these were the men who made up the preponderating element in that stream of early migration which crossed over the Appalachians by the mid-line, and who,

pressing on by the Wilderness Trail, became the pioneers of the Middle West. Other streams of migration from the various seaboard colonies soon overtook and mingled with them, yet to the mingled mass it was the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian that first gave color. But no man at the first gave shape. In the individual and family life which grew up along the frontier, neither body politic nor body ecclesiastic had place. As in the days when there was no king in Israel, "Every man did that which seemed right in his own eyes." Especially was this true in religious matters.

Nor, in the ever-present peril of the frontier would men stop to ask of faiths, or dispute concerning theological differences. More important to them, with wife and babes and home at stake, was unity in the common defense. Much could be forgiven to the theology of a man who was a brave Indian-fighter, one who was keen of sight and quick on trigger. The men who rallied to the relief of the imperiled home, or the beleaguered blockhouse, might be the veriest heretics upon earth, but for them would be no fires of persecution. There is no cement to discordant peoples, to warring theologies even, like that of a common peril. The Indian was the great peacemaker between rival creeds in the West. He kindled and made hot the fires which melted down the asperities of old theological hatreds. And then that other life of the hereafter was so far away; and the Indian was so near.

And so men, even ministers and priests, battled side by side against the common foe, in a common peril, for homes and firesides; and as they battled, somehow the bitterness, the acrimony, seemed to melt away out of the

old theological differences, and they learned to dwell together in peace. At last the warring sects were learning from that rough, rude frontier school of spiritual things, that Puritan, or Quaker, Episcopalian, or Romanist, or Covenanter, "We be brethren." And while men still argued and differed, Romanist no longer invoked the kindly ministrations of the "Holy Office" to silence heretics; Puritan no longer banished Baptist; Episcopalian no longer stoned Methodist; and Calvinist grew in grace to blush at the name of Servetus. And the Quaker, poor, unresisting victim of them all—verily, Friend, now that the persecutions have ceased, thy children are even forgetting their Thees and Thous, and the broad-brim, and the shad-belly, and are going back to the world—of other Christians.

Yet the Calvinism of the Scotch-Irish, tho dominant as a religious force in the early field of the Mid-West, did not remain so. It was not a cheerful nor an inspiring religion, that old Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism. It had been born of hard lives amid the coverts of the rocks up in the Scotch hills, with the brutal hands of Laud's troopers as its nurse. Harried and chased and tortured, the soul of that old Scotch Highlander had to get hold of something—or die; and it took hold upon the "Eternal Decrees," and lived. It was before the days of ecclesiastical sail-trimming when the church could attempt the strange feat of holding two separate and irreconcilable creeds, the one for the ministry, the other for the laity. But that old Scotch Presbyterianism was a religion of the defensive; and the frontier is aggressive. And so Methodism with its cheer and the swing of its hopeful hymns, and its scant theology, sang and shouted its way over the

land in triumph. But it remains to be seen whether the school of theology with its refinements and subtilties of creed will hold what the ruder circuit-rider and his King James' Bible won. The hour of its testing is upon it. And here, too, an ecclesiasticism is growing up; but the current of the Teutonic spiritual life is flowing the other way.

The contribution of the Briton to the common religious life of the English-speaking peoples was, The Open Bible, and the Severance from Rome. The contribution of the American is, the Severance of church and state. The state no longer thrall to the church. The church no longer thrall to the state. Each free at last to go on unhampered in the development of the best there may be in it. And this final severance of church and state in America is the work rather of the West than of the East. Yet this American Englishman has another contribution to make to the religious life of the world. The bane of Christianity in all these ages has lain in the things which men have read into its authenticated Scriptures. Every denomination has its "Writings of the Fathers," following in this regard the well-worn trail of Rome; and upon these, too often, rather than upon the Bible, much of its creed is based. The work of Christianity in the freer ecclesiastical atmosphere of the New World will be to relegate these "Writings of the Fathers" to their legitimate place, and to go back again to Christ for its theology. And in this process if the Bible itself be again keenly, critically, yet reverently reviewed, no true soul need fear. Truth is not a plant of tender growth to be easily killed; and God is able to keep unscathed the true word of His message. The second Council of Nikæa will be held

west of the Atlantic; and no Constantine will intervene to sway its proceedings or to influence its decisions. And possibly, with a juster sense of the eternal fitness of things, it will not assume to settle the Divine nature by ballot.

And the *Homoi-ousion* and the *Homo-ousion* of that old Nikæan controversy of the fourth century which rent the Christian world with its unseemly wranglings and stained it with fratricidal blood—this Teuto-Aryan, with a saner humanity, seems content to let it rest side by side with the ill-omened *Petros* and *Petra* of Mid-Age Romanism, while he turns more and more to the kindly life of the Christ who walked the troubled earth as the helpful Brother of Man.

IX

SPEECH AND LITERATURE

Dialects are the differentiation of speech as environments change. They do not come of chance, but are the result of the working of natural laws. If the vowels thin or broaden, there is a reason for it. If words undergo transformation until their variant forms scarcely reveal the common origin, it is not without adequate cause. And the cause will generally be physical, not mental. When the nimble-tongued Ionian laughed at the hoarse, awkward mouthings of the Boiotian, he said it was the fogs of his marsh-lands that had got into his throat. There is a Boiotia also in Western Europe. It lies about the low, chill coast line of the Baltic and the North Sea. Here, too, the fog gets into the throat and the nose. The thick, heavy speech of these lands is not accident. It is the result of natural causes, working to their normal end. The dampness, the cloudy skies, the fog, the chill, have left their impress through generations upon vocal cords and nasal mucous membranes, until the hoarse, clumsy, catarrhal speech has become normal to the land. Sunnier skies and a clearer atmosphere thin the broad vowels, soften the hoarse gutturals, eliminate the harsh aspirates, and give nimbleness and comeliness to the speech. It was so the drier, warmer air of Attika toned up the vocal cords and cleared the nasal intonations of the Greek upon the plains by the Ægean. It was so the drier, warmer air of Southern Europe soon put an end to the uncouth speech of the hordes of suc-

cessive invasions from the barbarian North. Even the slight change from the low, water-sodden plains of the Netherlands to the higher and somewhat drier and warmer lands of Britain, brought resultant alteration to that older and harsher English speech of the main shore. That portion of the kin which remained behind evolved instead the Low Dutch, the *Platt Deutsch*, with its strength, yet its clumsiness. The portion of the folk which passed on over the water evolved, as time and seasons wrought their work, the speech of Shakespeare.

If so slight a change of climate showed so marked a resultant change in vocal organs and consequently in speech, it would be only reasonable to expect that the still more radical change from the insular climate of Britain to the continental climate of America would be followed by a still more marked change in race speech. And so it has been. Possibly no American could speak a half-dozen words in the presence of a British audience before some one of his hearers would be saying, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." And as surely could no Briton in like manner escape immediate detection before an American audience. Yet let the child of American parents be born and reared in Britain, and his speech will be that of the land of his rearing; the vowels broaden and the aspirates become elusive. Equally is it true that the child of British parentage, born and reared in America, thins the broad vowels, and all unconsciously has full mastery of the perplexing aspirate. So difficult indeed does the aspirate prove to the average Briton that a recent writer has gravely proposed that the letter H be dropped from their alphabet as an unmanageable sound which the race is gradually abandoning.

The change which is so noticeable in the American voice is the normal result of the working of these same general climatic laws. The living vocal cords of the larynx, like the lifeless strings of the violin, have been keyed up to a higher pitch by the drier atmosphere. The American is in this respect probably nearer to the type of the original continental Engleman of the eastern uplands before that ever he had come to dwell by the shores of the sea. And then by his migration to America he has escaped the added three centuries of the West-Europe fog and chill, and has during that time been dwelling again in the drier continental climate; while with the English man who remained behind, the fog and the chill have gone on doing their steady work of vocal change. The process of keying up, whether in instrument or voice, is not one of especial sweetness or harmony; yet it is a way to harmony. There is an American voice emerging from it all which is as distinct and as characteristic as the American physique. This voice, as may already be noted, will be of somewhat higher pitch than that of the moist lowlands of Western Europe, but clearer, more far-reaching, and probably no less harmonious and sweet. It would be an interesting problem for casts from the dissecting-room to settle, whether the shape of the larynx is changing. The external appearance of the throat would seem to indicate this. Certainly the general physique is very notably changing.

The word-speech of the American English man is in some respects more archaic than that of his fellow upon the British Isles. The language of Shakespeare, of the English Bible, is to be found rather upon the west than upon the east shore of the Atlantic. It is a purer archaic English. And the reason is not difficult to discover.

The English man who crossed over to America was, more than the English man who remained behind, a man of books. Then, too, his speech has remained more the written speech of books. The public schools, and the universal habit of reading, coupled with the fact that for a long time few books were published in the new land, and the King James Bible and a scanty supply of the English classics furnished the reading matter of the great mass of population, all this saved the language from the drift which was kept up in Britain through close contact and constant intercourse with the alien peoples of the mainland. The two thousand miles of water have proven a more efficient guardian of the purity of old English speech than have the twenty miles of the English Channel. Many of the so-called Americanisms which excite remark among British Englishmen are only the surviving idioms of that older English of the days before the separation had come to the race.

Yet the English speech of the American continent has shown marked departures of its own; not, however, in change of grammatical forms, nor so much in words, but in that intangible thing which we call style. A terse directness, a laconicism which at times became almost brusqueness, was born of that rugged, toilsome, frontier life; and it has remained as a characteristic of the language, flavoring the speech of fireside, of social and business intercourse, and of pulpit and platform. In American diplomacy it has been misinterpreted and misunderstood. It is simply the speech of a people born and bred in a strenuous, hurried life; learning to economize time and words; saying what they mean in the fewest possible sentences. They never accepted Talleyrand's cynical

mot that "Speech was made to conceal thought." The frontier is the place where this terse, pointed, forceful speech is heard in all its freshness and originality; and from it have come many of those short cuts of language which later have become idiomatic in the land. Some slight incorporations have been made from the Indian tongues of words expressive of things and acts gained from them; some from the Spanish-American peoples with their semipastoral life; some from the early trapping life of the French voyageur; and some have been coined of the needs, the dangers, and the exigencies of the life of the frontier. Yet the changes have been slight, and largely along the line of an increased directness and forcefulness. In it all no dialects have grown up. Public schools and the universal habit of reading, together with a constant surface shifting of population, have saved from this. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from beyond the Great Lakes to the Gulf, men know only one tongue. There is a homogeneity of race speech, as well as of race blood, which has no parallel upon so vast a scale elsewhere in the world.

Literature

The characteristic literary flowering of a race, that which after-ages look back to and speak of as typical of the folk, would seem to be the product of that period of race life when the full consciousness of power as a people first dawns upon it. The seed is sown in storm and stress. All else seems to be either a leading up to or a reflection of that epoch. The age of AIschylos, of Sophokles, of Euripides, of Herodotos, the age which by common consent is called the culmination of the Greek

literary life, was also the age of Perikles, and of Marathon and Salamis. It was the age of the glory of Athens, the age when the Greek, in the full consciousness of his race power, feared no man. The golden age of Roman literature, which after all was only a kind of bronze age, for the true Latin was never, in the same sense as the Greek, a man of letters, his hand being somehow better fitted to the sword than to the pen, the age to which we look as the typical epoch of Rome mentally, was the age of Augustus, when the long battle with the Semite was over, and Roman power had no one to dispute or question, and all the world was at peace. It was the age of Vergil, of Horace, of Ovid, of Livy. Such an era of race exaltation and literary flowering came to the Indo-Aryan when he descended as victor to the Indian plain, and the Vedas were the fruitage. To the Irano-Aryan it came upon the conquered uplands of Assyria, and the Avestas voiced his higher mental and spiritual life. With the Semitic Arab the days of the great monotheistic outrush, when from the banks of the Euphrates to the Rock of Gibraltar the exultant cry of Allah il Allah told the hour of racial high noon, were the days also of his mental and literary high noon.

The race life of the English man of Britain has been one of stress from the days of English Alfred to the days of the seventh Edward: first to make for himself a place among the nations of the earth; then, with his limited land area and smaller population, to hold what he had gained; and afterward to keep pace with the more numerous peoples about him. That other English man who had remained behind in the migration across the Channel, the Netherlander of the main shore, failed in a simi-

r attempt. The stout English man of Britain did not fail, nor his struggle make for him the centuries full of striving and of power. It was no small price that common measure English man paid for the privilege of being what he was. Dane, Norman, Frenchman, Spaniard, gave him neither peace nor rest. And then after that last supreme crisis when all Spain and all Romanism were concentrated in that "Invincible Armada" which the Pope blessed, but which Howard and Drake, and the London tradesmen, and the landed gentry harried and chased up the Channel—the great war-ships of which, when men, English men, had done their best and bravest, the national heart humbly said, "God blew upon them with his winds and scattered them"—after all this when the kingdom was established and secure in the homeland, came the long struggle for supremacy in the New World, and then India and Clive, and the era of empire-building. These were ages of storm and stress but they fell short of the strain of exhaustion. Instead was that stimulus, that mental spur, which arises from the overcoming of obstacles and dangers, and which is the keenest of all stimulants to mental productivity. Even the steps may be traced. Crécy is paralleled by Chaucer; the Armada by the age of Moore, Sydney, Bacon, Spenser, Marlowe, rare Ben Jonson, Shakespeare; Marston Moor and Naseby, by Milton, Dryden, Bunyan, Addison, Fielding, and Swift. And then the era of broader empire-building, and the long Napoleonic wars had their rich fruitage in the group of Victorian writers. Yet, as before said, it must be exaltation, not exhaustion. The struggle for national life may be so continuous, so exhausting, that the whole mental energy

of the race life is absorbed by it, and no surplus is left for literary productivity. Sparta thus died out mentally. No Spartan wrote a book, or a poem, or a play. It became somewhat so with the Netherlands in the exhausting battle for national life with the stronger powers about her. It is the subtile mental danger which the German has upon him to-day.

From the English man of America the stress of battle is as yet scarcely lifted. The Indian, the Latin, the Briton, the battle with nature to subdue a continent, and then the long struggle with slavery, culminating in the Civil War, and added to these the unceasing effort to assimilate an ever-swelling flood of alien blood, all these have kept his energies taxed to the utmost. The load is only now beginning to lift; and the day of his race exaltation is scarcely yet upon him. Yet the seeding has been a liberal one—a continent with its vastness and variety for a home; food supply such as even Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs never knew; wealth untold; the Old World shackles upon freedom of thought broken; a blood strong and virile; and a life still strenuous but not exhausting; and now world-empire before him. It surely is no niggardly seeding. If the law holds good, the harvest, tho delayed, should yet be bounteous.

That there has as yet been developed a school of literature which may be called characteristically American, as we speak of the Greek, or of the English of the age of Elizabeth, can scarcely be said. But neither can it be said to be yet time. From the landing of the English man upon the shores of Britain down to the days of Chaucer was a period of ten centuries—a thousand years in which to subdue one small island and consolidate a

kindred folk before even the beginning of a distinctive race literature; for all that was before Chaucer's time, if the Beowulf Epic which in origin is pre-Britannic be taken away, is scant in quantity, and largely imitative in type. Contrasted with even the least productive of the American colonial days, it is bald and bare. Even the Greek was old, ages old, before the days of the dramatists and the historians. From the times of the Ionian and Dorian settlement about the two shores of the Ægean to the days of Perikles a thousand years went by which we can fairly trace. How much more before this, and untraceable, no man can tell. Ten centuries at the least to produce Herodotos of Halicarnassos, and AIschylos, and Sophokles, and all the lesser lights of the golden age of Greek literature! Homer, it is true, dates away back in the dimness of a long antecedent past, but Homer is not of the Greek race life in its later flowering; rather does he seem to belong in that pre-Dorian era before that the older, decadent Greek of Krete and Mykenæ and Tiryns had been born again. He stands more as the Nibelungen and Beowulf to the Teutons, or as the Arthurian legends to the Celts. And Homer left no successor for eight centuries. France shows the same long barren waste before the harvest came. From Charlemagne to Racine, Corneille, Molière, Fénelon, and the brilliant salon of Louis XIV., stretches a literary blank of nearly nine centuries. What is the explanation of it all? Two causes may be assigned—the stress of the upbuilding age of race life—and the unrest which belongs in the first mixing of different bloods. Mingled bloods would seem to be like mixed wines, subject to a period of fermentation upon the lees before clarification is possible.

At the first these unlike bloods clash and battle, but all the while are mingling until after a while they come to be one in aspiration and thought; and then, and not until then, the truest mental life of this new composite people begins, and the best intellectual fruitage of the race life is a possibility.

But from Jamestown and Plymouth Rock until now is only a period of scant three centuries. Less than three hundred years in which to subdue, not one little island, but a continent, and to assimilate and make into one people, not a few kindred tribes, but all peoples of the Aryan blood. The problem which confronted the Engle man at his landing upon the shores of the island of Britain was a simple one compared with that which has confronted the English man in America; for while, as said, that older Engle man had only to make out of a few kindred tribes the English man of Britain, the English man of America has had before him the problem of making out of a great flood of mixed bloods, widely variant Aryan bloods, the one American Aryan. And with his free schools and his equal citizenship he is doing it. But in view of the magnitude of this preliminary work it is scarcely to be wondered at that the day for a distinctively American literary school has hardly yet arrived. The American had first to be made. Then, too, the man of America has had much to unlearn and to unload. His schools, his books, his thoughts, were European; and it takes time to undo the past. But the Greek, the Briton, inherited no such trammels from the past. For them the book in which was to be writ the mental life of the race opened to a fresh and untouched page. All was new. And this was no slight advantage in the work of

creating a race literature of a distinctive type. The literary flowering which showed itself two generations ago about Boston as its center, and which overflowed to a lesser literary life about New York, was purely local, and was only the aftermath of the old colonial days. It came with the breathing spell which followed the second war for independence. The true national life, the era when Americans first felt deep down within their souls an independence of Europe, dates not from '76 but from 1812.

There is a race literature slowly growing up to the English-speaking man of America, and it is not European. It is only as yet in the stage of generation; like the farms of the Great West, hardly past the days of stump-uprooting and the soil-breaking and seeding, but it, and art and architecture begin to show clearly the lines of a new departure. It is not to be seen so much along the Atlantic shore; this is too near to Europe and feels too much the modifying effect of the constant influx of blood and thought fresh from across the water. And the young men of the Atlantic seaboard are too much in the habit of running across to European universities to finish their education—and lose their originality. This newer and more distinctively American mental life is to be found rather west of the Appalachians, in the men of the log schoolhouse and the smaller colleges, the men to whom Europe is only a geographical name. This newer mental life of the English-speaking man of America smacks of the vastness of the great inland rivers, the broad river valleys, the prairies which stretch on and on into the setting sun, the desert uplands of the midcontinent, the Sierras where the mountain breezes sing the song of a sea which is broader than the Atlantic waters.

This is America. These are the Americans. Europe does not reach thus far. This is the land where the literature, the art, the architecture of America are slowly yet surely taking shape. And it is continental, not peninsular, in the vastness of its possibilities. Nor is it impatient of recognition. It is not seeking a European stamp-mark. The man who walks a continent as master can well afford to live his own mental life.

It is here, in the heart of a continent, that the man who four thousand years ago went out from the highlands of another continent to fix his stamp upon the mental and literary life of all the after-ages finds for the first time an analog of that primitive homeland which gave him cast and shape. Is it too much to anticipate that here, under the influence of such climatic laws and the broader stimulus of such continental environments as first molded him, and with the mental and political trammels which came to him in his sojourn in peninsular Europe thrown off, he should go on to a broader, richer, more fruitful mental life than he has yet known? Only, the wine of the race life must have time to settle and clarify in the new land. There is body to it. The bouquet will develop. The richness of the vintage is yet to be known of men. But that the American school is already beginning to give hintings of what it is to be, is apparent. Somewhat of the vastness, the freedom of a continent is even now to be discerned. One must go west of the Appalachians, however, to that America which is the real America, uninfluenced by Europe, to find it at its best. Crude, often, as Eumolpos and Ennius, or as Chaucer even, were crude, yet fresh with a flavor and a raciness of the soil and of the free air peculiarly its own. It

is only the roughness of the new wine. Time will ripen it.

One can hardly expect a literature, any more than races or men, to be born full-grown. Such things only happen in mythologies and legends. But given time and the clarifying of mixed bloods, and the leisure which follows after stress, and then, too, the ever-broadening and deepening stimulus of continental domain and world power; given these, and the working of the same laws which brought to the Greek the age of Perikles and the dramatists, and which brought to the Briton the Elizabethan age, should as surely bring to the English-speaking people of America a literary flowering as rich as either, and with an aroma as distinctively its own. Yet it is scarcely to be expected that in type it shall be entirely distinct and apart from that of the other English-speaking peoples of the world; for the general folk type of all English literature is already fixed, as is the race type. The distinction must be of species rather than of genus. It will be the literature of that older insular English man broadening into the literature of the continental English man. Its peculiarity will often lie rather in a new way of looking at old things; for original fields are rare. The world intellectual is ever working over its old material.

X

POLITICAL CHANGES: AND SLAVERY

THAT changes political should follow the severing of the governmental ties which had bound together Briton and American, could only be expected. And there has been nothing of chance in the changes which have come. Neither has it been because of the emigration to America of any one especial class of English men rather than some other. Any other English men than the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay or the decayed and discontented gentry of Virginia would eventually and inevitably have arrived at the same political end. It was simply the advanced guard of English race evolution which, chafing under civil and ecclesiastical restraint, and restive under delay, passed on oversea to seek more rapid development. But, after all, the American has only anticipated the Briton by some generations; for those who remained behind did not stand still. They lagged in the march, but are now catching up. Britain or America, monarchy or republic, the change was inevitable. It was simply the following-out of the normal trend of English race life. And as the cyng, or king, was not normal to, neither was found with, the political life of the primitive English man of that first England which had grown up about the shores of the Baltic, but was evolved as a new thing to meet a new need of the race life of the English man of the second England, so, as the need ceased to exist, he

disappeared again in the changed conditions of the English man of the third English land.

Yet the difference to-day is after all more apparent than real; it is more in word than in fact; of degee rather than kind. America might not inaptly be termed an elective monarchy, or Britain a hereditary republic, so much are they practically alike. Even more than this —the British monarch has the name with little of the real power of a king; the American president has more of the power, but not the name. In each case, however, the true power lies, not in the hands of the nominal head, but with the elective assembly, the representative of the people, which is the real ruler of the land, president or king being only executor of the laws. That the second England will permanently retain the kingship, may be doubted. The Greater England which has grown up across the seas in America, in Australasia, in South Africa, is so pronouncedly democratic in spirit and in type, and the whole English folk are so intimately bound together by ties of speech, of literature, of religion, of trade, and by the aspirations of a common future, that the English man of Britain can scarcely long withstand the influence of his kin. He, too, must sooner or later fall into political line with his kinsmen of the Greater England. When he does, the federation of all English-speaking peoples passes beyond the mere possibilities into the region of the probabilities.

Yet that the third England has finally solved, in all its details, the problem of a government adequate to all the varied needs and dangers of modern civilization, even the most sanguine would hesitate to affirm. The questions which remain as yet unsolved are many and grave.

Among these may be enumerated—The right of suffrage, whether safer to be restricted, or general—Popular indifference to its exercise in municipal elections—Corruption in politics—Popular ignorance despite public education—Insidious attempts to force church into matters of state —Vice of the great cities—The liquor question—The perplexing relations of capital and labor as arrayed against each other in their respective trusts—Government control of public utilities—The proper limits of paternalism in government—Socialism in its more anarchistic phases. These are some of the problems awaiting a solution; and wise men who love their country have many forebodings. Yet that the answer to the search for that ultimate form of government which shall best subserve the needs of men lies along the line of a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," the experience gained through the years tends more and more to prove. The world has tried medieval monarchy as it has tried medieval papacy. It will go back to neither. Each was a step, and no doubt an essential step, in the evolution of church and state, and their work is not to be despised. Only, the world has grown beyond them, and will not go back. Whatever the future may hold for man ecclesiastically and politically, one fact would seem to be well established, namely, that it will not be along the line of the olden authority of pope or king. More than this with regard to the future, possibly no man can tell. It is not much to say; but it is probably all that any prudent man in even attempting to forecast the future would dare to say. The failures we know. And we also know that in the natural order of evolution the failures precede, and are the stepping-stones to success. That

out of it all will eventually come that higher type, which in both church and state shall be the best, all who have faith in man's future may well believe.

Slavery

A disturbing factor was early introduced into the problem of the English man's race evolution in America. It is true there was an inflow of Aryan bloods which were not English, not Teutonic even, that mingled to a limited extent with the English blood and entered into the making of that composite American who is yet Aryan, and more broadly Aryan than any other man of all the widely scattered Aryan peoples; but in addition to these was brought in, for it did not come of its own free will, a blood not Aryan, not white even, to share the new home with the Aryan. The questions to which the Black man's presence gave rise were more political than social in character, for he was to remain as a race blood separate and apart from the Aryan. It was the fact that he came as a slave which gave significance and maleficent import to the Black man's incoming. Yet slavery as an institution was no new thing to the Aryan man in his political life. In common with other races of non-Aryan blood, he had been from time immemorial a slave-holder. While the word Slave as found in Teutonic speech is of comparatively recent and irrelevant origin, having its genesis in the race name of another branch of the Aryan kin, the Slavs, who were made captives in war by the Teutonic peoples and became the servitors of their captors, we yet find a cognate primitive Aryan root in another class of words which have come to us directly from the Latin, but which have a common root in many of the Aryan

tongues, and which point back to slavery as long-existing and wide-spread among Aryan peoples. It exists in our Latin-English words servile, servitude, servitor, from the Latin *servus*, a slave, with the allied forms *servio*, *servitium*, *servitudo*, *servilis*. In Greek it is found as the root σερ in σειρα, ειρω, ειρερος. The root in its consonantal framework of S—R runs through many of the Aryan tongues, tracing back with the cognate Sanskrit root Sar to the old Proto-Aryan progenitor of all in the form Svar or Sar, meaning to tie or bind; in all, the common idea of some thing or person bound or restricted of liberty.

Yet the slave was not necessarily in all cases of alien blood. He might be of kindred blood, taken captive in war between kin races, and so deprived of his freedom by the chances of war, or he might be, as in the earlier stages of civilization, one of the same tribal tie who through debt or misfortune had lost his birthright of freedom, and had become servitor to his more fortunate neighbor. But in all cases of servitude where the servitor or slave was of the same, or of kindred blood, no harsh line of race caste separated the slave-holder and the slave; and such lines of separation as existed through force of this relationship were constantly softening and disappearing; the absolute ownership merging gradually into the more restricted relationship of master to serf or peon, who still owed a measure of service to the master who now began to assume more of the relationship of the feudal lord. In this change the serf or peon lost the status of personal property and became one of the fixtures of the landed estate, not to be separated from it, and possessing certain well-defined rights as a dweller upon the land. Thus the slave in the end became no longer a slave but a retainer.

And in all this there was no bar of race to interfere with, or to stamp as hybridism, the mingling of the bloods of master and slave or retainer; and the two always tended ultimately to blend into one.

But the slavery which grew up in America was different. Here it was not the holding in bondage of kindred bloods, but blood of an entirely alien and unlike race. It was because the slave was the Black man that slavery here took on a development different from that of the early Teutonic days. It was the enslavement of a blood held to be racially inferior. Yet, with all this, slavery was steadily becoming more domestic and patriarchal in type among the English people of America. The *servus* was becoming the *famulus*, that old Oscan *famel*, rather than the slave in the harsher signification of the word. It was a steadily ameliorating and softening servitude. As such it was beginning to die out through a revolting race conscience and a lack of profit in it as an institution. Rather an odd and somewhat incongruous admixture of motives, yet it is this admixture of conscience and business which ordinarily sways the world. But a change came to the whole aspect of slavery in America; and profit got the better of conscience. Back of this, as so often at turning-points in the world's history, lay the working of natural law. Tobacco and cotton settled the fact that the enslavement of the Black man in America was not to soften into the milder servitude of serfdom or peonage; that the *servus* was not to become a *famulus;* but that the slavery of the auction-block and the slave-driver was to take its place. And the natural law spoken of? It was the Gulf Stream as the factor, which did the work. That warm tropic sea current, with its superabun-

dance of moisture and its mild on-shore winds, gave to the tier of Gulf and lower Atlantic States a climate which is without a parallel elsewhere in the world, and which is, as no other, the normal home of the tobacco- and the cotton-plants. It is a climate in which both the tobacco- and the cotton-plants riot. The strong, clean leaf of the Virginia tobacco, and the long silky fiber of the sea-island cotton, can not be duplicated elsewhere. But the profitable cultivation of both was believed to involve the large plantation system rather than the subdivision of the land into small farms. And the cultivation of both staples became immensely profitable; for both became practical monopolies to the planters in the markets of the world. It was no surprizing boast of the planters of the South when the Civil War began, that cotton was king. For while it had been tobacco rather than cotton which at the first built up the Southern colonies, it was cotton more than tobacco which after a while continued the work and swayed the policies of the South.

The plantation system which grew up under the changed order, with the consequent need of large numbers of slaves to till the soil, and who could be reared more cheaply elsewhere, speedily developed the interstate slave trade with its cruelty of separated families and utter disregard of the marriage relationship among the enslaved. With this traffic in human flesh came the spectacle of the slave-dealer and his sorrowful procession of manacled Blacks making their way to the slave-market of the Farther South, and to the more hopeless servitude of the cotton fields. In the cotton belt these large land-holdings meant the absentee proprietor, who lived elsewhere upon the fruits of slave toil; while the plantation

was given up to the overseer and the slave-driver. The isolation of the South, which sprang from the peculiar institution, kept its people from realizing how utterly the conscience of the world had grown away from the slavery of the darker ages. It kept them also from realizing that if ever a contest over slavery should arise, they would stand alone.

Instead of this they firmly believed that the need of cotton for the mills of Britain and of continental Europe would lead to intervention in case of civil war. But when the test came, the spinners of Lancashire, with a finer humanity, chose hunger in their homes rather than that a hand or a voice should be raised to continue the bondage of other men, even tho black. The war was the disillusionizing of the South. The South had also utterly failed to understand the spirit of the North; just as the politicians of the North, many of them, failed to understand the great heart of the people. Politicians talked of a Union restored and slavery saved. But the soldiers by the camp-fire knew better. And the homes that were mourning their dead of the battle-fields knew better. I can remember the deep awe that settled down upon the land as the war went on. Men somehow, with an insight born not of worldly wisdom, felt that again the fulness of God's time was come to the earth. When the politicians were blind the great common people recognized the footsteps of that old Hebrew God treading out the vintage of the ages of wrong; and they knew that the war would never end until slavery had been destroyed. And in the destroying, North as well as South paid the price in blood; for the North had struck hands with the South in the wages of sin. When Lincoln in that unutterably sad

second inaugural address said, "If it be God's will that this war shall continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid for by another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether," the heart of the nation responded, Amen! for they felt that it was just.

That the slave-holder was intentionally cruel to the slave, one would hardly say; but it was the inevitable, unavoidable cruelty of a system which subordinated the happiness of the many to the comfort and the pleasures of the few, and which was based upon the exercise of irresponsible and arbitrary power, delegated often to men of the lowest type and whose position depended upon the amount of revenue they could make the plantation yield to the slave-owner. It was the cruelty of the sixteenth century as contrasted with the growing philanthropy of the nineteenth; for slavery was the sixteenth century by a strange anachronism dwelling in the midst of the nineteenth. Slavery was already cruel and selfish even in Jefferson's day with a cruelty which made him say, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." Yet with the blindness of isolation and self-interest the South hardly realized the cruelty and the essential barbarism of it all. Communities through habit become blind to such things. And it has left its poison in the countless outrages against a helpless race which still blacken the otherwise fair name of the South. But this also brings its retribution through the repelled immigration, the checked material prosperity, and the retardation

of the higher type of civilization, which are the result. Men, capital, and intelligence avoid disorderly and lawless communities. It is the curse of Simeon and Levi over again—the isolation of the wrong-doer. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!" And the pity of it is the greater because that with it all there was, and is, so much of kindliness in the home life of the South, and so much that is chivalrous and lovable. They have been the victims of a system which carried race poison to the master, as well as oppression to the slave. The hurt which came to the slave-owner was even worse than the hurt that came to the slave; for it is the wrong-doer who receives the worse wounding rather than the one who suffers the wrong.

I have said that the South failed to understand the North. It was the failure over again of the Cavalier of King Charles to understand the Puritan; for that old Cavalier in the self-assertive pride of his feudalism and his tourneys failed to discern back of the quieter, more self-contained demeanor of the Puritan a pride sterner, more unbending even, than his own. And both Cavalier and South failed to understand a conscience trained in a different school from theirs. They failed to understand that the shrinking from the shedding of blood in private quarrel, and the consequent avoidance of brawl and personal encounter, were the fruitage of this different training, and that the very conscientiousness in what he deemed to be right made the possessor all the more dangerous as an antagonist when he felt that his quarrel was just. As 1776 was only the adjourned contest of People versus King over again, so 1861 was in a more remote

sense only the contest of Puritan and Cavalier over again. And again it was the stern, unbending pride of the Puritan that won; for the slave-holder of the South found himself pitted against a pride that was sterner, and a will more unbending, than his own. It is the bane and the undoing of crude civilizations to be unable to comprehend any other than their own; and the civilization of the South was crude with the crudeness of the sixteenth century.

Now that the smoke of the battle-field has long blown away, and the bitternesses of the conflict are dying out, we may speak of men and their motives in a clearer light. In this clearer atmosphere one man rises from the obloquy of the gallows to a truer fame in men's souls. Probably the most strikingly unique character born of the pangs of the nation in its sore travail over the slavery question was John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. It is a figure severely antique in its utter simplicity of type. He seemed as one of the old Hebrew prophets born again upon earth. Of all men of modern times he seems, in the sternness of his isolation, most like to Elijah of old. Rugged, strong, called as he believed of God to a mission, unrelenting toward what he felt in his inmost soul to be a hideous wrong against humanity, he was yet as tender as a child toward the helpless ones whose pain he took upon him as his own. While other men halted, and talked of compromise, he acted. When the slave-holder cried out as did that Hebrew king of old, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" with the stern rebuke of the prophet was hurled back the reply, "It is thou that troublest Israel!" To every great wrong of the ages Elijah comes again. John Brown was the Elijah of slavery.

But he knew no hour of weakness under the Juniper Tree. Instead, he found Harper's Ferry, and the gallows—and victory. The heart of the nation caught the inspiration of his self-immolation; for that John Brown expected success at Harper's Ferry no sane man can for a moment believe. But somehow, and no man probably now knows when or how, that willing death in chains and ignominy that other men, black men, might have their chains stricken off and be free—somehow the glory of it all burned as a flame of fire in the souls of men. The heart of the nation caught the inspiration, and found voice in that crude song which had in it the genesis of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. I remember about the camp-fires in the Kentucky hills how it rang out upon the night air until men felt that they, too, were ready to die that other men might be free. The blood of many a battle-field and the thousands of nameless graves bear witness to the will that was born in them.

Elijah comes again to every great moral crisis of the world—only, men do not always recognize him at the hour. Sometimes the world knows him as John, shaggy and wild-eyed, sometimes as Savonarola, sometimes as John Knox, or it may be only as stern, simple-hearted John Brown; but always he is the *Vox Clamantis* warning humanity to make ready the way; and oftener for him is the headsman's ax, or the stake, or the gallows, than the chariot of fire. And the world does not always know; for not always is there One to say, "If ye will receive it, this is Elijah which was for to come." But as men look backward in the clearer light of the after-years they reverently say, "It was Elijah; and in our blindness we failed to know him."

XI

THE FUTURE: AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLES

The Future of British America

THERE might have been a time when the future of the English man upon the American continent was full of uncertainty; but that time is past. The Old French War finally settled the question of the flag, as between English man and Celto-Latin. Santiago de Cuba marked the conclusion of the long struggle with the Ibero-Latin. The Civil War settled the point that America was not to be simply a second edition of Europe with its rival and warring nations. That issue has been fought out; and it was fought out ostensibly upon an issue which in itself failed to represent the true point of dispute, for the true issue was one entirely foreign to questions of national lines. Probably few students of current history now look upon the question of States' Rights as having had much to do with the causation of the Civil War. That it was slavery, slavery pure and simple, which was the true issue, grows clearer as the years go by. When Toombs said that he would live to call the roll of his slaves from Bunker Hill Monument, it was not disunion, but a slave union, he was looking forward to. But when the struggle came it was not the slave, nor States' Rights, that decided the contest. It was the Mississippi River, and the question whether America could afford to become as Europe, only worse because of

the added bitterness of slavery, its land split up into hostile and warring nations—whether the Great River was to be only the troubled Danube over again, or flow "unvexed to the sea."

Even could the South have had her way it would only have been to have moved, within a generation, Mason and Dixon's line down to the lower border of Virginia and Tennessee and Missouri, with the same old fight still on between slave and free, but this time within herself; for slavery would quickly have disappeared in the border States. No slave crossing the Ohio or the Potomac would ever have been delivered back to bondage again; and with the disappearance of the slave from the border tier the material interests of the Southern States would at once have begun to take on diverging lines within themselves. It would have been the old question of North and South over again; only now a new and narrower North as against a new and narrower South. For again would have been at every feast the bodeful shade of that ghost which would not down, the growing dispute over the runaway slave and the attempts to seize him and drag him back to his servitude again from a community no longer in sympathy with the institution of slavery, and in which a growing conscience would have made protest by forcible resistance.

Sore as was the price, yet, looking to the future of the English man in America, it was worth all the cost in treasure and blood. There was no possibility of a true union until after the Civil War. Not only did that war end slavery, but out of it came to both North and South a better knowledge of each other, and mutual respect. The North learned that the real Southerner was not the

fire-eating blackleg of the Mississippi steamboat with his sham military title. The South learned that the real Northerner was not the wooden-nutmeg Yankee of the low-comedy stage. Both learned that the man who, when the battle is really on, does die in the last ditch, is not generally the one who does the most talking. The men who faced each other upon the battle-field and crossed bayonets have learned to clasp hands and to dwell together in peace. The man who stayed at home, and saw the battle from afar, is the irreconcilable, and flings epithets in place of the bullet he dared not fire.

The fierce flame of battle gave the heat which first melted down and fused into one the two Americas that had grown up side by side under the same flag.

Some questions remain yet to be decided, however, not with Europe, nor of domestic character, but as to the relationship which is to exist between the various peoples of the American continent themselves. It is not probable that the sword will ever again, as in the colonial times, be invoked to the settlement. The preponderating influence gained by the English man of the United States is now so great that sheer national weight will probably decide all such questions in the future. These problems resolve themselves into four—

1. The political future of British America.
2. The future of Cuba and the West Indies.
3. The future of Mexico and Central America.
4. The future of British America.

That British America can continue to retain a political status which separates her from the greater America upon the south, is not probable. Every material interest is at work to weaken the tie which binds her to a power

across the ocean, and to force her into closer relations with her kin of the American continent. Her natural market is with her kinsmen across the line. What she has to sell, they wish to buy. What she needs, they produce. Iron, coal, wood, grain, cattle, upon the one side; and in return, cotton and woolen goods, machinery, and all the varied products of shop and field. Then come the interlacing lines of railway; and that great waterway to the Atlantic which is common to both. What the Mississippi River has been to the vast basin which lies between the Appalachians and the Rocky Mountains, the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence are to that other basin which lies between the two transverse upland divides of the east half of the continent. The common need of the Mississippi River as an outlet to the Gulf, bound together the West, and saved the Union. The common need of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence as an outlet to the Atlantic will bind together the lands for which they are the waterway, and force union. That rival flags shall continue to float upon their waters, and guns possibly hostile face each other from opposite banks, is no more conceivable than that such a state of affairs would have been permitted to be established upon the Mississippi; nor that a foreign flag should be permitted to float as master over the river's outlet to the sea. When the flag of the Latin floated over the outlet to the Mississippi, all the authority of the government could not hold back the men of the West from the advance to displace it; and only the sale by Napoleon of the Louisiana territory to us forestalled war for its control. When Jefferson said that rather than see the control of the outlet of that river remain in French hands,

"We would draw the sword upon France, and throw away the scabbard," he only voiced the determined will of the people; and back of that will lay a national instinct which had the prescience of the seer. Possibly the only fact which has thus far prevented serious dispute between Britain and America over the St. Lawrence is the tie of kindred blood. Yet at no time probably since the separation has there ever been a threatening of trouble between the two nations, that the first thought of every American has not instinctively turned to the securing of the undisputed control of this great waterway to the sea. It, to-day, more than any other thing, is the danger-point between Britain and America. And the question always impends, Is it prudent, is it wise, for the two nations to leave it so?

Yet a common race destiny, rather than fear of race clashing, will probably settle this question. The inevitable drift of British America is from the outgrown union with her kin oversea to closer union with her kin in America. This drift will be hastened by the building of the Panama Canal and the completion of a ship canal from the Mississippi to the Lakes; for then the whole interior of the continent turns southward to the sea and to the Pacific waters. The race merging is already rapidly going on. It is shown in the steady interchange of crossing streams of migration. Forty thousand Canadians settled in Chicago alone! Southern California dotted with the homes of people born north of the line! That Canadian father who, when the possibility of war was spoken of, cried out, "Impossible! Why, my sons live in New York," only gave voice to unnumbered homes. Farmers from the United States by the thou-

sands till the great wheat-fields of the British Northwest. The surplus capital of New York and Chicago banks is exploiting the mines north of Superior. The ties are multiplying and ramifying and growing stronger and more entangled with each additional year. That Canadian father was right. War is impossible. It would be fratricide. We be indeed brethren.

And that they can long remain asunder, these Americans who are divided only by a line which in itself is purely artificial, no thinking man believes. It is almost a misuse of language to speak of the United States annexing Canada. It will be simply a coming together. The mutual attraction of kindred peoples and like interests will prove to be a drawing power which will overcome all other considerations. Then too increased valuations and augmented prosperity are arguments which in the end will outweigh all mere sentimental considerations. Once let the Canadian farmer grasp the idea that union means double valuation to his land, better prices for his crops, increased comforts for his family, more favorable prospects for his children, and that old cry, "We be brethren," has gained to him a new force, and a political significance which it had not before. The time and the manner of the union, however, probably no man can now predict. Yet we may surmise that it will come possibly as a part of that broader federation of all English-speaking peoples which already casts its shadow over the race future. And when it comes, it will be with no stain or humiliation to either, but with honor and self-respect to both. Any other basis of union would be unworthy of English men.

And they all are Americans.

The Future of Cuba and the West Indies

When America announced to the nations of the world, nearly a century ago, that she would not consent that Cuba should pass from the hands of Spain to the control of any power other than herself, it was not mere lust of empire or greed for land that lay back of the declaration, but one of those race instincts which are deeper often than the prescience of the statesmen. The man of that great interior plain, which spreads from the base of the Appalachians to the Rocky Mountains, had already recognized the fact that the strategic mouth of the Mississippi, the sea outlet for this heart of the continent, lay not at its débouchure into the Gulf, but in the straits of Florida and Yucatan; and that the island of Cuba stretched directly athwart those two outlets, commanding both. The formulation of the American notice, "Hands off," to the nations of the earth was no mere party move; it was the American people. No political party could have survived a contrary policy through a single election. And time has only strengthened the conviction which even thus early dictated a race policy.

And what is true of the single island of Cuba is true in a broader sense of the whole West-India group; for while the two shores of Cuba make the inner strategic line, the circling reach of the Bahamas and the Antilles beyond makes the outer line. America is forced in self-defense to control these also; and there can be no guaranty of lasting peace with Europe until she does. The experience of the Civil War showed the continual menace that exists under European domination anywhere along the island border of America. With these islands under

American control the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean become politically what they are geographically, an American inland sea, held, together with the Isthmus canals and railways, not selfishly and for self-aggrandizement, but for self-protection and for the peace of the world.

It was so that the Cyklades and Sporades were in the olden time to the Greek Sea; and the Greek, with the quick instinct of a masterful race, saw and utilized the fact. With these islands under Greek domination, the Ægean became to that ancient world only a Greek lake; and for the control of those islands as against alien races, and for what it meant in security to the Greek peoples, every Greek state would battle to the bitter end. No hostile fleet could assail the Greek homeland without running the gantlet of these encircling islands which were only so many Greek outposts, the outer line of defense of the Greek land. True, there were Greeks in that olden day who failed to rise to the thought of a race destiny, men of a narrower vision, honest in their opinion no doubt, even as there are Americans and Britons to-day of like narrowness of vision; but in each case the race instinct has proven wiser often than even its professors and its statesmen, and has borne down dissent and opposition as a great ship bears down the sea-drift before its prow while it sails on its destined course unmoved. Popular instinct is a truer index to race life, a wiser index even, than the wisdom of the academic senate.

The building of the Isthmus canal only adds force to the position assumed by America as to the control of the future of the West Indies; and, as said, it is not selfishness. On the contrary, it is the wisest unselfishness; for

only tnus may trouble be averted, and international peace be assured. There must be one guardian, strong enough, and far enough apart from rival nations, to act as warden and enforce neutrality. No other nation can do this but America; and America would permit no other nation to do it. And she is right.

Yet essential as are the West-India islands to the future of the mainland of America, even more essential is that mainland to the islands themselves. As dependencies of Europe they have had only a sickly existence. Gradually as Europe lost her hold upon the mainland of America she lost interest in her island possessions. Their chief value to her had been as half-way stations and naval outposts to the larger lands beyond. But from America Europe a century ago turned back to the eastern continent. In the race struggles which began largely with the Napoleonic wars, and which have merged into the rival contests over the untaken lands of Africa, and over the trade of the Far East, the islands of the West have been forgotten. Their value, their interests, were so small compared with the vast possibilities at stake in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, that they have been left to shift for themselves, but without the advantages which freedom from European dependency would have given them. Then, too, the growing power of the American peoples began to overshadow European influence upon the west side of the Atlantic. It was to the nations of the Old World as the handwriting upon the wall—a forewarning of a future for this island empire in which they were to have no part; and naturally they began to neglect that which they foresaw they must eventually lose. The first Napoleon, with a far-seeing wisdom, perceiving that the

day of Europe in America was drawing to a close, sold out the claims of France and retired from the field. It was a wisdom the third Napoleon failed of. Spain learned the lesson more tardily, and at sore cost. Britain, as a European power, has yet to face the question. But the answer must be the same. And it is an answer which neither in the past nor in the future carries with it, when viewed in its proper light, humiliation to the vanquished. It is the answer which has been going out from the new to the old ever since time began—the supplanting of races and their power when their work is done. In this case it simply means that the American continent has attained to its majority.

Portions of the West Indies are still under the ban of an unnatural, because outlived, political dependency upon Europe. Agriculture has languished. Trade is dying out. The people have lost heart and energy. As mere dependencies of Europe they have neither lot nor part in the stir of the world's life; for Europe has forgotten them; and from America they are cut off. And so the noonday siesta of the tropics has lengthened out until the days come and go as to one asleep. Their only hope for a different future lies in an ingrafting into the more vigorous life of continental America. Here is the capital to develop their industries. Here is the market for their products; the training-school for their children; their help in time of trouble or disaster. And a half-way union, as of a protectorate, will not suffice. This is the weakness of Cuba. It brings her within the restrictions which continental America is forced in self-protection to lay down, but it does not free her from the jealousies and the contentions of rival industries upon the mainland.

From this only a more intimate union will save her. Even Jamaica has seen this truth for her future.

The continued existence of Cuba as a power separate and apart from the greater race life of the mainland is unnatural and untenable. That mainland is forced through strategic reasons to control her either as a dependency or as an integral part of its broader life. As a dependency merely she has all of the disabilities which come of such a relationship without its compensations. And this need not be complained of as unjust. It is simply inevitable so long as that relationship continues. It is the boy tied to the wagon, but not climbing in. The only solution is that of incorporation into the larger race life of the mainland. And then the Spanish-American needs the stimulus of intimate union as an integral part of the more strenuous life of the English-speaking civilization of America to spur him up to a realization of the latent possibilities of his race. A protectorate, by freeing him from anxiety and responsibility for his national existence, will, on the contrary, encourage the natural mental indolence of the tropics. Washington, and not Havana, must be his central city, the fountain-head of his political life. Every Spanish-American young man who looks to Washington as the goal of his ambitions has before him a standard of mental activity, if he would succeed, which will arouse and develop the best that is in him; and every such Spanish man returning to his tropic home will carry back to his people a whiff of the keener air of the North. For lack of this, Cuba, as the war excitement has died away, is dropping back into the restful but not hopeful tropic torpor of the ante-bellum days.

And Haiti? As no community can long tolerate in

its vicinage a disorderly house, so no community of nations can long continue to tolerate a disorderly neighbor. It can not endure the nuisance, neither can it take the risk of international embroilment which constantly exists when a nation is in a state of chronic internal disorder. When we assumed to warn Europe off, it was not to uphold anarchy. We by that act became morally responsible to the world for the good behavior of these minor American powers—weaknesses might seem a more appropriate designation than powers, when one takes into consideration the state of chronic insurrection and helplessness which is apparently the normal condition of so many of them. America will be compelled to intervene and establish a guardianship over them and insure order. The world has a right to demand this of us; for spheres of influence bring with them spheres of responsibility as their corollary. The world will grow tired of the nuisance, and will justly demand that we enforce order, or else step aside and let others do it. They have a right to demand that the capital, the trade, the lives, of their citizens shall be made secure, and that debts shall be paid.

We, with a yearly rising moral insistence, are demanding this of Europe with regard to Turkey. We expect the nations who assume to be the especial guardians of the Sick Man of Europe to compel him to keep the peace and to respect his obligations. They have equal right to expect us, who claim to be the especial guardians of the American continent, to compel the Sick Men of America to keep the peace and to respect their obligations. So just is this that probably no policy more surely fatal to the ultimate independence of small disorderly powers could be devised than the Drago Doctrine. A judiciary

alone, in international matters, is not enough. And with law-disregarding peoples an executive will, in the end, always be found, whether inside or outside of the nation itself; not necessarily through ambition or wanton use of superior power, but rather as a necessity of equitable international life. Haiti must soon follow in the footsteps of Cuba and Panama, and the sooner the better for herself and the world.

It has been objected that the acquisition of these outlying islands will add to the burden of the mainland through necessity of increased naval force to protect them. On the contrary, their acquisition means a smaller, not a larger naval force even for the security of the mainland itself; just as an outlying fort takes the place of an extra army corps. They protect far more than they ever require protection. They are to the densely populated and vulnerable main shore behind them what the frontier block-houses were to the peaceful settlements in their rear. They constitute, as before said, the natural outer line of defense for the mainland itself. With our long line of exposed seacoast cities, the lack of outlying naval stations in the Spanish War taught us this lesson to our great perturbation and heavy financial cost.

The Future of Mexico and Central America

Climate is of all factors the most potent in shaping the destiny of the various regions of the earth; but other elements enter into the making of climate besides latitude. In littoral lands the sea is the great disturbing factor. The Gulf Stream with its warm southwest winds carries the climate of the fortieth parallel of the east coast

of America ten degrees farther north upon the west shore of Europe. The southward Alaskan current with its on-shore winds gives essentially the one climate north and south for a thousand miles upon the Pacific coast. In the hearts of the continents elevation is the chief disturbing and modifying factor. Tibet, with its mean elevation of from eleven to twelve thousands of feet, has the latitude of North Africa, but the mean annual temperature of Northern Scandinavia. Twelve thousand feet of elevation undoes the climatic work of thirty degrees of latitude. This same law of elevation is at work as a disturbing factor undoing the influence of latitude in America.

Mexico north of the isthmus of Tehuantepec might fairly be described as a great central upland plateau, somewhat but obtusely triangular in shape, with base joining the United States upon the north, and the apex culminating in the broken mountain masses which lie south of the City of Mexico. The sides of this plateau are walled in from the Gulf of Mexico upon the east, and from the Pacific and the Gulf of California upon the west, by ranges of mountains, leaving along either coast rim a narrow belt of seashore lowland. The size of the plateau may be roughly given as some eight hundred miles in length from north to south, by three hundred and fifty in width at the base, and almost two hundred at its southerly end. In contour it is a gradually rising plain as one goes southward, broken by some irregular depressions and some compensating mountain elevations, but preserving all the while a comparatively regular grade of ascent southward. The table of elevations of the Mexican Central Railway which, leaving the American line at El Paso, follows the plateau clear to the City of

Mexico, shows at El Paso, 3,717 feet; at Chihuahua, 4,633; at Jiminez, 4,531; at Jimulco, 4,157; at Lagos, 6,134; at the City of Mexico, 7,349; at Pachuca, 7,831. And it is to be borne in mind that these figures are for the lower central line of the plateau, which the railroad follows for easier grades, the land everywhere rising toward the enclosing walls of mountain upon either side, whose peaks reach above the snow-line. It was in these enclosing mountains that the soldiers of Cortez suffered so severely from cold. In the 1,244 miles of a general southeasterly course of the railway, the elevation twice exceeds 8,000 feet. South of the City of Mexico for nearly 300 miles more is a broken mountain upland finally dropping down at the isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Interesting as this upland Mexican plateau may be to the physical geographer and to the climatologist, it is yet more so to the ethnologist. To him it means that here the race habitat of the Teuton, transcending its normal geographical limits, extends in a great spur southward well into the tropics; for elevation has here also undone the work of latitude, and a tropical sun looks down, not upon the mangroves and the tangled jungles of the Gulf rim, not even upon the magnolia and the cypress of Louisiana and the Florida everglades, but upon the oaks and the pines of the California climate. Yet there is a tropical land in Mexico. Looking down from the sides of this great upland plateau to the narrower coast plain which skirts its base upon either side, there is to be found a picture of the tropics such as one sees elsewhere only yet nearer the equator, for the waters of either bordering sea are warm beyond the normal temperatures of their latitude, and the air is saturated with moisture. It is a

picture such as I have seen when looking down from the brink of one of the great cañons of the Arizona mesas into the depths away below, where, as in a hothouse, the luxuriance of the tropics rioted and reveled in the heat and moisture, shielded from the arid winds of the desert upland plain. While not, in the fullest sense of the word, the normal race habitat of the Teuton, yet in that Mexican upland plateau he can live and flourish. It to him is what the uplands of Spain were to the Aryan Goths who migrated to Southern Europe. In the tropical belt at its foot he can not live as a race. Northern peoples will bear, and will bear well, transplanting to a climate of markedly higher annual temperature if the heat be a dry heat. Increased heat, however, if it be attended by moisture, they can not encounter and flourish. As examples respectively may be cited Arizona and India.

In the light of the foregoing facts the future of the Mexican plateau would seem to be a matter of little doubt; for the Teuton is steadily making his way southward along the uplands of this plateau. This encroachment of the Teuton in America southward upon the Latin has its parallel in the periodic encroachments of the Teuton southward into the lands of the Latin in Europe; for in both Europe and America the Teuton has changed places with the Latin, and is now become the aggressive blood. Yet this not necessarily as of old by force of arms, but rather now by the subtile but far more potent force of race life. Nothing would seem to be more certain than that the Teutonic Englishman of America will continue his march southward by that ever-rising roadway to the upland interior of the Mexican plateau.

And he will go to remain. It will not necessarily, or even probably, be conquest, but settlement. More accurately it will be conquest by settlement and absorption. And this work is already begun. It is as yet largely trade; but trade along lines where climate does not forbid, means to the stronger race settlement as the years go by. The Mexican Central Railway which follows this plateau from the banks of the Rio Grande southward is only the pioneer. It outlines the way. What has come to California and the plains of Arizona and New Mexico will come to the plateau southward. Laws and treaties will not prevent it. It is the inevitable and inexorable working out to its foreordained end of that higher law of populations which, as the law of the stars, "unhasting, unresting," changes not. It was so the more vigorous peoples of Northern Europe overran the shores of the Mediterranean, and will do so again. It was so that older Aryan overran the lands of the Punjab. As the vacant lands of the North fill up, the mere pressure of an ever-increasing population will find outlet to less crowded lands southward wherever climate does not forbid.

This does not necessarily mean race war. It did not in California; it does not now in Arizona and New Mexico. It ordinarily means, as said, absorption. Yet in a measure as the Teutonic Englishman goes southward the Mexicanized Latin will, as he has done in Arizona and New Mexico, gradually retire before him. From the higher and more rigorous central plateau it will be to the tropical lands southward, and to the lower plain of the coast lines, that *tierra caliente* which is at least semi-normal to him, but which is abnormal and inimical to the

blood of the more northerly race. And, as said, this does not mean conquest in that older and harsher sense of the Middle Ages. It brings neither glorification to the one race nor humiliation to the other. It is simply one more instance of that natural readjustment of climatic and race lines which is ever going on upon the earth to accommodate the ever-changing needs of the races of men. Side by side, under the same flag eventually, they will together work out the political and race future of temperate and tropical America. There is no natural rivalry, no needful enmity. Each only supplements the other. Each does the work which the other, because of race unfitness and climatic law, could not do. It will be loyalty to a common race work. No truer Americans are to be found under the flag than those of Spanish blood in California. One day in my office my old friend Don Manuel Dominguez was discussing these questions with me, an old man of nearly eighty years, but with the fire of enthusiasm burning in eyes grown dim with age, tall, of that better type of the Spanish-American blood.

"Your fathers," he said to me in Spanish, "landed upon the Atlantic coast; mine upon the shores of the Gulf. Together we possess the land. Estamos Americanos. Los otros estan estranjeros" (We are Americans. The others are strangers). And he was right. Of all the races that came to the new land, these two only have stamped broad and deep impress upon it. He was a race prophet, reading not the present only, but also the future. The destiny of Mexico and Central America is to be worked out by the Spanish-speaking peoples and the English-speaking peoples together, side by side. Either

alone is insufficient. The Spanish blood needs the energy, the mechanical skill, the more settled political habits of the English-speaking man of the North; qualities born of his colder climate and his more arduous struggle with nature in a land were life has less of ease. The English-speaking man lacks the race capacity to endure the tropic heat of the lower seacoast lands of the South, a capacity which centuries of semitropic environments have developed in the Latin blood. Together they will possess and subdue the land.

The building of the Isthmus canal under absolute American control is a long step forward in the realization of this future. It means more than a waterway between two oceans, important as that may be. It means control of the two Americas south to the isthmus. It was the instinctive recognition of this fact by the great masses of what has been called the common people, the old Greek ὁι πολλοι, which made them insist, despite statesmen and parties, that the American flag must float alone over the canal, and which would admit of no divided ownership, not even with kin across the sea. It adds one more instance to the long list where popular instinct has proven in the end to be wiser than the wisdom of the statesmen. No administration, no political party, would have dared, even if it could, to override the popular will in this matter. It was the same instinct which, during the Civil War, went past the babbling talk of politicians about States' rights, and the Constitution, and insisted that the true issue was slavery; and which would have no peace until that issue was decided. It was this that raised the memory of John Brown to the pedestal of martyr seer of a great national crisis. It was the deeper wisdom of the

same race instinct which, when Webster as Secretary of State would have traded off Oregon and the Pacific coast for some paltry fishing-rights upon the Newfoundland shore, braved the dangers of mountain and desert and with rifle held the land. It was this instinct which later lay back of the popular cry, "54°–40′, or fight"; and which in that case was overruled. But who now questions that the people, and not the Cabinet, were right?

It is a strange fact this, that the great common people so often see more clearly the things which pertain to race life than do the statesmen and the universities. The school of the prophets has ever been in the abodes of the poor. It is the old story of Amos from his sheep-cotes, and Elijah from the wilds, and John from the desert, as against the Scribes and the Doctors of the Law. The anvil and the plow-handle, rather than the professor's chair, train the race seers of the future. Learning does not always mean wisdom or prescience. It is wont to tie itself too much to the past. It leans too much upon precedents, forgetting that precedents have to be made, that all precedents were once only first acts when some one had to assume responsibility in deciding; and that the past holds no monopoly in their making. It forgets that the past is only a narrower and lived-out present. The attempt to restrict the ever-broadening present within the narrower lines of the precedents of the past is as the attempt to confine the growing bulk of the man within the outgrown garments of the boy. Garments and precedents alike will split under the strain. New issues, new exigencies, require new departures. Strong men and strong nations make precedents; the weak follow.

And why should the past be conceded the sole right of

making precedents? We do not admit its superior wisdom; why then should we accord to it the right to say what all after-ages shall, or shall not, do under any given circumstances? It is to tie the present and the future to the apron-strings of the past. China has done this; are we emulous of the result? Learning somehow seems too often to bring with it, as a concomitant and clog, lack of initiative, and timidity in action. It was the sailor who, with the eye of the seer, saw the New World across the waters; it was the universities that held back and sneered. It was the peasant, the burgher, who awoke to a new life in the Reformation; it was the universities that clung to the old. It was the great heart of the common people that, as already said, dumbly felt the irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom in America; it was the university men, the men of law, who talked of vested rights and the Constitution. It was a prophet of the people, a plain, little-lettered man of the masses, who voiced a pregnant political truth when he said, "A house divided against itself can not stand." It was one of the plain common people who, like a second Arnold Winkelried, gathered the spears of slavery into his bosom that November day at Harper's Ferry, and died that other men might live and be free; and it was his soul, and not the spirit of the schools, that went marching on until there was no slave in all the land, while the academic men of compromise were forgotten. And it was a professor's chair in a great university which sneered while the truer heart of the people, stirred by a finer humanity, battled and bled for the oppressed of another race in Cuba.

Possibly no statesman has ever yet fathomed the

depths of a race life, or grasped the fulness of its possibilities or of its failures. For the life of a race is not wholly as the life of a man. It is something yet broader and deeper than the individual being. And it may be questioned whether the race ever fairly comprehends itself; for race life is broader than race reason; and race development is generally leagues and leagues in advance of its conscious foreplanning. This is the field wherein race instinct does its prophetic work; that instinct which is yet after all only a more subtile and more elusive type of reason; reason in which the mind does not take conscious notice of the middle formula of the syllogism, and arriving at its journey's end has failed to discern the pathway by which it came, and so calls it instinct. But there was a pathway; and it was logical.

The vision of that future when one flag, and only one, shall wave over a united America, is a vision seen rather of the people than of the schools; for while the schools look backward and shrinkingly talk of "Lands that are big enough; and bars of international law; and lack of precedents," the popular will, discerning that higher law of race destiny, calmly goes on its way to the predestined end.

And the coming under one flag, the union in one common destiny, of the two Americas down to the Isthmus, and of those American Cyklades which line their shores, will be, not because the stronger power demands, but because the others desire and seek. And back of the seeking will lie the recognition upon their part of a common destiny, and of a better future for them in the union; for to them it will mean security and prosperity and a broader national life. It will mean to them

emergence from poverty and obscurity to become sharers in the wider possibilities of world power. These also are Americans, born of the soil. They have had their Concords and Bunker Hills, and their hardly bought freedom. And they, too, are to have part in the building up of that Greater America which is yet to be.

XII

THE RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA

THE Red man has so died out in America as to have become a negligible quantity in the race problem. His future and his fate will be discussed elsewhere under the topic, "Races that Are Passing." But a more serious disturbing element was early injected into the race problem of the Aryan peoples in the New World. The Black man of Africa, through no choice or will of his own, became a sharer together with the White man in the work of dispossessing the Red man of his homeland. That the Black man would never of his own free will have left his race home to become a migrant across the seas is rendered probable by the fact that not only has he never shown evidence of possession of the migratory instinct, but also by the fact that he has never crossed as free agent even the narrower Mediterranean water barrier between his native home and Europe. Of all the races of men the Black has shown least aptitude for the sea. In fact, the sea instinct seems in him to have no existence. To him the boundless reach of waters is a horror unspeakable. And he of all men is most strongly attached to locality. This trait finds expression in the plaintive, homesick songs of the slave when sold away from the old plantation. It is the homesickness of a child; for the negro has remained the child of the human race. It was this, rather than the restraints of law, that

kept the slaves of the South from escaping in larger numbers across the border to freedom.

The Black man presents the one serious race problem before the Teuton of North America to-day. As a slave he was the disturbing element and the cause of division between Teutons. As a freeman he is no less a disturbing element, but now to the united Teutons. The question, What to do with the Black man as a slave, was a simple question compared with that other, What to do with him now that he is free. And the problem is, from the numerical standpoint, an increasingly difficult one, for unlike the Red man, he has survived the contact with the White, and has multiplied. The Red man, with a stern, unbending pride, could not live with the White as an inferior. His was a pride equal to that of the White man. It had been born of countless generations of wild, free life. Yet he had not strength or skill to battle with the White. There was only left for him—death. He accepted it, and died out before the White man. No Roman gladiator with his "Morituri salutamus" ever went to his death in the arena more bravely than did the Red man of the Middle West. But the Black man, with equally countless generations of servitude behind him, accepted the inequality, and lived. A hewer of wood and a drawer of water, he lived; and now lives and multiplies.

The White man seen here in America is trying an experiment untried before since the days of the primitive negroid civilizations upon the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates, and the Nile. He is endeavoring to change the old relationship of the ages. Two methods of readjustment of race relationship are proposed, and have their respective advocates:

1. The distinction of blood to continue, but equality in all civil rights, including the law-making power, to be secured alike to each.

This was attempted when the Civil War had drawn to a close. It was the first, and possibly insufficiently weighed, impulse of men whose conscience had revolted at slavery, and who had risked their lives in its overthrow. That this course was natural may be readily conceded. That it was at the time deemed to be a political necessity, is a matter of current history. That it was wise, yet remains to be proven. Scarcely was the equality in legislative right established by law when the race conflict began; for at once the disastrous effects became evident. Men fresh from the plantation fields, and only but just emerged from ages of servitude, as might have been foretold, showed little comprehension of the true end of the right of suffrage. And they suffered in common with the White man from the effects of ignorance thus thrust into the ballot. It was chaos come again.

Two views have been urged with regard to the possible outcome. The advocates of negro suffrage have said: "Time will soon correct this. The negro will learn to do better. Education and experience will fit him for a wise exercise of all the rights and duties of citizenship. He has not had a fair chance. He will soon acquire the civilization about him, and measure up to its requirements."

The opponents of the right of suffrage of the Black said: "The statement is unproven. All history controverts it. Civilizations can not be borrowed. The race which in three thousand years has evolved no civilization of its own, and only looks back through other eyes to

the vague traces of a barbaric race flowering which lived out its crude life in the far-off infancy of man, and then withered and died—to such a stock a borrowed civilization can only at best be a veneering, in no way changing the native grain beneath, and ready to peel off in any emergency and bring disaster in the hour of race trial."

And so the argument rests. The practical outcome of it all is a race war which shows no sign of cessation, but which with each added year gains increased intensity and bitterness, and in which, as the less competent, the Black man goes down. In communities where the Blacks constitute only a small per cent. of the population, and where in consequence his vote may have no especial weight in political contests, and where through his limited numbers any aspirations for social recognition as an equal may be ignored, the two races may still dwell side by side in peace. But change this numerical relationship, let the Blacks become sufficiently numerous to wield any serious political power, and to claim therethrough social consideration, and at once lines are drawn in politics, race war begins, and there will be no peace until the one or the other gives way. It is the inevitable clashing of races which has gone on since the world began, and through and because of which the evolution of civilization has been brought about. It is the law which Divine Wisdom recognized and enforced when a line inexorable and inflexible was drawn between the Chosen People and the less hopeful bloods about them. One fact—a fact, not a theory or a mere apprehension—stands out beyond dispute here in America, that a race war is already on, and a war which instead of ameliorating grows yearly more intense.

2. A second solution to the problem which has been offered, and which has its theoretical advocates, is Miscegenation, the blending of the two races into one by intermarriage.

The proposal is essentially a religious one in its conception, and is based primarily upon the premise of the original unity of the human race as set forth in Genesis, and as restated by Paul in that speech upon Mars' Hill when he said, "And (God) hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, ——" The quotation as ordinarily made use of in argument does not generally go on to finish the sentence, however—"and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." A more careful translation adds to the force of Paul's qualification—"having marked out the predetermined epochs, and the limits of the habitation, of them" (ὁρίσας προτεταγμένους καὶροὺς καὶ τὰς ὁροθεσὶας τῆς κατοικίας αὐτῶν). The underlying thought to the argument as based upon Scriptural grounds is, That as men started from a common stock, the highest evolution of man after the ages of life upon earth is only to be found in a reversion again to one common stock, a going back to the starting-point. The argument is, however, what is known in logic as a *non sequitur*, and is controverted by the whole history of the evolution of man upon the earth. The theological admission that God made of one blood all nations of men does not carry with it any presumption even that He intended them to remain so. On the contrary, in planning for the spiritual evolution of man, He proceeded at once to select out from them for the purpose of a special propagation, when He said to Abram in his home among

the Chaldeans, "Get thee out from among them." It was to make a special people; to raise the standard. The Jew was not to forget the common origin. He was to be one still with them in kindly sympathy; for he was bidden to "be kind to the stranger." But to intermarry with them, to mingle bloods—no! This was strictly forbidden. The stranger was to remain a stranger in blood. The whole history of Israel shows this as the settled policy of the race; and it was under Divine direction. It is to his own people that Abraham sends back to provide a wife for his son:

"And I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell; but thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac" (Gen. xxiv. 3-4).

It is back to his own blood that this son Isaac afterward sends Jacob his son for a wife:

"And Isaac called Jacob, and blessed him, and charged him, and said unto him, Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan. Arise, go to Padan-aram, to the house of Bethuel thy mother's father; and take thee from thence of the daughters of Laban thy mother's brother. And God Almighty bless thee, and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee that thou mayest be a multitude of people" (Gen. xxviii. 1-3).

It is this command of race selection which God enforces upon His people under the Law:

"When the Lord thy God shall bring thee into the land whither thou goest to possess it, and hath cast out many nations before thee, the Hittites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and the

Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, seven nations greater and mightier than thou; and when the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee; thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy unto them; neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son" (Deut. vii. 1–3).

It is this commandment which Ezra, after the restoration from the Captivity, reproaches the people with having broken, and insists upon obedience to it, even to the separation of families:

"And Ezra the priest stood up, and said unto them, Ye have transgressed, and have taken strange wives, to increase the trespass of Israel. Now therefore make confession unto the Lord God of your fathers, and do his pleasure; and separate yourselves from the people of the land, and from the strange wives. Then all the congregation answered and said with a loud voice, As thou hast said, so must we do" (Ezra x. 10–12).

And Nehemiah, with the vehemence of one who keenly realizes the harm of the race admixture, later impresses the lesson even more earnestly:

"In those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab: and their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people. And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves. Did not

Solomon king of Israel sin by these things? yet among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over all Israel; nevertheless, even him did outlandish woman cause to sin. Shall we then hearken unto you to do all this great evil, to transgress against our God in marrying strange wives?" (Neh. xiii. 23–27).

The Hebrew has shown himself to possess the strongest, the most persistent, and the most hopeful strain of all the Semitic bloods; and he is the one who not only has kept his blood freest from extra-Semitic admixtures, but who has also followed most closely the line of natural selection within the Semitic blood itself. And there was a purpose higher than his own planning in it. A vital work in the spiritual evolution of man was to be based, from its human side, upon race selection and close breeding as its essential condition of success. Israel is an unanswerable refutation of the claim of the miscegenationist, that God intended all races of men to remain one in the sense of a community of blood. One in kindly sympathy, one in justice as between man and man? Yes! for we, too, are to be kind to the stranger. The whole spirit of the Scriptures teaches this. But one in the intermingling and merging of bloods? No! with Israel as the living proof. It may seem somewhat strange to thus dwell upon the Scriptural teachings in this matter; but it is done because of the fact that a narrow and mistaken view of what the history of man in the Bible really does teach has led at times to a mistaken and consequently fallacious basing of arguments for miscegenation upon religious grounds.

If God found it thus necessary to make use of the law

of selection and pure blood in the spiritual evolution of man from the lower to a higher type, need it seem strange if the same law is found to be necessary, and is made use of in the process of his intellectual and physical evolution? Indeed, would it not seem strange if it were not thus called into play? for were it not, it would make this phase of man's development an exception to the general law of development from lower to higher as found at work everywhere else in both animal and vegetable life. All human history goes to prove that it is so; for the world's advance has always been, not through the mongrel races, but through those of pure blood; and whenever a progressive, pure-blood race has, by admixture with others of lower and less progressive type, vitiated the purity of its blood and become mongrel, it has speedily lost its power of advance and not even stood still, but has rapidly deteriorated and retrograded. The mixed Latin bloods of America are an example full of warning; for it is to be borne in mind that there is ever a *de*-volution as a possible counterpart to an *e*-volution. He is no wise reader of human history who proposes the miscegenation of widely diversified types as a solution of the race question; neither is he an observant student of the animal and vegetable world about him. The prize list of a county fair should be his sufficient answer. The prize corn which is so eagerly sought after for seed is the evolution through careful selection, and isolation from the less promising varieties. The prize vegetables are the result of similar selection and isolation. The prize horse or ox is another instance of the beneficent working of the same law. And the seed-man knows better than to allow his seed to become crossed again with inferior varieties. The heed-

less farmer does this, and has to come back next year for fresh seed. The horse-man will not allow his thoroughbred mare to be crossed with the mustang stallion; or the cattle-man his Durhams or Jerseys with the wild Texas bull. They have learned that good strains of blood may speedily be ruined by admixture with the inferior. And is not man, who was placed to have dominion over the beasts of the field, of more worth than the ox or the race-horse? The well-established rule is, The higher the type, the more care necessary to its further development and its preservation.

Even the theoretical miscegenationist in the management of his own family contradicts his theories, and has learned the value of pedigree. If the selection of a husband for his daughter is left to him, he will make careful inquiry as to family history and good clean blood. He knows the power of heredity. What is the ancestral record for morality, business capacity, mental and bodily health? Is it a family that is growing? or is it one that is dying out? These, and like questions, are the ones upon which he will base a selection. And he is right; for he knows the disastrous fruits of a mesalliance with inferior blood. But are not these questions of equal importance for other men's daughters?—for the race? For there is a pedigree of races as well as a pedigree of families. Races are only families upon a broader scale; and races have traits, good and bad, which are racial in scope, and which are passed on by race heredity. The fighting Celt, the money-making Jew, the land-hungry Teuton, are instances. And there are races which are dying out. The whole history of progressive civilization is the history of pedigreed races.

Is the law which has lifted man from barbarism to be all at once reversed? And is he now to make his advances by retracing his steps?

Fortunately for the human race, and for all higher types of animal life at least, natural law comes into play in limiting the process of miscegenation. As improvement has its origin in specialization, the uniform drift is from general to special. Nor does the species prolong its life, and work further improvement, by going back to, or mingling its blood with, other and lower types which may have sprung from a common parent stock. *For it is to be remembered that the common parent stock is no longer existent; but in its stead only the ever diverging, and ever increasingly unlike, derivatives therefrom.* In this fact lies the fatal weakness of the miscegenationists' reasoning. Miscegenation is not going back to the common stock, but is only a crossing of collateral branches. Neither can it reproduce the common original stock; for many branches have died out; and the conditions of life under which that primitive common stock had its existence, and developed its type, have ceased to be. That reversion to a common stock through a general crossing of bloods is not in harmony with the law of evolution from lower to higher, is shown by the increasing difficulty of effecting the cross as types diverge, finally reaching the point where the cross is no longer possible, and also by a constantly increasing tendency to infertility in the immediate offspring when the cross is still possible. It is apparently nature's effort to hold the ground she has already gained in evolution from the lower to the higher types through specialization. The infertile mule is an instance to the point among the lower animals. The mulatto, with his rapidly

diminishing fecundity after the first generation, is an instance in man. And where the crossing has a longer lease of life, the one blood begins to breed the other out and revert again to the one original type normal to it. The Indian blood in the mixed Mexican peoples is said to be thus breeding out the alien Latin, and to be reverting to the physical and mental type which prevailed before the days of the Conquistadores.

There is a crossing of bloods, however, which is beneficent, not maleficent, in its effects; but it is between the less widely divergent branches of the same kin. Too close breeding in and in is not productive of, nor even conservative of, the higher special types. Yet here sufficient margin seems to be provided for in those minor variations which arise within the ranks of the kin itself through influence of variations in climate and locality. The Jew and the Teuton have found it so. But all the while it is higher type crossing with higher type, not higher with lower. White man may cross with White; yet even here also are types now so widely divergent, that they begin to be alien to each other, and no longer mingle bloods with best results. Yellow races may cross with Yellow; Black with Black; and the varying subtypes are yet within the danger line. But White may no longer cross with Yellow or Black without deterioration and quick decay. And in this law of race limitation lie the hope and the possibility of the higher evolution of man, physically, intellectually, and spiritually. It is thus that man's life upon earth has had in it, and still has in it, the germ of better things as the ages go by. And it is again to be borne in mind that man did not make the law. He is its creature; not its creator. And whether he

would or no, he must still live out his race life upon earth under its inexorable workings.

Has the Black man then no rights? Yes! the same right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that belongs to the White man. To deny him this would be the cruelty of the strong to the weak, of the man to the child. He has even more rights than the White man. He has the added right to protection and uplifting; and it is his right *because* he is weak, and *because* the White man is strong. This is the "White man's burden" among the races that have been denied his ability to develop and grow. And the law of this giving and withholding of capacity to rise in the scale, no man has ever yet fathomed.

A tramp came into my office one day, asking help. I took him to task. "You had the same chance in life that I did," I said to him, "for I had to make my way." "No, I did not," he answered. "You were born with brains, and I was not." What could I say?

The Black and the White could live together with the White as master—tho to the harm of the White man even more than of the Black; but they can not live together as equals.

At once that old race law begins its work. Human law is powerless to prevent it. The race war of the South is on to abide until separation shall end it. What, then, is to be the future of the Black man upon the American continent? Nature would seem to have answered the question here as she has in the older home across the sea; for here, too, as well as there, is to be found a normal race habitat for the Negroid; and here, as there, it is a habitat from which the White man is

barred out as permanent dweller by climatic law and race constitution. Skirting the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, and up the river valleys of the great equatorial waterways of South America, is a region in which the Teuton can not live, and in which even the subtropic Latin wages an unequal warfare with the moisture and the miasm and the riotous luxuriance of tropical growth. Some other man than the Latin or the Teuton must subdue it, or it must remain waste, for even the tropical Indian of America has made little encroachment upon it. It is rich in natural resources, and full of possibilities. Its counterpart upon the east tropic shore of the Atlantic is the normal habitat and the chosen home of the Negroid. He only, of all types of men, is fitted by race constitution to become its subduer; and if he can enter upon the task, not as an untrained savage, but as the tutored and trained ward of a powerful and contiguous civilization, an opportunity is opened up to the Black man of a race rejuvenescence such as the ages of Africa have never known; for there his land has from times immemorial been only a marauding ground for the slave-hunters of Europe and Asia, and he the helpless victim of a civilization powerful and remorseless. In the light of these facts it would seem more than chance that the Black man also is an American, side by side with the Teuton, even if his citizenship in the New World was gained through the weary years of servitude. It would be one of the strange revelations of history should this new world prove to be the promised land of a better day for Black man as well as White.

That the Black man should have fair chance of success in this work of a new race upbuilding it is necessary

that he should have as help thereto the protection of a strong power, not simply behind him, but before him as well, for the negro is not by nature aggressive, or a pioneer. Give him this, however; let him go out to the work under the protection of the flag which he also now calls his, and with the backing of the land which he also now calls his homeland; and it will not be necessary to talk of forced expatriation to settle the color question. Every fiber of his heat-loving body will draw the Black southward again to his normal race habitat under a tropic sun. The man who, when the earth was young, battled as an untaught savage with the dank subtropic plains of the Ganges, the Euphrates, and the Nile, and there built up his crude, barbaric civilization, may after all the ages build up about the shores of tropic America a second civilization of his own; but this time as ward of a civilization higher and stronger than his proved to be. And while all this means much to the Black man, it also means much to the English-speaking Teuton of America; for the Black man of America has through generations of training become English in speech, in customs and manner of thought, and in religion, and will continue in affiliation and sympathy one with the English-speaking peoples unless forced away. Even the years of servitude failed to chill the natural kindliness of heart which has made him, in all ages, the uncomplaining servitor of other men.

The Black man helped the English-speaking man to make for himself and for his children a home upon the north shores of the inland seas of America, within the climatic belt which is the normal race home of the Aryan. It is now in the power of the English man to repay the

debt by opening up to the Black man a home of his own for himself and his children upon the south shores of the same seas, within the tropic belt which is the normal climatic race home of the Negroid; and thus to give to this man, who for countless ages has been only a servitor, a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water for other men, a chance once more among the races of the earth; and to do this in so kindly and just a way that these tropic lands of America shall always turn to the greater English-speaking power of the North as their natural protector and friend. This, rather than any proposition of a forced and utterly unjust expatriation across the Atlantic, would seem to be a natural solution to the race question which is yearly becoming more acute upon American soil.

For it is to be borne in mind that this man also is now American; and he, too, has vested rights. He is upon the American continent; and for good or for ill, he will stay. It rests largely, almost entirely even, with the White man to say whether it shall be for good or for ill, for he is the one who has the power. And if it is to be for ill, the White man can not escape his share. As the curse of slavery was shared alike by both races, so the curse of freedom for the Black, if it is to be made a curse, must fall alike upon both. One has only to look at the South to see that it is already there.

This solution of the race question by a migration, led rather than forced, to the tropic lands of America, does wrong to no other man; for these great littoral and alluvial plains are still waste and practically unoccupied. Not without purpose would it seem that they have thus been kept in reserve. As the lands of the North were

kept free from settlement until the fulness of time for the Aryan man, that he might here, unhampered and untrammeled by the ages of inherited impedimenta of the Old World, work out something higher and better for humanity, so it would seem that the Black man also might here, across the ocean from his thousands of years of servitude, have chance to take a fresh start, and to find for himself in the autumn of his race life a second race summer which shall at least be to him as the Indian summer to the dying year. But all this would not be in one generation, or in two, but slowly, as the years go by; and probably always with a large reserve of Negroid population remaining about the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico and in the West Indies. But the surplus, the overflow, would thus find outlet; and that race pressure, which is the precursor and cause of race conflict, be sufficiently relieved.

It may be said that the English-speaking man does not own or control the plains of tropic America. It is enough to say in reply that he is going south, and no power upon earth can stop him. He can not even stop himself. It is race growth. The time to stop him was three centuries ago. He began upon the Atlantic rim. He crossed the Appalachians. He forced the Frenchman out of the valley of the Mississippi, and the Spaniard out of the Floridas. He seized Texas and the Pacific coast. He has Cuba, and Porto Rico, and the Isthmus. He will have, or control, the south shores of the Caribbean and the river plains beyond. A century ago it might have taken the eye of the seer to foretell this. It is scarcely needed now. Political parties may come and go; they may favor or oppose; but the people go on. It

has been so in the past; it will be the same in the future; for, as just said, it is race growth. And always beyond stretches the sphere of race influence which, like the steadily advancing skirmish line in the vanguard of an army, is preparing the way.

XIII

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS

It is a misfortune that the name of an individual, even tho he was the official head of a nation, should have become attached to a great unwritten law of a people. The name, "Monroe Doctrine," is only a label of a man appended to a decree of the people which had been slowly formulating itself long before he was called upon in the exigencies of international complications to be its official exponent, and to publicly promulgate it; a decree which has gone on broadening in scope, deepening in intensity of purpose, and becoming more sharply definite in expression ever since. And in a certain sense the doctrine is no new thing to the world—only its application in this especial case. Rome had a Monroe Doctrine about the shores of the Mediterranean. Britain has a Monroe Doctrine which covers the border-lands of Farther India, and the shores of the Persian Gulf. France has a Monroe Doctrine for the outlying Algerian borders. Russia has a Monroe Doctrine for Northern Asia, and which takes within its sphere Manchuria. It is simply a notice of "Hands Off" from the sphere of influence of a strong nation.

Yet America has more reason for her promulgation of the doctrine, and a juster claim to a right of enforcement, than exists in any of the cases cited, and her position is less open to the criticism of having back of it ulterior and selfish motives. Man here, upon a new

continent, shut off by wide seas from all the long centuries of governmental failures and social and civic wreckage, was trying a new experiment in political and ecclesiastical race life. If he failed, the world would be no worse off than it was in the ages before the trial was made. If he should succeed, it would mean a new light upon the ever-deepening problem of man's advancement to a higher plane. It was all-important that the experiment should have fair chance to work itself out to some definite conclusion; and to this end, that no disturbing factors should be permitted to enter into the equation. In the old colonial days of both North and South America these disturbing factors had continually been thrust into the problem. For nearly three centuries no general European war had been fought to a conclusion without drawing into the conflict the lands and the peoples of the Western Continent. Questions of dynasties, of state, of race, which in no way interested or pertained to the American Continent, were yet forced upon it; and it was made a part of the field of battle, its prosperity checked, its peace disturbed, and the success of its experiment in a new departure for humanity was imperiled. The time came at last when the political ties which bound America to the Old World were largely severed, and she was left for a while free to work out the problem undisturbed. When indications of interference again began to show themselves, the Monroe Doctrine, so called, was simply a notice served upon Europe from America to let this continent alone: "Fight out your quarrels of dynasties, of state, of church, upon your own side of the water. They must not be forced upon us also!" And to this end transatlantic powers were warned that they

would not be permitted to reassert dominion over American territory.

As the one strong American power it fell to the lot of the United States to become spokesman for all, and to stand in the forefront as champion for the weaker American nations about her. And she has done it. Her position has often been misunderstood in Europe. It has not always been fairly understood by all of her own people; yet better often by the clear instinct of the great common people than by her men of the schools. It has even been misconstrued and aspersed at times by those for whose benefit she has endangered her own peace. Yet she has stood. And at last the world has learned to respect and to heed. Had it not been for the United States as champion, the lands of South and Central America would to-day be again in the possession of European powers. The Maximilian episode in Mexico during the hour of our sore distress showed what Europe was desirous to do. General Sheridan and the eighty thousand armed men on the banks of the Rio Grande, were the answer. The answer will probably never have to be repeated.

It is to be remembered that the Monroe Doctrine applies, not to the people of Europe, but solely to the governments. No man, no woman, from European soil is forbidden to come and make a home anywhere upon the American continent. All are welcome to home and citizenship, unless crime or some similar disability bar out; only, the governments of the European homelands must be left behind. They may not come and set up dominion over any portion of American soil as subject territory. Neither will the subterfuge of disguised military coloni-

zation be permitted, nor transfer of territory yet held from one European power to another. Any change of ownership in such portions of American territory as are still held by European powers must be abandonment of claim to the people resident, or transfer to some American power. And the position taken by America is a wise and a just one. It is to bar out from this continent the long centuries of inherited quarrels and jealousies and bickerings which make of European international politics an incessant menace to the peace of the world; and to let man here, upon new soil, and under new auspices, begin over again, and work out if possible some better hope for humanity than it has yet found.

It is no unfair thing which America proposes to Europe—a Monroe Doctrine for both sides of the Atlantic; that Europe may have her will in her own lands, and in Africa and hither Asia, to carve up, divide, colonize, exploit, expand in, and to quarrel over, but that the American nations will hold the Western Continent inviolate for themselves and their children, as a place of refuge for the oppressed of all nations. And Farther Asia? the Asia which fronts upon the American seas? And the islands of the Pacific? These to be as between all nations a debatable ground. For America, also, must have room to expand. It is conceding to Europe in fee simple three square miles to one for America; and their respective populations are as three to one. There is no question upon which the American peoples would go to war more quickly or more unitedly than that of the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. It is to be hoped for the peace of the world that they may never have to do so.

XIV

THE PACIFIC SEAS

WHAT the Mediterranean was to the second and first centuries B.C.; what the Atlantic was to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the Pacific bids fair to become to the twentieth century. The second and first centuries B.C. settled for ages to follow the mastery of the waters of that Mare Internum which was the sea world of the nations that then were. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries settled the mastery of the broader Atlantic. The twentieth century is to settle the mastery of the yet broader Pacific. And the battle is even now on. The Pacific is the world's last and greatest sea prize for rival and contending nations. With it the globe is spanned, and there is no more.

Who was to be the final master of the Mediterranean, was still an open question until Scipio Æmilianus ended the long duel of centuries between Semite and Latin, and the relentless "Carthago delenda est" of the elder Cato became a thing accomplished. The plowshare passed over the spot where the walls of Rome's greatest rival had stood. Elizabeth's "Sea Dogs" began that yet wilder duel of Latin and Teuton which more than two hundred years later Nelson brought to a close, and settled the fact that the English-speaking man was to be master of the Atlantic.

The ship tower, that old Roman *castellum*, and the grappling-hook decided the first of these great race con-

flicts upon the sea. The smooth-bore thirty-two-pounder decided the second, that fateful October day off the rocky headland of Trafalgar. The third will probably be settled, if not already decided, not so much, nor even necessarily at all, by clash of arms, but, as was the land duel between Latin and Teuton in America, by the superior colonizing capability of the English-speaking man.

And now the conflict changes in race lines, for while Hollander and Dane and Norseman also had part in that general contest for the Atlantic as between Teuton and Latin; it will be the English-speaking man alone as against all others who will settle the mastery of the Pacific. Yet as it is a broader and a greater sea that is the prize, so it will be a broader and a greater English man who is to battle for it; no longer the Briton; rather the English man who is not Briton. It will be the English man of the greater English lands which have grown up in America, in Australia, in New Zealand, and is now growing up in South Africa. These are the English men of the coming conflict, for these all, and these alone of all Teutons, have homelands fronting upon the Pacific. Even the Briton will be alien—alien yet not hostile; alien, but one with. The Briton, as the Latin, as all Europe, would have to battle from afar. He will battle through his children.

Of the powers thus arrayed for the contest, America must always remain the chiefest; for America alone, of all the great nations of the world, is a power of two oceans, with her whole compact strength backing up any movement she may make upon either water. Yet even America herself has been slow to grasp the thought of

what this means to her future. It was hard for the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi Valley to understand that there was a Pacific; hard for the isolated Pacific shore to look back and remember the Atlantic. The transcontinental railroads, and their trains of teas and silks have changed this. Now they both know. And Europe also knows. Europe faces America. But America faces the world. On her east is Europe; on her west, Asia and the island world of the Pacific. The Pacific peoples will settle the mastery of the Pacific waters, just as the Atlantic peoples have settled the mastery of the Atlantic waters. That Europe has thus far dominated the waters of an ocean so far removed from her, has come only from the fact that, navally speaking, until now there have been no Pacific peoples. European powers could battle with each other upon Pacific waters from afar when all alike were afar, and there were no others.

Now all this is changed. There are now Pacific peoples also. Not all as yet self-asserted, yet nearing that point. And these new Pacific peoples are of the same virile, battling old Aryan blood as Europe itself. It is no longer Aryan as against Mongol and Malay; it is Aryan as against Aryan. It is the battle of the Atlantic to be fought over again, but upon Pacific waters; and this time with only one of the Aryan peoples having the vantage-ground of homelands upon the Pacific from which to do battle. What this means, every naval strategist well understands. *It is the determining factor.* Of all Aryan peoples only the English-speaking man may be said, in the true sense of the term, to have homelands upon the Pacific shores. America, New Zealand, Australia, and

South Africa, settle the future control of the Pacific for all time. In these lands the English man is not simply a sojourner among other peoples; he has made the land his own; and here, still in his normal climatic habitat, he breeds other English men of unimpaired vitality; and all others have died out before him; and these Pacific homelands of the English-speaking peoples are so vast in area, so productive in their fertility, and withal so rich in mineral wealth, in other words, so liberally endowed for the support of a numerous population, that in the end the English peoples of the Pacific must outnumber not only any and all Aryan rivals, but even the myriad hosts of the Mongol as well.

The only other Aryan man who bids fair to make aggressive race homeland upon Pacific waters is the Slav who now dominates the valley of the Amur, and who will dominate Manchuria. Yet his available territory is limited; of inferior productive capacity; south of him is the Mongol with teeming millions and tenacious grip; and before him stands Japan as his checkmate upon the sea. Then, too, with a mixed people who are in no sense of the word Aryan as the English man is Aryan, he, a landsman of the heart of a continent, unused to seafaring, has yet to prove his adaptability to life upon the sea. Thus far he has signally failed to do this. He has, on the contrary, shown even more than the Latin's clumsiness in sea-craft. Neither has he as yet developed the mechanical skill which modern shipbuilding and seafaring so imperatively demand. Is it because of lack of opportunity? Or is it because of lack of mechanical capacity? This remains to be seen. Some races seem to innately possess this capacity. Others seem intrinsically and innately

to be lacking in it. The Greek had it. The Latin could not even acquire it. And one point more. The Slav, thus already weighted, enters the race at the eleventh hour. Humanly speaking, the English man would seem to have no possibility of a rival upon the Pacific. For not only has he alone of all Aryan peoples built up free and unhampered homelands upon its shores, thus putting himself within quick striking distance in any contest which might arise, with his base of repair and supply close at hand, but he also holds the main strategic points —control of both canals, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, Hongkong, the Settlements of the Straits, and India.

But in this forecasting it may be objected that the Mongol has been left out of the count. In reply it need only be said that the Chinaman as the typical Mongol has never shown any aptitude for the sea; and if four thousand years of race life have failed to develop this, it is not probable that he will now change. And the Chinese represent the great bulk of the Mongol race; and it is a race old and decrepit.

The Japanese are different; but they are not Mongol as the Chinaman is Mongol: Malay, rather, with a Tatar superstructure. They are the one branch of the Yellow men that seems to show a race vitality not yet exhausted; but they are not numerous; and how far this stir as of a returning life current may extend, and how long it may continue, are questions still to be answered by the years that are to come. In the solution of race problems one generation counts for but little. Japan is handicapped, however, in the coming race competition with the great powers of the world by one very serious

defect; a defect which the isolation of ages had possibly kept her from realizing. It is a defect which will make itself apparent under the continuous strain which must henceforth be upon her, but which, because of her seclusion, had thus far worked no serious national disability. It is the defect of undernutrition. Japan is a land of undernutrition, alike of vegetable and animal life; and man as only the highest type of the animal shares in the defect. This fault is primarily in the land itself, and results from the character of the soil, which is largely volcanic, scoriac, and granular instead of the rich diluvial deposits of clay and marl and loam of the non-volcanic regions of the earth. In this respect China is far superior. It is the rich nutriment of the great alluvial and diluvial Chinese plains, the washings from the vast non-volcanic Asiatic uplands, that makes China what she is; for these plains are constantly renewing their fertility through deposit from the sediment-bearing rivers; and man, born of the earth, ever renews his strength from the earth. That old fable of Antaios, son of Poseidon and Gea, who when cast down to his mother earth arose each time with renewed strength, is only a myth picture of man himself.

Volcanic lands are geologically new, crude, immature lands. If narrow in area, they may never pass beyond this crude, immature stage, but may always remain the lands of defective nutrition for man and beast and vegetable life; and for man and beast because of the defect in the vegetable life upon which these both, directly or indirectly, feed. Such lands furnish a soil not yet ground to the powder of the clay and the marl; not fitted as yet to develop a true loam. Mere humus is not enough.

The result shows itself in the harsh, wiry, silicious grasses, the woody vegetables, with which man and beast are defectively nourished. Hence the scrawny, dwarfed animals, the undersized men. The question is, What will be the effect of all this upon the race endurance under the continuous strain which must henceforth be put unceasingly upon the Japanese people as they emerge from the seclusion and the race quiet of ages to enter into the keen and unending competition of the world powers? And the question is a grave one; for it has to do with the whole national future of Japan.

It is the testimony of employers in California, that the Japanese are better adapted to light work, fruit-picking, household service, and are unreliable; that for heavy work, and for labor where dependence must be placed upon the permanency of help, they have to engage Chinese. It is not chance. There is a physical reason back of the difference in race character. It is to be found in the bodily defect which has sprung from ages of under-nutrition. And for the great body of the Japanese people this is irremediable; for the causative defect lies, as shown, in the land itself. It would be interesting to know whether even the fishes which are native to the Japanese waters, and which supply the principal portion of the flesh diet of the people, fed as they are upon the submarine meadows of volcanic sea-plains, are as nutritious as the fishes which feed upon the great alluvial and ice-floe plains of the ocean world elsewhere in the earth—as the iceberg-built Banks of Newfoundland which through their cod nourish in turn the hardy fishermen of New England; or the submarine alluvial plains of the great ocean-flowing rivers.

And then, no people of enduring race power has ever yet developed within the limits of the hot vapor baths of the world. Excess of moisture, especially when combined with heat, saps race energy. The warm waters of the Kuro Siwo as they flow northward from tropic seas along the east coast of Asia and bathe the shores of the islands of Japan, while they give the almost tropical luxuriance to her vegetation, bring also a measure of the tropic enervation to man. The islands of Japan have a parallel, but of a more extreme tropical type, in the islands of the West Indies with shores washed by the warm, humid equatorial current which emerges from them as the Gulf Stream. Even the conquering Mongols of the thirteenth century did not have their outflow from the somewhat similar climate of the Chinese lowlands, but from the higher, drier, colder Mongol uplands of Manchuria and Mongolia proper. South of the Yang Tse is the enervating subtropic. From it no conqueror went out.

With Japan it remains to be seen whether the pace can be kept up; or whether the Japanese as a race, like the Japanese as individuals, with their deficient reserve of strength, are to become after a while exhausted in the competitive struggle which is unceasingly going on, and with an ever-increasing strain upon the endurance of the nations. The war with Russia does not settle this. The true strain is yet to be felt. It is the staying quality which in the end counts in race competition. This is the strong point of the Slav. Then, too, Japan is undertaking a task which even Britain, with her superior resources, proved unable to accomplish—to secure and hold territorial possessions upon the mainland in the face of powerful rivals. Japan in her continental aspirations

might take a valuable lesson from the history of Britain. The provinces which Britain held with varying fortunes across the narrow straits upon the mainland from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries were a constant source of weakness to her. They brought her at once, and unavoidably, into the circle of European embroilments, taxing her resources to defend them, hampering her in her policies abroad, and drawing her into entangling alliances. Their loss was gain to Britain. The hour when the British flag was at last hauled down from the walls of Calais, and her last soldier had embarked from what for three centuries had been British soil, was the hour that marked the true beginning of British greatness. From that day Britain became invulnerable; for her line of defense now became a water-line. She had exchanged a weak for a strong line. It was the circumvallation of the sea. Men may have then thought that Britain had received a deadly blow; they failed to see that she had instead become more formidable than ever before; for no longer forced to maintain a powerful military establishment, she was now free to throw her full strength into her navy. When Mary in her chagrin over the loss of this, Britain's last hold upon the mainland, passionately exclaimed, "After my death you will find Calais written on my heart," she failed to see what that loss meant in greater gain to her country. Britain's possibilities as a world power may indeed be said to date from the time of her expulsion from the mainland of Europe. It might almost be said that Britain exchanged Calais with France for North America.

It is not so much the Russian army and the Russian navy of the present that Japan has to fear in her conti-

nental aspirations, as it is the Slav family and the Slav home of the future; for these are moving steadily eastward across Northern Asia. The Slav family is only repeating upon the steppes and along the river valleys of the North-Asian plains what the Teutonic family did in the great river valleys west of the Appalachians in America; and in the end the family is more potent than the army. It was the family, rather than any set armed force, that won America for the Teuton as against the Latin. And the family will in the end win Manchuria and the North-Asiatic shore line for the Slav as against the Japanese, for the Slav family has shown capacity for migration while the Japanese has not. Whatever may be the outcome of this first war between Russia and Japan, it is only the beginning. The war itself is simply the formal announcement to the Mongol that the Aryan family has arrived. The Aryan's fleets were there before. Now he is making homeland upon the Pacific shore of Asia.

Should this first conflict result in reverse to the Slav it will only be to have the fight over again a few years later. It is the Aryans, a hundred millions of them, forcing outlet to the sea; and there can be no permanent peace until they have secured it. In the face of the steadily growing power of the Slav in Farther Asia, and his inevitable spread along the shore-line of the Pacific southward in quest of outlet to the open sea below the ice-line, the strain upon Japan in attempting a rival policy of expansion upon the mainland will grow greater year by year. Such a policy means to her the maintenance of a powerful and constantly growing armament upon the land in addition to her force upon the sea. Can

she stand the strain? What nation of Europe could stand it? Britain was not able to do it; and the French flag over Calais is the ever-present reminder of the failure. Yet, as said, it was a failure which paved the way for a greater success elsewhere.

What Britain has done Japan might, in some measure at least, do if she would. And her advantage is in one respect greater; for instead of twenty miles of water it is a sea channel of a hundred miles that protects her from assault from the mainland. And also, while her resources are possibly somewhat less varied, her area is nearly double that of the United Kingdom, with no disloyal Ireland to be a constant source of weakness and anxiety. In the face of the steady advance of the Slavic peoples eastward to the shores of the Asiatic waters, an advance which, like that of the glaciers of the North, is unhasting yet unresting, Japan's truer policy would seem to be as that of Britain, as that of Tyre of old, to eschew continental ambitions and keep to the sea. With her whole strength, as Britain's, as Tyre's, thrown into her navy, she would be unassailable. And it is no narrow future that would be open to her upon the sea. While she has not Britain's coal and iron, she has water-power and other resources instead; and with her cheap labor and her advantage of position might easily become the common carrier of the commerce of the Far Orient. And herein is wealth; and wealth is power.

But in attempting to become a continental power all this is changed. Japan is endeavoring to do what Britain became great by not doing. If Japan could gain Korea and Manchuria, they would be to her what Denmark and Holland would now be, and what her French provinces

were, to Britain, a source of weakness instead of strength. In the inevitable struggle with the ever-growing and ever-menacing Slav power which would unavoidably follow, Japan's feebler strength would be drained in the vain attempt to hold her mainland possessions, to the exhaustion of her island resources. And the struggle would be inevitable. The Slav must go on until he controls the shore line south beyond the ice limit. A great race can not and will not remain content ice-bound and shut in from the open sea six months of the year; neither can it accept egress by sufferance of other races. And it ought not. This is one of the questions which will not stay settled until it is settled aright. Reverses may come; they will be forgotten. Armies may be defeated; they will gather again. Treaties may be made; they will be broken. It is as the attempt to permanently dam back the waters of a great river on their way to the sea. All barriers will in the end be broken down. There can be no permanent peace where race outlet, free and unhampered, is barred to the waters of the open sea.

In the light of Britain's experience upon the French shore, Japan's wiser course would rather seem to lie in resolutely discarding all thought of continental dominion, and in planning rather to become an island empire of the sea. With her homeland, and Formosa, and the possibilities of peaceable acquisition of territory among the great islands of the Pacific, she has room for expansion where no drain of vast military establishments will sap her strength; thus leaving her free to do as Britain has done, in turning all the nation's resources to the building up of a powerful naval and mercantile marine. She would thus avoid the double burden which is slowly but surely

exhausting the resources of Germany and France. With the nation as with the man, it is the surplus income stored up and reinvested that gives wealth; and wealth is power. If a man or a nation consume all of each year's income in running expenses, accumulation is impossible. The nations of continental Europe largely consume their surplus income in supporting the double burden of powerful armaments upon both land and sea, and are kept impoverished, with ever-increasing national debts, in the attempt. Britain, America, Australia, New Zealand, in fact the whole of the English-speaking peoples of the world, escape this double burden; and are steadily increasing in wealth and resources through the saving which they thus effect, while their strength, concentrated upon naval armaments, gives them the mastery of the sea. As for any present plans of expansion, while Japan stands checkmate to Russia upon the sea, so Russia stands checkmate to Japan upon the land. And so, on guard, they face each other. It resolves itself into a question of endurance of the strain. Which must in the end give way? The Slav family, and the Slav capacity for successful migration, will settle the question. In view of these possibilities Japan could well afford to yield a free hand to Russia in Manchuria, with Korea as a neutral ground between, in return for the islands off the Siberian shore, and the assurance of a future of peace.

Since the foregoing was written the struggle is over and the Slav forced back. Japan has done wisely in helping to end the war in a spirit of conciliation. It helps to prevent rankling bitterness. Yet, as said, Japan has only postponed the day of a greater impending con-

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friends." And upon this basis firm and enduring friendship would have been possible. Instead, Japan by the policy she has pursued is forcing the Slav, whether he would or no, to become her enemy; for she has placed herself obstructively across the pathway to which the Slav has natural race right, and which through race need he must have. It is a perilous position for either a man or a nation to assume; for it is an attempt to stay the right and the inevitable; and in the end it always fails. And in that end it as surely brings disaster to the one who has attempted to bar the way. It is the attempt to dam a rising tide.

This first war, if considered in the light of simply showing Japan's mettle and thus assuring her position among the nations, may not have been in vain. It may even in the end, by teaching mutual respect, prove the basis for a more enduring peace. The two races know each other now. But a second war, in view of the foregoing facts, would be a mistake. Japan has proven her power to take care of herself, even against the vast hosts of Russia; but she has not yet proven her power to hold permanently the lands which she has won upon the main shore. She has only succeeded in proving the power to seize. The power to hold will have to be proven through a never-ending succession of conflicts which will grow graver with each recurrence. And these after-conflicts will be for Japan to elect or to avoid; for the Slav will surely be upon the seashore below the ice-line again; and it will not be long as the generations count time.

There is a curious and instructive parallel between the history of Britain's territorial expansion upon the main shore of West Europe in the early Middle Ages

and the history thus far of Japan's expansion upon the mainland of Asia. Britain had her battles of Crécy, of Calais, of Poitiers, of Agincourt, as against Japan's Liao-Yang, Port Arthur, and Mukden; and the British victories were even more marked in their completeness than have been those of Japan. The parallel holds good even in the siege of Calais, which was only gained after an investment exceeding that of Port Arthur by some four months. And France was crushed, while Russia has only been forced back. Yet the day came when France had regained it all; and the British flag was furled upon the mainland, and Britain went back to her islands to return no more. And Calais, hard-won Calais, was the last point to be given up. Unless the underlying laws which govern the advance and the retreat of nations are to be reversed, Britain, Japan's ally, has in her own history furnished a prophecy of the end for Japan's expansion upon the main shore of Asia. And Port Arthur will yet prove to be the Calais of another race failure.

But race ambition does not take kindly to the warnings of the past. Kassandra was only history scorned.

The nations have not yet quite learned the aggressively deadly character of the Slav's armed peace. Russia has only to keep her peace army upon the Manchurian border; and Japan must keep a war army across the line; for what to Russia with her vast numbers and her broad resources is only a peace armament, is to Japan, with her fewer numbers and her more limited resources, a crushing war armament. Russia's peace expenditure without increase of debt means to Japan a war expenditure all the

while in time of peace, and an ever-growing debt. And then, after that ill-omened night assault in the roadstead of Port Arthur before war with Russia was openly declared, Japan will never again rest easy from apprehension of sudden and unwarned retaliatory attack. Nor will she have right to complain; for she taught the lesson. And the war that has been is not the end. It is only the preliminary skirmish. The battling is yet to come. The time was when it might have ended with the seashore. It may still. But one fact is evident. It will not stop short of that. It would not be an unprecedented thing in history if the war which has been should in the end prove to be the making of Russia, and the unmaking of Japan.

The rapid spread of the English speech in the Philippines through the public-school system established by our government, and the possible adoption of English as a race speech by Japan, raises some interesting questions with regard to the future affiliations of these peoples. Speech, even more than blood, is the important factor in deciding race affiliations. The French tongue keeps Germanic Alsace and Lorraine French in sympathy, just as a Latinized speech keeps Celtic France Latin in sympathy. The English speech makes the Black of America English in sympathy rather than African. One generation of the present public-school work in the Philippines will make English the predominant speech of those islands. Should Japan make a like change, both lands become at once and for all time allied with the English peoples of the Pacific in a common destiny. It opens up to both a future such as they never could have alone. It

lifts them both at one stroke centuries forward from the trammels of a long-lost past into the front rank of the twentieth century, and places them side by side with the English man in the coming mastery of the Pacific, and in the commercial development of the future.

The mixed Malay races of Southeast Asia and of the countless islands of the East Indies, have only a history of unorganized piracy upon the waters of their insular seas. The swift proa of the Malay, with brass jingal and cut-throat crew, and which in the old sailing days was the terror of the becalmed merchantman, is rapidly going the way of the slower piratical junk of the China seas. The day of the even limited sea dominion of the Malay, and at least the South Mongol, has faded away, not to return.

Neither do the Spanish-Americans south of the Isthmus enter into the count. The age when a few armed galleons sailing out from the ports of New Spain could make of the broad waters of the Pacific a closed sea has gone by. Even if the Spanish-Americans had gone on to develop a true sea aptitude, and the requisite mechanical skill for modern marine construction, nature has inexorably barred them out from a part in the contest for the future control of the Pacific waters. The West-Andean plain, which stretches from Darien to Cape Horn, is only a narrow shelf upon the margin of the sea. That portion of it which lies within the mid-temperate zone is arid in type, and capable of supporting only a comparatively limited population. Behind this coast plain lifts the great mountain wall of the Andes, practically unbroken for five thousand miles. Upon the coast-line harbors are poor and far between. It is off the world's great lines of

travel and trade; and with the opening of the Isthmus canal, and the consequent practical abandonment of the Cape-Horn route, will be still more so. It is a land of isolation—the hermit land of the Western continent. Peoples who are to take important part in world battles must have back of them homelands different from this. They must have broad lands for race growth, and must also have free outlet. The days of possible Tyres passed away ages ago. The days even of possible Hollands have ceased to be. And in the face of the vast combinations of modern race life the days of dominant world power of even Britain herself would soon be numbered except as she may merge her national life into the broader life of the whole of the English-speaking peoples.

But there is another weakness that has come to the Spanish-American; and this not upon the Pacific shores alone, but wherever found in the New World. To this allusion has already been made. The stern blood of the old Conquistadores, the blood which not only fought the battles upon the tablelands of Mexico and Peru, but which also manned the galleons of Spain, and made of the Pacific only a Spanish sea until Drake and his freebooters broke in, this virile, restless blood was long since smothered in the tide of Indian blood with which it too readily mingled. Here, too, the half-breed has avenged the shame of the unwed mother. Spain's Nemesis over the world has been in her nameless children. Paul's warning words ring out as a prophecy of doom across the ages—

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And a nation is only the aggregate of its individ-

ual men. Its sowing is their sowing. And the harvest is one.

Looking therefore to the future, it would seem that there is no one to seriously contest the domination of the Western continent or the control of the Pacific with the English-speaking man. And in the domination of the Pacific, the English man of America, because of his greater numbers, his wider resources, and the strategic advantages of his position, must ever remain the one supreme power. He is the one great power of the world that looks out from a homeland upon both oceans unimpeded. Europe looks out upon the Atlantic; but America faces the world. Russia alone of all other powers faces both oceans; but not as America faces them. Over vast reaches of inhospitable, subarctic plains the Slav finds obstructed outlet through icy harbors to wintry seas. And then across the pathway is Japan. Whatever the future may hold in store for the Slav, these obstacles now confront him; and the mastery of the Pacific will be settled long before they are removed. But the English-speaking man of the Pacific has no such obstacles across his path; and in America he holds the empire-breeding, milder, mid-temperate belt of a continent as his homeland, and his backing. America is the one true world power. While Europe fronts upon the Atlantic, America from her seat between the seas fronts upon the world. And yet by her isolation she is invulnerable; for what the twenty miles of water channel are to Britain, the broader oceans are to America.

And America is, in area, all Europe—and more. In wealth and material resources she is rapidly becoming all

Europe—and more. In population she will not long remain behind; this, too, with a population not heterogeneous and divided, but homogeneous and united as no other race of mankind. Europe is the land of the Divided States. America is the land of the United States. Ninety millions of one speech, one blood, one future; and increasing in numbers as is no other of all the peoples of the world; and with a homeland compact, and guarded upon all sides by the flanking seas. Herein lies the secret of a power which must be potent in shaping the future of the nations.

America, through the advantage of her strategic position, her freedom from entangling alliances, and her enormous accumulation of wealth, would seem destined to become the common meeting-ground of the nations and the financial and political clearing-house of the world. The world has no parallel among its varied peoples to-day, and has known no parallel in the past. Rome itself was only local and narrow in comparison. It is a new problem that is upon the nations. And whether schoolmen and statesmen will or no, and whether the nations assent or oppose, this English man of America must go on to work out his destiny in the broader field as a world power. Men of his earlier Congresses, aided by the Latin, tried to keep him east of the Mississippi. They failed. Men of later Congresses, aided by short-sighted partizans, tried to stop him at the shores of the Pacific. They failed. And they will fail in the future as in the past. It is the foredoomed battle against that strongest of all human impulses, race instinct. It is the race unrest, and the race calling-out of that old Proto-Aryan of the Farther East still fermenting in the blood. And there is empire

in it. It led him westward across Europe. It drove him across the Atlantic. It drew him on, as we have traced, across the wilds of another continent; and it will give him no rest until the Aryan peoples have girdled the globe with their homelands. Men in the heat of controversy may call it lust of power, greed for conquest, any of the names which serve the ends of partizan debate, or which come of a narrow and short-sighted reading of history; yet as we look back with unprejudiced eye over the unrest which has never ceased among the races of men since time began, we discern back of all great race outflowings something that is higher than mere human greed; and we see that men and nations alike are only as chess-men which a higher intelligence and a supremer power are shifting to and fro over the board that we call the world.

XV

IMPERIALISM

YET there are men, honest, sincere men, and true lovers of their country, who draw back with shrinking from such a picture of the future of the American Aryan, and sound the alarmist cry of "Imperialism." Have they rightly read the lesson of the past? for there is a deep and abiding lesson therein to every careful student of history, a lesson which has to do with the life-work of masterful races. And this is the lesson—That imperialism is not necessarily in itself harmful. Indeed, it may be just the reverse. Imperialism which has back of it mere lust of conquest is one thing. Imperialism which is the normal working-out of a race destiny, and which is only fulfilling its allotted part in the race evolution of man, is another and very different thing. The imperialism of a Tamerlane may mark its way through the nations by its pyramids of heaped-up human skulls; and we wonder why it was permitted in the plan of a world. Yet even this, in the breaking-up and shattering of old forms, and in the mingling of races, may have its allotted mission in the working-out of man's destiny upon earth. There are races, as there are men, whose mission would seem to be that of preordained icon-breakers to the precedent worshiping peoples of the earth. They rage over the lands smashing and breaking down. They fill their place. But there is an imperialism of another type, an imperialism which is constructive, not destructive, in its ultimate ef-

fects; which also may possibly tear down, but only to the end of rebuilding; and the new is better than the old. It may, and possibly always will, mean battling, fierce, strenuous battling; for the old does not readily give way to the new; but out of it all humanity has come to something higher, better, than it knew before.

From the imperialism which comes to a people in the working-out of their race destiny, they may well hesitate to draw back; for it is to the imperialism of the masterful races that the world owes its great forward movements. The imperialism of ancient Egypt spread the early civilization of the Nile beyond the narrow rim of sand-hills that shut in the river valley, and kindled a great light about the east shore of the Mediterranean. The Semitic imperialism of the Mesopotamian plain which centered alternately about Babylon and Nineveh lifted Southwestern Asia from the slough of the old Negroid semibarbarism. The imperialism of Greece, even before the dawn of written history, had lined the shores of the Euxine and the Mediterranean with Greek cities, and lighted the flame of a civilization which never died out. The imperialism of Rome carried Latin civilization and Latin order over the dark lands westward to the line of the Elbe and the Tay. From the imperial womb of that mighty mother modern European civilization was born. The imperialism of Russia by land, and the imperialism of Britain by sea, are to-day bringing to an end the ages of race warfare which have made of Mid-Asia a vast charnel-house; and instead, are giving law, order, prosperity, hope. It is the imperialism of the Western Powers that is bringing to an end the long night which has brooded over Africa, that is crushing out the slave

trade, and is redeeming a continent from the doom of a no-man's land.

There is a duty here; and it is a moral duty, which the masterful races owe to humanity. Yet from the responsibility of this work a nation may draw back and abdicate, as a king may abdicate from his throne. But the kingdom will go on; only, there will be a new king. And a nation, or a race, can not thus abdicate from its world work without paying the penalty; and the penalty is forfeiture of power for good among the lower types of the earth-peoples, and for itself, premature decay, and death. Yet man does not wilfully grow old, nor does the nation or the race; but both may grow old before their time through ignorance, or heedless disregard of, a primary law of being. I had a patient who said to me, "I am going to quit business and take it easy. I am rich enough." He was a strong, healthy man, probably fifty years of age. Within three years he was dead—nothing more to look forward to. Another, a young, vigorous man of maybe thirty-five. He had inherited wealth. I said to him, "You should have some regular occupation, some purpose to work to, if you wish to keep well." "No!" he replied, "I do not expect to do anything." Within four years they buried him. He also had nothing to plan for, or to look forward to. When that rich man in the parable said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," it was time for him to die. He had nothing more to look forward to. And he died.

What is true of the man is true as well of the nation, or the race. The law is that when growth ceases, death sets in. With nations and races this is largely true of

expansion. The nation or race which ceases to expand, and begins to draw back within itself, has taken the first step, and a long step, toward its own downfall. The self-centered life is not ordinarily a long life. This does not necessarily mean that the individual man of the nation thereupon goes out of existence; but it does mean that the nation as a living force no longer counts. And it means also a retroactive influence upon the individual, so that, with the nation itself no longer a living force, the individual life also begins to decay. Sometimes, where isolation prevents destruction by outside agencies, nominal life goes on; but the nation has ceased to live for any aggressive or useful purpose. China has for a thousand years been only a breathing corpse.

But, it has been urged, no race has a moral right to thus assert its own race life at the cost of another. It is urged that the right of each individual race of the earth to hold and control its own lands, and to work out its own race life undisturbed by all others, is a right which all races are bound in equity to respect. The argument upon its face would seem to be reasonable and fair. Yet the world never has, probably never could, and as probably never can, recognize the principle in its entirety. Every great movement of the world forward is at the sacrifice of the technically vested rights of some weaker nation or people. And there are always men, good, honest, well-intentioned men, with eyes so adjusted that they see only the injury, but fail to see that out of this is to come the greater good; and they stand ready to pronounce it all wrong. They forget that an injury is not necessarily a wrong. Their logic, carried out to its legitimate end, would stop the building of all public highways,

because the route must perforce cross the lands of some man who is unwilling. It would stop the digging of public waterways for the same reason, international as well as national; for the right of way of an Isthmus canal is only the right of way of an Erie canal, or a Cape-Cod canal, upon a broader scale. Such reasoners fail to see that the needs of humanity must overrule the need or the greed of the individual, whether citizen or nation. This whole question of tenure of unused, or obstructively used, lands has need of careful revision. In the state it is partly solved by the community right of eminent domain. Should there not be asserted an international, as well as an intranational, right of eminent domain?

Assertions of individual rights, whether of the individual man, or of the individual race, must ever stand negatived in the face of the broader needs of the evolution of all men. Despite the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, we as a race never have recognized the right of the American Indian to hold and keep the broad acres he once controlled and called his own. Treaty after treaty was made by the government, only to be broken by the people; for the great wave of advancing settlement would press on and on across the treaty line in search of homes; and the Indian would resent it with tomahawk and scalping-knife; and the settler would fight to hold what he had seized; and the government was powerless to even check it all. To be consistent as a race, we should have left the valley of the Mississippi and all the Great West still an unpeopled roaming place for the wild bison and the yet wilder Indian.

And yet more. The argument proves too much. If it is wrong to take, it is wrong to keep. Lapse of time will not

correct a moral flaw in a title. The descendants of Sammoset, and of King Philip, and of Powhatan still dwell in the land, and are the dispossessed but lineal heirs to Boston Bay and Bunker Hill, and to the banks of the James. It is in order for the Aryan dispossessor to arise and propose restitution. Let him give back these lands to the wolf and the savage, for he is a supplanter, and that, too, by violence. Let the individual theorist do this personally to ease his conscience, and not wait for community. Let him set the example. It is his opportunity to prove his sincerity. Let him give up his farm, his house in town. Let him say to the Indian bead-seller who wanders by his door: "Here! Move in! This is yours by right. I give it back, and go out homeless." Will he do it? Until he does, his morality, measured by the standard of his own reasoning, is suspiciously like that of the retired highwayman who says, "Having secured all I want, I have turned virtuous and joined the church, and now believe that any further robbing should be rigidly suppressed." Will he do it? And until he does, it would better become him to keep silence about the duty of other men of the ever-crowding peoples of the earth to go homeless because some other race may hold control of the unused lands, and he must not encroach upon their vested rights.

It is so easy, and it costs so little, to pose as a judge over other men's duty. But our own? Ah! that is another thing. It is the old fable over again, "Whose ox is it that is gored?" And where, when farm and house are given up, will the moral casuist go to find another home without encroaching? Shall he go back whence he came, to the British Isles? But there, too, his blood is an intruder and a usurper of other men's vested rights. The

English man of Britain should, by the same reasoning, give back that land to its previous owner the Welsh man whom he has driven into the mountains of the west coast. And the Welsh man—whom did he dispossess? for he, too, was a trespasser and a supplanter. The whole history of man in all lands, with all races, and in all ages, is only a history of successive trespasses and supplantings; and landed titles, like the records of Doomsday Book, go back only to the times of conquest, whether Norman, or Dane, or Engle. And the Indian? He, too, held only by the right of conquest. He, too, was a trespasser and a supplanter. The lands in which he dwelt, and which he called his own, had only been his for a little while; and to gain them he had driven out a civilization higher and more advanced than his own. It had been another irruption of Goths; but this time into a Rome of American antiquity. It is a common weakness of humanity to most concern itself about the wrongs of the other man's Indian; and the philanthropist also is often very human. This is no plea for or excuse of inhumanity toward weaker races, but a plea for and a recognition of that broader humanity which in its turn recognizes the paramount needs of the great majority, and the superior worth to man of that higher type which must, if man would climb higher in the scale, supplant, even tho by force, the lower and inferior.

This whole argument of a vested and continuous race right of ownership in lands, a right which must neither be questioned nor disputed in the race needs of other and more rapidly multiplying peoples of the earth, or which may in its exercise hold unused, or misused, points of vantage upon the natural highways of the world's traffic,

is based upon an inadequate conception of the underlying law of human evolution and race duty. In the face of its rapidly increasing population, and its growing needs, the world can not admit the right of any people to hold and not use, or to hold and misuse. There is an equity of humanity which is above, and in the end juster than, mere surface considerations of international law. Man's commission upon the earth is to make the waste places support human life, and to make that life tolerable; and it is true now as of old that "The dark places of the earth are the habitations of cruelty." It is not enough to say, "Hands off!" It is somebody's duty to stop it; and might carries with it duty; and duty in its very nature implies and presupposes right. To take any other ground in the practical life of the world, would be to reverse all history and to give back the earth to savagery. It would be to take from the valley of the Mississippi its millions of civilized homes, and to abandon it once more to the wilderness with its roaming owners. It would be to undo the work of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, and to make of the Atlantic again an unsailed sea. And this ultimate right to ownership in unused land in the face of another's need never has been recognized even by savage races as between themselves. It is an abstraction which has come of a narrower, not of a broader, view of moral law.

But, it may be said, race ownership does not necessarily prevent the acquisition of lands by the individual in private ownership, and the settling thereon by one of alien blood. Whatever might be theoretically, the practical fact remains that savage and partly civilized races do not willingly thus part with their lands; nor is the

alien made welcome, but is looked upon as an intruder and a foeman, and his attempted incoming is ordinarily resented and opposed even to the death. And even if these races of a lower type were willing to segregate and to part with lands to those of alien blood, and were sufficiently advanced in civilization and form of legal procedure to pass and define title to the individual out of the community lands of the savage state, yet the higher type could not exist under the crude and defective governmental forms of the lower. The very complexity of modern civilization necessitates the exercise of a higher type of governmental functions. And, as said, the lower will seldom willingly consent to the incoming of the higher. It does not want it. With that keen instinct which seems to be common alike to savage beast and savage man, it scents the threatening of some vague race peril. The Red man did not want us here, and with all the might of his crude military skill he made vigorous and bloody protest; while from that forest stockade where the Pequot nation was blotted out by those old Puritan hard fighters, down through nearly three centuries of blood we have, with a stronger will and a more deadly skill, emphasized our determination to stay.

It is easy to say that White man and Indian should dwell together in peace; but the land belonged, as the world uses the phrase, to the Indian, and he did not want the White man as a co-dweller upon any terms; and the history of the race conflict in America for three centuries shows that they will not dwell together in peace so long as the power of resistance remains. And, indeed, they can not; for the necessities of the White man's civilization destroy the very foundation of the Indian's support. Forests

must be cleared for the White man's farm; and with the forest disappears the game, and whereon shall the Red man be fed? for he is by nature a hunter, not an agriculturist. The square miles which it takes to support one Indian family will support hundreds of White families; and has the White man no right to multiply?

The end of it all is the survival of the fittest; and this is Imperialism. And it has been the race law of the world from the beginning. It settled the destiny of the Euphratean plain as between Negroid and Semite. It settled the destiny of Canaan as between Philistine and Israelite. It settled the destiny of Western Europe as between prehistoric Mongoloid and Iberian; and again as between Iberian and Celt; and yet again as between Celt and Teuton. It settled the destiny of America as between the faintly discernible Mongol and the Red man. It settled it over again as between Red man and White; and yet again as between Latin and Teuton.

Shall the law continue thus far and no farther? Sentimentalism may so urge, and nations may so legislate, but the old conflict of races will still go on to the end. It will go on in India, in China and the Far East, upon the uplands of Asia, in Africa, in the Philippines, and the islands of the seas (it is over in Australia, and nearly over in America); and no human power can stop it, for it is law; not special, but only one phase of a general, far-reaching law, the law alike of vegetable, of beast, of man; the higher law of the inevitable and irrepressible conflict of irreconcilable types, and which has no cease until out of it all shall come as its predestined end the mastery and the survival of the fittest. It is the triumph of the higher over the lower. To the victor it is Imperialism.

To the vanquished it is—Death. And as the law of existence upon the earth is framed, it can not be otherwise —for vegetable, for beast, for man. And again, man did not make the law; neither can he escape its workings. Whether he will or no, he must live out his race life in accordance with its inflexible and inexorable mandates. And it is better that it should be so; for so, and only so, becomes possible the higher life to man upon earth. A yet higher power and a deeper wisdom must settle the justice of it all. To the children of men it is only given to know the law, and to live out the measure of their race lives upon earth under its behests.

XVI

ALL ENGLAND

THE term Englishman is broader than the term Briton. It is broader than the term American. It includes both; yet it is broader than both. It has ceased to be a geographical name, and has become a race name. And the race name has become thus broader in its comprehensiveness because the race homelands are growing to be many. As there came to be an Engle land broader than the Engle land which grew up ages ago under the beech-woods of the Baltic shore, so there has come to be an Engle land which is broader than the Engle land in Britain, broader than the Engle land in America even; for yet other race homes of the Engle folk are springing up across yet other seas. And these men also are English men. In the broad and ever-broadening race life which has come to the English-speaking peoples, there is no other fitting designation for the folk. It is the one general term applicable alike to all; and all have an equal right to it, for it goes, as already shown, back of Britain for its origin, back to the time when in all the world there was only one Engle land and only one Engle man, and that was not in Britain, but pre-Britannic. Out of the womb of that common mother has been born a widely scattered folk. That Proto-Engle land has been to all the many English peoples what that older Proto-Aryan land was to all the widely scattered Aryan peoples.

Sometimes this Engle man is spoken of as Anglo-

Saxon. It is a misnomer. He might as well be called Anglo-Dane, or Anglo-Celt, or Anglo-Norman, or any one of a number of bloods which he has absorbed and assimilated. Saxon, and Dane, and Scot, and Welsh, and Norman, and Irish, and Huguenot, and German, and Dutch have come to him upon both sides of the Atlantic, and he has taken them in; but they have not made him Saxon, or Dane, or Scot, or Welsh, or Norman, or Irish, or Huguenot, or German, or Dutch. His has always proven the stronger blood, and all who came to him have speedily lost language and identity, and race tradition even, and have become only English men. Only yesterday I saw upon the streets of Los Angeles a China boy with almond eyes, but with the garb and mien of a street gamin, calling out, "Here's your *Morning Times!*" Some years ago, when in the active practice of medicine, I had as patients a family of wealthy Basque sheep-ranchers. The parents spoke French, Spanish, and Basque, but no English. The children, however, while understanding these tongues, would speak nothing but English among themselves. They prided themselves upon being Americans. One sister had been born upon French soil while the parents were upon a visit to their old home. The other children when provoked could think of no more contemptuous taunt than to tell her that she was not American, but only a French woman. We smile at the childish dispute, but there is a great race truth back of it. It is simply the stronger race instinct asserting itself.

Locally the English man of the British Isles is the Briton; the English man of America is the American; the English man of Australasia is the Australasian; the

English man of South Africa is the Afrikander. All these, together with the other scattered branches of the family, constitute the Englishfolk. It is with them as it was with the widely scattered Greek kin; for whether Athenian, or Spartan, or Boiotian, or Sicilian, or from the Greek outposts of the far Mediterranean shore, or from the colonies of the Euxine, or by whatsoever local name known—all were Greek. It was blood and speech, not locality, that made the Greek man.

All the English kin-life lived before the seventeenth century is the common heritage of all English-speaking peoples; for it is never to be forgotten that Britain is only one of the places of sojourn of the English man in his broader world-march. There is, as has been shown, an older England than Britain, and there is a younger. The England of the continent came before the England of the British Isles. Britain, with its wider possibilities, became to that older English man of the continent the Greater English Land, just as America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, with their still wider possibilities, are becoming to the English man of Britain again the still Greater English Land. And as that older English man in his new home in the British Isles received and absorbed his Aryan kin-folk, Saxon, Jute, Celt, Norseman, and that after-Norseman, the half-Latinized Norman, and made of them all only the Engle or English folk; so in America, in Australasia, in South Africa, he again receives Celt, Norseman, German, and beyond these a wider ingathering of the Aryan kin than ever came to the older England, and is making of them all again, but upon a far vaster scale, the English man—English in speech, English in type of thought, English in energy,

English in race aspirations, race ties, and race future. His has again proven to be the overmastering strain which has absorbed and assimilated all others.

And more! As the life of the English-speaking man before the seventeenth century remains a common heritage of all English-speaking peoples, so the life of this same English-speaking man since the seventeenth century, whether lived in Britain, or in America, or Australia, or New Zealand, or South Africa, or elsewhere, is a common race possession. Clive in India, Boone and Sevier in the wilds of America—they are alike of the race pioneers. Cromwell, Washington, the Long Parliament, the Continental Congress—they are a common heritage. Wellington, Grant, Sherman, Lee, Havelock, Gordon, Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan, Nelson dying upon the bloody deck of the *Victory*, Farragut lashed to the mast of the *Hartford* in Mobile Bay, Dewey on the bridge at Manila—they belong in the common Valhalla of the race. Kitchener at Omdurman, Shafter at Santiago, Otis in the Philippines, each fought the battle of the common kin.

And yet more! The past is only a prophecy of the future. In the great race readjustings which are now upon the world, when from Latin to Slav kin is seeking alliance with kin, it is becoming evident that no nation can afford to stand alone. The English peoples also, if they would hold what they have won, must stand together. They begin to feel this. With that race instinct which is the forerunner of prophecy even, they have been turning to each other as never before in their history as a kin. The ground-swell of a common destiny has seized upon them in all their widely scattered branches. It goes

beyond reason; it is the arousing of a race instinct. An incident was reported from one of the Asiatic ports which has in it the spirit of a prophecy. There were ships of many nationalities lying in the harbor, and the crews ashore for a holiday. A free fight began among the sailors. As it progressed, instinctively the British and American sailors arrayed themselves shoulder to shoulder as against all others. There was in the incident the shadow of coming events. In the clashing of race imperialisms, which is even now upon the world, race blood will tell. Slav will array himself by the side of Slav; Latin by Latin; English man by English man. It is the law of blood. Hours of stress bring kin together. When Admiral Tatnall at the mouth of the Peiho gave utterance to that now historic saying, "Blood is thicker than water," he only anticipated by a few years the history of the races.

And this will be no matter of mere sentiment, strong as that may be. Whether they will, or no, the destinies of the English-speaking peoples lie together. The exigencies and the perils of race life compel it. It was this that obliterated the line of the old hate between the English and Irish immigrants to America. In the face of Frenchman and Indian the antagonisms which had rankled for generations soon faded away. The first generation upon the new soil held hard to the old feuds that sprang from the Battle of the Boyne and Vinegar Hill; the second listened to the tale from the lips of the fathers with possibly a lingering thrill of resentment; the third —to them it was only as an evil dream of the night, meaningless and quickly forgotten; for all were now only American. It is so with Bunker Hill and Yorktown;

it is becoming so with Gettysburg and Richmond; Blue and Gray already scatter their flowers side by side over their common dead; it will become so with Majuba Hill and Colenso. There is no oblivion like that which is born of full, bounding life and a common future, whether in men or nations. To all these clashings of kin the English man of that Greatest England which is beginning to be, will look back as the English men of Britain now look back and calmly talk of Naseby and Marston Moor.

If the English peoples are to thus stand together in the future race struggles of the world, how are they to stand together? What is to be the manner of the relationship which they shall bear to each other? Their widely scattered territory, and in minor matters their diversified interests, make it not probable, indeed hardly desirable, that it should ever be as one nation. Britain, America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa — the homes are far apart. The tendency will almost unavoidably be toward yet further divisions on mere state lines. It is not probable that the Parliament of Britain will continue to be the Parliament of the number of separate states which it now represents. Neither could the Congress at Washington take up the burden; nor is it probable that these scattered states would consent. And in the interests of good government neither consummation is to be desired. Yet is it not possible that somewhere the English-speaking peoples of the earth may have a common meeting-place which shall be to them what Delphi was to the Greeks, and whither may gather from time to time a more than Amphiktyonik council of English men? Not a Parliament, or a Congress; for these

are national and local; but a racial regathering of that old English Witenagemote of the days before the separation, when there was as yet only one England, and all English men were still one. It might be in that older home of the kin by the banks of the Isis under the shadows of Oxford; it might be in the newer and mightier England which has grown up oversea; yet wherever this greater folkmoot of the English peoples might be, it would be to them a place where the interests of every English people might be considered, and the life and safety of every community of English men be taken into account.

What questions of common interest could come before such a council of the English-speaking peoples?

The following topics may be suggested. Others would, no doubt, from time to time arise:

1. A postal union making all points under control of any English-speaking people parts of one common system.

2. A common monetary system; also a common system of weights and measures.

3. So far as possible, an assimilation of systems of jurisrudence.

4. Arranging, so far as possible, some common basis for educational work, especially in all matters pertaining to civic life and its duties.

5. Interchangeable citizenship. The term, a common citizenship, would probably more nearly express the idea, a citizenship based upon race lines rather than upon national lines. It would be between all English-speaking peoples such a common citizenship as now exists in the United States as between the separate States. Under it

the Briton coming to the United Sates, with no process of naturalization or of forfeiture of British citizenship as now required, but simply by complying with the local requirements of the State of the Union in which he might choose to reside, would after the lapse of such time as the local law requires, be entitled to exercise all the rights of citizenship including the franchise. The American going to Britain, or to any portion of the British Empire, or to any state of the English-speaking peoples which may hereafter be organized, would, without giving up his American citizenship, simply comply with the local franchise laws of the district in which he might take up his residence, and after the lapse of the customary time, be entitled to exercise all the rights of a citizen of that district or state, resuming his rights as an American citizen upon his return to his own land. Expatriation as between English-speaking peoples would not be a possibility. This plan would simply extend the American interstate system to the various nationalities of the English peoples, broadening out mere national citizenship into a common race citizenship. Probably no other one thing would so bind together the various peoples of the English folk and render family dissensions, and the possibility of kin wars, impossible.

6. A legal right upon the part of every English-speaking man to appeal for protection in any foreign land to the official representative of any one of the English peoples. All English flags to protect and shelter all English men.

7. Adoption of the principle of absolute arbitration in the disputes between English-speaking peoples, with the establishment of a folk court for this purpose.

8. A league of all branches of the English kin, mutually guaranteeing the integrity and the independence of all folk homes of English peoples as against the aggression of all other races; this not necessarily to apply to mere territorial appendages.

9. The adoption, possibly, of some common device as an addition to the various national flags of all English peoples as a badge of kinship.

10. A permanent international commission upon revision and standardization of the common race speech.

11. A day of race thanksgiving and reunion each year; broadening out the American day of national thanksgiving into a common Day of Race Thanksgiving of all the English-speaking peoples.

It may possibly be said, and with a show of reason, that such a leaguing together of English peoples separate and apart from all others is narrow and selfish, that the federation of the world is what men should plan for. Desirable as such a federation, with the abolition of all war, might seem at first sight, men must be taken as they are. What may be possible between kin with the ties of blood, of a common history, of a common destiny, of common interests and aspirations, may not be possible between races that are not kin, that have no ties of blood, of common history, of common interests, and which look forward to no future of a common destiny. Then, too, if the evolution of man is to go on, as it has been going on to our knowledge ever since the beginning of historic record; if the end of this evolution among the races is to be, as it has been heretofore, the survival of the fittest; if the lower types of man, of civilization, are still to disappear before the higher; if this is the law of man's destiny upon

earth, then a federation of the world, and the cessation of race wars, is probably still far off. We have no adequate reason to suppose that the future will be different from the past, while we have the analogy of natural law for the conclusion that it will only be the past over again. The lower does not yield willingly, or without a struggle, before the higher, whether of beast or man. The weaker does not go out of existence with its own consent. The supplanting of a plant, or an animal, or a race of men, by another, even tho a higher, means war, war to the death. We do not make the law; we are subject to it. And we can not escape it. This is the instinct which lies back of the averted faces of the "sullen peoples." This is why they prefer a tyranny of their own to the freedom and security which are to be found under the domination of a higher civilization. They know that it means race death. Possibly they do not reason about it, but know it, nevertheless; know it with the same dumb instinct which turns the wild beast from the trail of man to the coverts of the wilderness.

Can we change this? We could not if we would; for we also, who claim to be the higher, are living our own race lives under the same law, and have to live out our own race destiny to its end. But war does not mean necessarily the killing of men upon the battle-field only. In race contests it does ordinarily mean this until the one or the other is vanquished, and at least gives up the mere military conflict. Until that point is reached, no federation, no international law, will stop contests by arms; for the lower will not abide by law when encroached upon, and the higher will not cease from its destiny; neither will overcrowded peoples respect a boundary-line across

which are unused lands. And this will be resisted by force. But even when this conflict is settled by the submission of the vanquished, then begins a more subtile war, social, industrial, economic. The end is the same—race death to the lower. And the lower, with a keener instinct even than the higher, recognizes the danger from the first. The law does not simply hold good as between savage and civilized man. It holds good as well between the civilized races themselves; for here, too, are inequalities in fitness for the struggle for existence; and here, too, the fittest will survive. But again it means war.

It may be said that between civilized races these things might be arranged peaceably; that race supremacy need not necessarily bring war. When the failing Latin consents to give up race pride and race supremacy in his own home, and unresistingly to submit to race absorption by the land-hungry, rapidly multiplying, overcrowded German, then such things may be. Will he do it? He did not do it in the fifth century. Will he in the twentieth? And if not—what? The answer of the fifth century is upon record. And the Slav and the Mongol? Both want the same thing. Which will give up to the other in peace?

But the federation which is at least not yet possible between other peoples because of race rivalries, race jealousies, and conflicting race ambitions, is a possibility between the English peoples, for with them there are no such barriers of race rivalries, or jealousies, or conflicting ambitions, while there are the all-powerful ties of a common blood, a common speech, a common literature, a race history which goes back to one common source, and

a religious faith which makes of them brothers. With them is possible as between themselves what is probably not possible upon a wider scale between unlike and uncongenial peoples. The English man may, at least, readily have peace within his own family. One fact would seem to be clear, that the time is not far distant when the English-speaking peoples, even apart from ties of sentiment, will be forced, in the great race competitions and rivalries which are now upon the world, to stand together. Self-preservation, even if no other motive influenced them, will demand this. In the great race conflicts which are even now throwing their oncoming shadow over the nations, war between English-speaking peoples would be as treason in the camp in the presence of a common foe. They can not allow of warring among themselves. It would be race suicide. Lesser considerations, lesser interests, must give way to the greater family need. All family differences must be sunk in the common family welfare. They will instinctively find themselves, as the battling sailors, standing shoulder to shoulder as against all others; not necessarily as an aggressive force, but for mutual protection and common security. United they are practically unassailable. There is something in the cool, sheer courage of the English man which is unlike other races. What others do in hot blood, he does in cold blood. If the English race is true to its race destiny, the last drop of blood will have been shed as between English peoples. It should be so between all Teutons.

Is it, after all, only a dream of a dreamer, this federation of all English-speaking peoples? Yet the world once knew such a dream realized. Twenty-five centuries ago

such a dream came to the Grecian peoples, and troubled, imperfect tho it was, yet it made the Greek folk great. Is the half-way realized dream of that old Greek world too hard for the English folk after twenty-five centuries have gone by? I can not think so.

XVII

EARTH HUNGER

THE discovery of America delayed the world problem for three centuries. It gave to Asia, Africa, and the islands of the seas a respite and an extension of time, but it has brought to the settlement of the problem a new power. For three centuries Europe has overflowed into America. Now America joins in the current of overflow for the remainder of the world. Whatever may be the immediate future of the Philippines, the battling in and about Manila is a turning-point not only in American history, but also in the world's history. It signals the stepping out of America into the broader current of the world-life. Before, she was only continental. She can be so no more. There are some pathways which can not be retrod. America could not, if she would, undo the work of Manila and Santiago de Cuba. For a century she slept, and dreamed over Washington's farewell address. She awoke to find that the world was broader than the world Washington knew, and her national life become a greater thing than the framers of the Constitution had conceived of. The nations of the earth accepted the issue of the Spanish war as America's notification of majority. Thenceforth a new man was to be reckoned with in the councils of the nations. Out of it all is the old, old lesson taught anew, that again a land is become too narrow for the race-life of its people.

Three centuries ago the all-absorbing question with

Europe was, Who is to have America? To-day the all-absorbing question of Europe and America is, Who is to have the world? And this question is to be settled by the Aryan peoples as between themselves; for they hold the power, and earth-hunger is a family trait strong in them all. The earth-hunger of races is not simply a blind, unreasoning greed after land, as an avaricious farmer accumulates acre upon acre simply through mere desire of ownership. It has back of it a deep-seated race instinct. And that instinct has to it a formula seldom reasoned out, yet all-powerful as a causative force. The formula is a simple one. It is this:

Land means food:
Food means numbers:
Numbers mean power.

And power is the deepest, most consuming of all the cravings of races and of men, especially of the Aryan man. Enduring empire is always based upon land. Sea power without this can only be evanescent. The landless Phœnician gave back first before the half-way land-based power of the Greek; then at last fell utterly before the landed Latin. The Greek, with his comparatively narrow sea-girt home, and his thin line of trading-posts by the rim of the distant waters, gave way before the Roman, backed by the broad acres of the *Ager Romanus*. It was the wheat-fields of Italy that were the foundation for Rome's early supremacy. When these became exhausted, and she lost control of the grain lands of North Africa, Rome died.

The lack of land, not subject land, alien to the whole type of race constitution, but land wherein the Dutch

man might make the Dutch home and breed Dutch men, was Holland's weakness. It was her insidious weakness that day when Van Tromp in short-sighted boastfulness nailed the broom to his masthead and started in to sweep the British from the seas. Had the homeland been broader, the tale might be longer. It sounds almost like the nursery rime of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham." The Dutch were hard fighters, but there were not enough of them. And the Boer is his sole progeny. America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, lands to which the English man could transport the English home, and wherein the English race may multiply without losing the race characteristics and the race constitution, have been the security of the English man, and have saved him from the fate of the Phœnician, the Greek, the Hollander. The landless nation can only build up and gain power by the sea, for it must build upon trade, and the sea is its highway. But therein is also the danger. Close the sea-way to it, and at one stroke is cut off not only trade, but food; for the food, which for lack of land can not be produced at home, must be imported. The capture of the Athenian fleet at AIgospotami ended at one blow the long Peloponnesian war and the power of Athens. The wail of despair which went up from her streets that doleful night when the message arrived told that even the little thinking Athenian populace realized that with the loss of the sea all was lost. The fate of Carthage, the last and greatest of the centers of Phœnician power, was settled, not by Scipio Africanus at Zama, but dates from her loss of control of the sea. It began that fateful day when the waves cast upon the shores of Latium as flotsam the abandoned Phœnician galley which the Romans took as

a model from which to build a fleet and contest the waterways of the deep. Destroy Britain's sea power, and she is vanquished; for her food supply is at once cut off. It is with good reason that she throws her full strength into her fleet, planning that it shall always exceed in efficiency any possible combination against her; for her fleet is not simply her power; it is national life.

Earth-hunger! When those older Teutons crossed the forbidding passes of the Alps to the fertile valley of the Po, and stood facing the army of Marius, it was land they demanded. When Helvetian Orgetorix would have led his people westward into Gaul, it was land they sought. Driven by the same Earth-hunger the English man, who landed at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, in less than three centuries stands upon the shores of the Pacific with a conquered continent behind him, all his. And the end is not yet, for beyond new seas are yet other lands; and still the hunger is unsatisfied. In Africa this same English man is possessed of a hunger for land which will be appeased with nothing less than an unbroken line from Cairo to the Cape. Earth-hunger—what is it? It is one of those great primary instincts which impel masterful races on to work out their allotted part in the world's evolution. It is akin to that passion for personal gain which in the individual is the spur to the great, beneficent advances in the productive industries, and to the no less beneficent commercial expansions.

Of all races of men Earth-hunger is most characteristic of the Aryan peoples. Other races have been of the world's great conquerors; yet it has been with them more often through sheer lust of dominion over subject peoples rather than because of hungering after land.

But the Aryan cares first of all for the land. Subject peoples are to him rather an encumbrance, something he would rather the land were without. This is especially true of the English man. And it seems to be so with him because of the strong development of the home instinct. He wants his home for himself. That old English law phrase, "Every man's house is his castle," has back of it a trait strongly marked in all the kin. The English man makes of his home what the Roman only made of his *castellum*, a stronghold within which the alien may not come.

Judged by the light of the past, what is to be the future of the Aryan man, who to-day is the world's master? He holds the two shores of the Atlantic by settlement. To him, as against all others, it is a *mare clausum*. The one shore of the Pacific he holds by settlement, and is now rapidly encroaching upon the other. He holds practically the temperate zone of the world both north and south of the equator. He has seized the great islands of the world, and the points of vantage of all the chief geographical divisions of the globe. He is master of the seas. He holds the mines, and he alone of all men seems to have developed the mechanical skill to utilize them. It is the Aryan flood-tide overspreading the world. The problems of the future would seem to lie largely in the interrelationship which the various branches of this one family shall hold to each other; for that the Aryan is to have any real competitor or rival does not now seem probable. The Yellow races, the only others who hold even a semblance of civilization, seem to be hopelessly in their decadence; their civilization, such as it has been, having culminated long before that of the Aryan, having

been of a distinctively lower type, and having in it apparently no possibility of a rejuvenescence. And back of the Yellow man, so far back in the dimness of the past that only traces of the wreckage may be faintly discerned, by the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Nile, is the fading shadow of that still older Negroid civilization, crude, immature, yet apparently exhausting the possibilities of the race in the effort. The flowering of races seems to have been, in order of time, inversely as their ultimate possibilities, the Black first, the Yellow second, and now, last of all, the White.

Earth-hunger!—for this there is no possible Hague Tribunal as a corrective or an antidote. And still, as of old, the formula of the tenure of the lands is summed up in the forceful words of the pithy couplet,

> "Let him take who has the power;
> And let him keep, who can."

And the practical verdict of history in view of the higher needs of man in his evolution upward is, that it is better it should be so. The Aryan has the power; and everywhere, in Asia, in Africa, in America, in the islands of the seas, he is reaching out and taking to himself the ownership of the earth. His trouble will come in the division of the estate.

XVIII

RACES THAT ARE PASSING

A STRANGE misconception seems to exist with regard to what are ordinarily termed the Lower Races, in contradistinction to the ruling races of the world of to-day. They are often spoken of as peoples still in their infancy, who have their race manhood yet before them, races which have not thus far had their opportunity upon the world's stage, and which, slowly maturing, are yet to have their race flowering and fruitage. But do not the facts so far as known, and scientific analogy, rather show them to be races which have already seen their culmination, and are now slowly but surely passing away? Take the scientific analogy as a testing. The whole geological history of the earth shows a world which through steady climatic changes is making possible successively higher types of life. The order of nature seems to have been that the lower types should come first upon the stage, live their lives, develop the fulness of the possibilities within them, and then, having exhausted those possibilities, should disappear before a higher. It was so in the flora of the earlier geological eras, giant ferns and the rank, noxious endogenous swamp plants of the Carboniferous period giving way to the exogens, the pine, the oak, the apple of the present. It has been so in the fauna, the huge reptilian life, unwieldy, uncouth, repulsive, of the earlier Mesozoic eras disappearing before the higher mammalian life of the after-ages. Some of the older

types still linger, as born out of their due time, in the tree ferns and the only just extinct dodo of New Zealand, or the strangely antique animal life of Australia. Does the analogy hold good in the case of the races of men? True, man is apparently less ancient upon the earth than the reptile or the fern, and has not, so far as traceable, been called upon to endure the trying vicissitudes of such climatic changes as marked the transition from the Carboniferous down to the later Quaternary age, yet within the time of the clearly traceable life of man upon earth there have been climatic changes, well-marked, positive in character, and such as must inevitably have left their impress upon his physical and mental conformation, and have materially helped to shape his race history. Add to these the climatic changes which man himself is working upon the face of the earth, and the tendency is all the while toward the possibility of a higher type of man, and away from the lower.

The geologic and climatic changes preceding the life of man upon earth were marked and radical, and resulted in marked and radical changes of species in both fauna and flora. The geologic and climatic changes of the centuries since the advent of man have apparently been less marked, less radical, yet there have been changes of elevation and depression, of heat and cold, of drought and moisture, changes more subtile, less noticeable it may be, yet constantly going on. The earth is becoming subdued, tamed, and the conditions of life have been steadily ameliorating, rendering possible age by age an ever higher type of human life and civilization. Shall the geologic and climatic analogy of fauna and flora no longer hold good? the law be broken? Shall man prove to be a sole

exception to the normal working of cause and effect, and show no resultant change? Or shall he also steadily progress from the lower order to the higher, the more capable, the more cultured, in accordance with the general law?

In view of the broad and unvarying character of the working of nature's laws, the answer could scarcely, from a scientific point of view, be involved in doubt. And all the long history of man upon the earth is only one continued affirmation of the law in its human bearings. Every land is filled with the nameless graves of races which have died out, from the Mound Builders of the Mississippi Valley to the Hittites of upper Syria, or the Negroid of the lower Euphratean plain—disappeared from the earth; supplanted by some other and more efficient race type. The earth is only one vast grave of dead and buried races—even the tombs forgotten until the spade of the antiquary chances upon them. It is sometimes said that these failing races did not have the same chance as the Aryan. In one sense this is true; for races seem to differ in original capacity for development. The Bushman of Australia apparently exhausted his capacity in the evolution of the boomerang; the Indian of the Orinoco, in his blow-pipe and poisoned arrow. But original capacity is gift, not evolution. It takes hold upon some deeper law of being. There are tongues, there are races, there are civilizations, which seem to lack the power of more than a limited growth. They quickly reach a maturity of a low type; then seem to have in them no further possibility of development. But in another sense they have had the same chance as the Aryan. They, too, have had earth, and sea, and sky. But while

the Aryan out of these same material surroundings has evolved a civilization of the higher type, they only evolved the lower type. And the Aryan did not borrow; he evolved. The question naturally arises, Why did they not do the same? We can only drop back upon the one explanation—lack of original capacity.

But, the question is sometimes asked, may not all this be now changed? May not the races of the lower type of development now borrow a civilization of a higher type from the Aryan, and so rise to his level? But here again we find ourselves face to face with what seems to be another great basic law. Every racial division of mankind seems to have a type of civilization which, and which only, is normal to that especial race. All other types seem to be abnormal and alien to it. Its own type is normal because it is in harmony with the individual race type of mind, and has been evolved by it. A borrowed civilization ignores and violates this law, for the types are dissimilar. It is not a difference of degree, but an unlikeness of type. This fact explains why borrowed civilizations have always proven to be failures when taken from radically unlike peoples. And persistence in the attempt means race death. The Hawaiian Islander, the American Indian, the Maori of New Zealand, are cases to the point. Nor does the borrowed civilization ever seem to become more than a mere veneering over the ingrained native fiber, ready to peel and strip off with time or stress. But again it is urged, They have thus failed in the borrowing because they have received only the vices of the White man's civilization. But then in reply comes again the inquiry, Why have they thus received only the vices? Why did they not instead receive

the virtues? They had the choosing. And again the explanation can only be given, Some racial and radical defect which has led them to the lower, the grosser, rather than to the higher and more ethical. It is the same defect which in the individual leads the one young man to choose the saloon and the gambling-den, the other to choose the church and the college. It is not chance. There is more than chance here. There is law. What is the law? *It is the law of the Degenerate.*

Race civilizations have sometimes been cut short by violence. Such was the case with the incipient civilization of the Confederated Five Nations of Central New York, and with the Aztec and Peruvian civilizations of the uplands of the Farther South. Sometimes they expire of old age. So died the Mohammedan civilization of the later Semite, and those older civilizations of the Nile and of the Tigro-Euphratean plains. True, there is generally some other hand in at the death; yet even cursory examination will ordinarily show a race evolution already having passed its climax, and a race civilization already in the throes of death. The fact that a race stock in such cases makes no attempt to revive its decadent civilization, or to develop a new, shows the lethargy of exhaustion already upon it.

There are civilizations and races which are dying out from the face of the earth to-day, which have lost their aggressive force, which can no longer compete with the higher types, and which, like the native grasses and plants of many new lands, disappear before the higher, more vigorous types which come as intruders. Age is upon them. A mortal blight has settled down; and they are following in the pathway of Egypt, of Babylonia, of Phœ-

nicia, and of that old Hittite, even as these followed in the way of giant fern and the aurochs, or the cave bear. Yet not always, or even generally, is this without struggle and fierce protest; for neither plant nor animal nor man gives up habitat and life willingly. It is with struggle and battling. Yet they disappear. And the battle no man can stay. It is the inevitable, the ruthless working out of fixed and unchanging law to its foreordained end —the survival of the fittest. And the end of the law is, The evolution of the higher. Sentiment may weep over this dying out of the less capable; and the type itself may protest with the pathos of the dying; but the fact of the passing remains. It is the law of the cave bear, of the dodo, of the sequoia, of the bison. We have no reason to suppose that it is not the law of man also.

Do races grow old more quickly through too long sojourn in one locality? And is race life revitalized and prolonged by periodic removals to new surroundings? It seems to be so with families of plants in the vegetable world. The farmer has learned the importance of importing periodically fresh seed wheat from some other locality, while his own wheat may in turn furnish the new seed required for change elsewhere. Then, also, lives of men and of races lived too long in the one locality are apt to become self-centered; and the life that is self-centered grows old rapidly. Is this prolonged sojourn in the same climatic home one of the causes of Chinese decay? And so of the Græco-Latin? Do climate and environments wear out upon a race? They seem to upon the individual; and races are only aggregations of individuals. Does the renewed youth of the English man spring from his continual change? Is it the spur and stimulus of new

environments that keep him alert, active, young? Is it Britain's expansion that has given to her the added years? It is the Aryan men who have been content to abide, that have grown old.

I. The Negroid

Lowest among the varied types of man are the so-called Negroid races. Men sometimes speak of the Black races of the earth as races yet in their infancy with their race flowering still before them. But history shows instead, that they are, on the contrary, races that are retreating and retrograding. They once occupied a much wider territory and wielded a vastly greater influence upon earth than they do now. They are now found chiefly in Africa; yet traces of them are to be found through the islands of Malaysia, remnants no doubt of that more numerous black population which seems to have occupied tropical Asia before the days of the Semite and the Mongol and the Brahmanic Aryan. Back in the centuries which are scarcely historic, where history gives indeed only vague hintings, are traces of a wide-spread primitive civilization, crude, imperfect, garish, barbaric, yet ruling the world of that age from its seats of power in the valleys of the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Nile; and it was of the Black Races. The first Babylon seems to have been built by a Negroid race. The earliest Egyptian civilization seems to have been Negroid. It was in the days before the Semite was known in either land. The Black seems to have built up empire, such as it was, by the waters of the Ganges before Mongol or Aryan. There are evidences of such primitive empire

upon the highlands of Africa, and of a type far in advance of anything the present can show in that land. Yet all these have passed away; and now for ages not even the faintest sign of a renaissance has ever come to the race. On the contrary, the history is one of an ever-progressing decadence. The Black man does not even live in the past; for he has forgotten that he ever had a past. To him it is a blank, except as he learns of it through others. And the possibilities of that past seem for him to be utterly and hopelessly buried. The ages come and go, but they bring to him no second attempt at a race flowering. Even the germ seems to be lifeless beyond recall. Instead, is the unbroken darkness of a rayless barbarism. The man lives on; the race is dead. This man who was master is become the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for others. It is a picture of a race in which not only the hope, but even the desire for better things seems to have died out; and as Issacher, content with his lot, he unmurmuringly "bows his shoulders to the burden, and becomes a servant unto tribute."

If, as is sometimes claimed, the Black man is the equal in possibilities of the White man, why during all these ages since that first crude attempt, has he shown no ability or desire to evolve a higher civilization of his own, or even the capacity to keep up that crude civilization which he began? In Africa, at least, he has had the chance with no opposition. For ages and ages he held that land to himself alone; no other race to interfere or question, to help or to mar. The result has been only the most hideous and cruel types of barbarism. Yet in that same time the White man has gone onward and upward in the scale of race evolution. It shows a race dif-

ference that is radical. It shows that with the same opportunity, the Black man has some fatal defect in his mental make-up which has kept him as he is. We are dealing with facts and a condition; not with a theory.

There is a partial light thrown upon these facts by climatic law. The higher type of civilization has a climatic belt which is peculiar to, and essential for, its evolution. It is the temperate zone. This belt has been the seat of all the great enduring civilizations of the world. It is the race habitat of the Aryan, the Semite, and the Mongol. In its most characteristic portion, the mid-temperate region, it is the especial habitat, and has become largely the possession, of the Aryan peoples. This climatic belt is not the normal habitat of the Black man. In it he is an alien and an exotic, dwelling under conditions which are more or less foreign and unfavorable to his bodily constitution. Whenever he has taken up his abode within it as a free man, it has been in the steaming, marshy regions most like to the tropics in type, as in the hot deltas of Mesopotamia and the Nile. But his normal habitat, his true race home, the one in which he best develops his race type, is in the tropics. Toward the heat and the moisture of these regions he naturally drifts back when free to go at will, and when circumstances do not prevent. It may all be briefly summed up in a few words—The normal habitat of the higher type of civilization is not the normal habitat of the Black man; and neither can flourish, or permanently endure, in the normal habitat of the other.

The civilizations of antiquity passed on to the hands of a higher type of man, and the Negroid lingers as the tree fern of New Zealand, or the marsupials of Australia,

a relic of an era which can not return. It is a race life lived to its culmination apparently ages ago, and now slowly disappearing from the earth.

What was the work which fell to the Negroid in the primitive days of the world? Apparently to subdue the land and prepare the way for a higher type. He was to humanity the " *Vox clamantis in deserto*, Prepare ye the way of the earth's lord, and make his paths straight!" To the Aryan, to the Mongol even, life in the as yet unsubdued fens and morasses of the great river valleys of Asia and the Mediterranean littoral was probably an impossibility. They yet battled with nature for a subsistence in the higher, drier, but less fertile uplands of the heart of the continents. But to the full development of a civilization the fertile lands and the assured water supply of the low, warm river valleys, and their outlet to the highways of the sea, were necessary; and when the valleys were subdued, and "the ways made straight" for the earth's master that was to be, the Negroid, his work accomplished, retired before the inroads of the higher type. It does not seem a high purpose for a race, only a humble work, and the world has almost forgotten; only the "one talent from the Master," yet it was *not* hid in a napkin. Away down in the mud and the slime of the beginnings, as the timbered piles in the ooze of the Adriatic far beneath the great domes of St. Mark's, is the Negroid contribution to the fair superstructure of modern civilization. Has he then no claim to a shelter under its roof?

And his future? —

Apparently to repeat the past by preceding the higher type in the still unsubdued tropical lands as the advanced guard, the forerunner, the preparer of the way, until in

the slow cooling of the earth's surface which is ever going on, the tropic becomes temperate, and to a partially subdued land the higher may come. And still only the "one talent," for the trust was given by the master "according to the several ability"; but the world may never forget that the reward was according to the faithfulness in the trust.

What is to be the ultimate fate of the Negroid?

There is a plaintive prophecy of the answer in the words of that other forerunner on that summer day ages ago by the waters of Ænon, as looking upon the face of the coming king, he humbly said, "He must increase; but I—I must decrease." The completion of the answer is probably to be found in the fate which befell the Negroid in the valleys of the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile, where he did his work, lived out his life, and—died. The parallel is to be seen in the Carib of the West Indies, the Mound Builder and then the Red man of North America, the Maori of New Zealand, the Bushman of Australia, the Aino of Japan, and the Negrito of the Philippines. The analog to all is to be found in the fossil records of the earlier geological eras where it was ever the weaker, the lower, that died; the fittest that survived. And it is law, fixed, inexorable law. And again, man did not make the law, neither can he abrogate or change it. And it must work on inexorably to the end.

II. The Red Man

The problem of the Red man is America's problem. It has been upon her from the day when the first colonists of the Virginia Company made settlement for

homes for the White man at Jamestown. It confronted the Pilgrims when they landed at Plymouth thirteen years later. It faced Penn that day when under the spreading elm-tree he made the treaty with the Delawares which remained inviolate for sixty years. It was the all-absorbing question, greater even than the question of the Latin, which rose up as a cloud of uncertainty before the long north and south line of the pioneers of the West when they first looked down from the crests of the Appalachians upon the unbroken forests which were the roaming-ground of the Indian in the Mississippi Valley. Various attempts have been made to give answer to the problem at sundry times and in divers manners by men of various creeds and tenets of belief, and by others of no creed or belief. The Puritan tried it, and failed. The Dutchman of Manhattan tried it, and failed. Penn tried it and only succeeded in postponing for a little space the day of failure. In a later day the politicians have tried it, and failed. The philanthropist has tried it, and failed. The church has tried it, and failed. For still the Indian fades away. The essay of the Puritan was quick and to the point. The seven hundred Red men, women, and children who passed on in a holocaust of blood and flame to the Happy Hunting-Grounds that summer night from the Pequot village on Mystic Hill, left testimony in their death that the Puritan solution of the problem had at least the merit of positiveness. The way of Quaker Penn proved in the end to be just as deadly, only the poor Indian did not die with such unseemly haste. The pioneer of the Mississippi Valley went back to the Puritan way—and he remains; and the Indian is gone. The authority of the government has been invoked in treaty

after treaty, but the result has been the same, for still the Indian retreats and disappears before the steadily advancing wave of White population; the graves of his dead are lost in the furrow of the plowshare; and the broad lands that once knew him as master know him no more. It is a grim record. Our way as a nation in it all has been spoken of as "A Century of Dishonor." The term is possibly a misnomer. It might better be called, Three centuries of an attempt to solve the unsolvable. Failure does not necessarily mean that somebody is at fault, or blameworthy. It may mean simply the coming to pass of the inevitable. The problem of the Red man is only a repetition of the problem which has been upon the world since time began—the attempt to reconcile and harmonize two radically unlike and irreconcilable types of race life; and no man has ever yet, in all the ages of battling and bloodshed, been able to find a peaceful solution.

There has been no lack of humanitarian theories and plans as to how it all might be different. Fair pictures have been painted of the Indian as incorporated into the race life of the Aryan, and becoming an integral part of the civilization which the Aryan blood has built up. Such humanitarian views are based upon a misconception. They fail to take into account the radical differences in races. They reason from the assumption that what the White man does the Red man would do if he had a chance. But this is just what he will not do. The reasoning is, That if the Red man can only have a piece of land to himself he will settle down and make a fixed home, and become an agriculturist. Yet he did not do it when the whole land was his. But, men have said, this

was because of the tribal relationship—that is, that the Red men as a whole kept themselves from doing what each one wished to do individually. The fallacy is too apparent to need contradiction. He did not do it when the whole land was his; he has never since been willing to do it; and he is not willing to do it now. He is a man of the chase. He demands the Wild; and civilization can no longer allow the wild; can no longer allow, because it can no longer afford the wild. There are too many mouths to be fed; and the wild must be used to better purpose than as a ranging-ground for the deer or a wooded covert for the bear. The Indian is by nature of the wild, as the wolf is of the wild. As well say that all the wolf needs to make him domestic in habit is to build him a kennel by the house side. His kennel is the lair in the depths of the dark forest; and he wants no other, and will have no other. God made him that way.

But how about the common origin of all mankind? Were not Red man and White once one? Maybe; and may be it was once so with the wolf and the dog; but some wolves have evoluted one way, and some another. And some have devoluted. There is evidence which might seem to show that the Red man of the wigwam was once the prehistoric Mound Builder. But he was building bark huts when the White man and history found him. His day of civilization, whatever it may have been, had reached the sunset, and early; for the day had apparently been short, and the sun even at noonday low in the horizon, like those far northern days of the arctics. Then came the night. Whatever is done for the Indian must be done with full allowance for the limitations of the possibilities within him, or only harm can result.

The Indian of New England and the Middle States has become the American Gipsy in the midst of a civilization to which he can not enter in. He is the seller of beads, of bows and arrows, of moccasins, the strolling wanderer of the wayside. He is the helpless onlooker of a civilization which to him is an impossibility. He simply can not. For three centuries he has tried; but he can not. With him, too, it is "Non possumus." Not the Non possumus which is only a thinly veiled subterfuge for Non volumus, but the piteous Non possumus of the child of years. There is a pathos which is not born of mere wilfulness in that bewildered cry. It is the cry of the incapables—piteous because incapable. It is as the piteous cry of a child out alone in the dark.

Our English civilization in the fixed rigidity of its remorseless sweep seems as yet to have found no place for the weakling and the incapable. Its race ultimatum has been, Succeed—or die. And they die. This has not necessarily been mere heartlessness. Rather, a lack of flexibility. Masterful races have always lacked flexibility. Possibly this is why they have proven masterful. The Carthaginian had flexibility; and failed. The Roman lacked it; and succeeded. His race life was as fixed and unswerving as his military roads. There was a Via Romana for the race civilization as well as for the legions. Shall English civilization, therefore, turn from the piteous cry of the incapables, or from that mute despair which has no cry, and go its own self-centered way to the end, with no care, and no helping hand? Rome did this; and the Goth, and brutalized Rome herself, were the Nemesis. For there is a Nemesis for man and race alike. The race of men is never long allowed to forget that the de-

cree was, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord"; and whether his instrument be the Goth, or the race itself, brutalized by its own selfishness, the end is the same. No race, however powerful, can afford for its own sake to forget. Nor can it afford to quench within its own race life the kindly sympathy which makes in a higher sense all men kin. It was a long road from the kindly older Rome mirrored by Ennius in the couplet

> "He who to the wanderer kindly points the way
> Does as the one who gives of his own fire—,"

a long, selfish road to the Rome of the arena and the down-turned thumbs; but Rome traveled it; and as she had learned to show no mercy, so she lived to receive no mercy.

But what to do with the Red man? If whisky could be kept from him, and he made the roaming cattle man, the seminomad of the Great Plains, there might be a place and a possibility for him. A paternal government might do this; but we deny ourselves the right to be a paternal government. The undigested crudity of that preamble to the Declaration of Independence is still too strong in our veins. It was because Spain was after a fashion a paternal government, that she, in some respects at least, managed the Red man better. The fatal weakness of democracy in its dealings with such peoples is, that it attempts to give them equality, when it is the inequality of paternalism that they need, and must have if they are not speedily to die out. Equality is to them death, and not life; for it means in this case liberty; and to them liberty means lawlessness. The self-restrained liberty of the English man they can not understand. Liberty as

he understands and uses it, is to them the incomprehensible—that one should give up the right to personally avenge his own wrong—that the rights of the individual should be subordinated to the public good—that each man should not be able in all things to do just as he pleases. These restrictions are contrary to the whole spirit of the Red man's race life; yet they are the very groundwork of the English man's civilization. And then the capacity to become the earth's master, not simply its drifting waif—it is not in the blood. The hopeless feature of it all is that the Red man, like the Negroid, has had his growth. Yet he is not adult as the Aryan is adult; but, like the Negroid in this also, he is still only the child of years.

But the years are the years of a man.

III. The Yellow Races

In the valleys of the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile, the Negroid gave way before a higher and more aggressive type than his own. The Yellow man came, and came as master. On the carved monuments of early Egypt the Yellow man rides in the chariot to which the Black man is lashed as servitor. And the centuries have never reversed it. Still he is the servant; only now he is become the servant of servants. But the Yellow man himself—how has he stood the testing and the stress of race competition? There are fairly trustworthy evidences that once he dwelt in Europe as possessor. He is there no longer. He is gone from the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates. He has died out, or been dispossessed of Hither Asia. The evidence goes to prove that for ages he has been steadily retreating eastward before the spread

of the White man. True, there have been seasons of reversal of the current, as in the great Mongol outbursts of the fifth and the thirteenth centuries; but these were only temporary; and now the White man in turn has rolled back the tide and is overflowing into Asia. With all his vast numbers, it is as a retreating, and not as an aggressive race that the Yellow man has his place in the world to-day. His former broad homeland has shrunk until now it is practically restricted to the Pacific sea-plain of Farther Asia, and the adjacent islands.

Probably the best representative of the Yellow man to-day is to be found in the Chinese race. In Europe he died out before the White man. In Eastern Asia, walled off and protected by the great desert uplands of the mid-continent, he has lived his race life until now. Yet it is a race living in the past. China among the nations is the one with eyes ever bent backward. In this respect the Yellow man is unlike the Black, for he has not forgotten. To him there is a past. Yet it is always the past. And to him no aspiration for anything different seems ever to come. To the Yellow man that past is the acme, the culmination of all desirable things; and as he stands in rapt contemplation of its superior excellence the world has moved on and left him. It is a civilization which apparently reached high tide ages ago, and then stood still. Born away back in the beginning, it looks to the past for the sum of all excellence. The "Superior Man" is in the past, not in the future. It admits of no growth. To the Chinese mind the new is wrong because it is new; the old is right because it is old. It is a type fixed and unchanging. And the type was never high. Confucianism, which for ages has been the schoolmaster of the

Chinese mind, is the apotheosis of the commonplace, "Full of wise saws, and *ancient* instances." It answers to that *bon mot* of Talleyrand upon the Bourbons, for it too "has forgotten nothing and learned nothing." Under its teachings, ideals, enthusiasm, youthful energy, and aspiration long ago died out, and the Chinese mind became reduced to a dead level of mediocrity. As the fathers did, is the one standard of excellence by which all things must be measured, to abide or to fall. Confucianism and ancestor-worship have been to the Chinese mind what the swathing-bands have been to the Chinese foot, until cramped, strangled, dwarfed, it has given up the attempt to grow, and rests content with, even proud of, its deformity. Youth has died out, and generous impulse, and desire for anything different. Where is the Dorian for that great, decadent, immobile mass south of the Yang Tse? The Tatar tried, and failed. It closed over him, and remained unchanged. Self-centered, helpless in the presence of the stir of modern life, China is to-day the old man of the nations, sitting palsied in his chair and mumbling of the days which are no more.

China is only the most marked, the best known type of the race. The Yellow man, judging by the signs which hold good in other races, and which have stood the test of the centuries, is following in the footsteps of the Negroid, and passing from the stage of the world powers. The native art of the race is in its decadence. Its literature lives in the past. Initiative is gone. He can no longer bring things to pass. He is no longer a pioneer, but, as the Negroid, follows where other races have opened the way. Race cohesion is broken up. Patriotism is dead. The coolie is willing burden-bearer for hire to

the army of his invader. Ichabod is written across the face of his whole race life as in letters of doom. The one apparent exception is Japan. So notable is the exception that even with no other evidence one might wonder whether the Japanese had not in him other blood than that of the Mongol across the water; for the Japanese is not Mongol as the China man is Mongol. Take away the veneer of Chinese letters which Japan received in the early days, and Japanese and China man are as far apart as Latin and Slav. Even the spoken languages are of different and unlike types, the one monosyllabic and uninflected, the other polysyllabic and inflected. In temperament the two peoples are unlike. The volatile, somewhat fickle Japanese is as dissimilar to the patient, plodding, placid China man as the mercurial Frenchman is to the stolid Hollander. And it is not in the training alone; it is in the blood. In fact, the training has been rather in the direction of assimilation.

Yet that there is Mongol blood, and much of it, in the Japanese race is evident upon even the most cursory examination; and to what extent they may be able to separate themselves from the future of the Mongol peoples remains still to be seen. For it is to be remembered that the civilization which Japan is now assaying to put on is not that normal to the Yellow races, but an alien and borrowed civilization. Japan had a civilization which was not alien, but which was so far as we know indigenous to her land and normal in type to the Yellow peoples, but the type of it was as unlike that of the Aryan peoples as can well be conceived. Borrowing civilizations of alien and unlike type has not thus far in the world's history proven to be a success. The Black man has for ages

been in close touch with the Yellow and White peoples, yet he is Black in race instincts still, and the few attempts at acquiring a civilization from others have resulted in only a thin veneer in no wise changing the native race fiber, and quickly peeling off when he has been left to himself. The Red man has now for four centuries been under the direct pupilage of the White. His borrowed civilization also has proven to be a failure. It is sometimes said in reply, that they have not had a fair chance; that they have only received the worst part of the White man's civilization. But why is it that they have thus only received the worst part? Why did they not take the better part? It was before them to choose from. The explanation takes us directly back to some race defect, some inherent incapacity for the higher things as the cause.

The White man upon the contrary has shown inherent capacity for the higher things, and no one has helped him. If Japan's attempt to adopt and have her people conform to and assimilate a borrowed civilization of unlike type should prove to be a success, it will be the first exception to a race law which has seemed to be general in its scope and workings. And it is to be borne in mind that borrowing a civilization means something more than borrowing its arms and methods of warfare. The Red man borrowed, and very efficiently, the White man's rifle, and made, not infrequently, successful warfare against the White man himself through its use; yet he could not so borrow the White man's civilization. This to him has ever remained alien in type, and where assayed has proven more deadly than all the White man's armament.

The Japanese bears bodily and mental impress of admixture of the Mongol with other yet kindred blood, probably the fresher Malay. His sea instinct is all Malay; for the true Mongol, like the Slav, is a man continental, not maritime. To say the least, the migration from the Mongol homeland across the water to the new island home and to new environments, as with the English man's migration oversea to the new surroundings in America, has tended to renew youth. Certainly Japan seems to give evidence of being, in some respects at least, the youngest of the Yellow peoples. But it remains yet to be seen how far the rejuvenescence of Japan is to be complete and abiding. The Japanese rulers have been heard from; Japan has not yet spoken. And which youth is it? the first or the second? For there is a second childhood for races as for men, which comes as the Indian summer when the sap again stirs and the blood warms, but it is only the hectic flush of the expiring year, for after is the quick-falling chill, and the winter. Second childhood does not mean the return of a second manhood. It is only the presage of a still older age—and death.

There seems to be a striking analogy between the life of the individual and the aggregated life of the race. The life of the race is as the life of a man. To each there is a youth, a manhood, and an old age; and with neither can the past be lived over again except in memory. Yet the individual life may, and ordinarily does, survive the race life; but not for long, as measured by the cycles of the centuries, for somehow the individual life seems to be so bound up with, and dependent for its stimulus upon, the momentum of the greater life of the

race that, deprived of the spur of this, as the homeless bee, the hive destroyed, it keeps up an unequal and ever-failing struggle for existence. Sometimes race decay and death seem to be coincident with the failure of natural resources. Rome's decadence followed close upon the exhaustion of the Roman wheat-fields. In her case, however, this was not all; there were other causes at work besides. But exhaustion of natural resources was manifestly not the cause of race decay in Egypt. The Nile of Rameses II. is the Nile of to-day; but the Egyptian whose armies swept over the lands from Ethiopia to the Euphrates died out ages ago. Neither has it been so with China. The great alluvial plains of the Yang-Tse and the Hoang-Ho are as marvelously fertile now as they were two thousand years ago, constantly renewed as they are by the alluvial washings of the vast Asiatic uplands, yet the Chinese race is old, broken, and helpless. The individual man is apparently as strong as before, as tenacious of life, but the race momentum is gone, the life lived out. The Chinaman lives on; China is dying.

Can the Yellow man hope to escape the fate of the Negroid? With the apparent exception of Japan he has as yet shown little desire to escape it; and does not even appear to trouble himself over the question. Is it the indifference of old age? for in the old the desire for the battling dies out, and repose is sweet, even tho it be the prelude to death. Lean and slippered age may be querulous, but is apt to be content. Analogy with the past would seem to show that the Negroid has trodden a pathway in which the Yellow man is to follow. While the civilization of the Yellow races has been of a higher, more persistent type than that of the Negroid, it is not that of

the White races; and it has ceased to be aggressive, or even self-assertive upon its own plane. Capacity for further development seems long since to have been exhausted. It is as a crystal which has hardened with imperfect angles and facets. Judging from its history, such as it is it must remain until the end shall come. It may be broken, not changed.

The whole history of the human race shows that the evolution of man from the lower to the higher types has been, not along converging, but by diverging lines. The process has been one of segregation rather than of aggregation, the less fitted dropping aside to be left behind and after a while to disappear. However men may at times theorize to the contrary, facts are not matters of theory; and the law, based upon a deep-seated and inborn race instinct which is higher than reason even, goes on working to its destined end upon earth. This process of race evolution is clear and unmistakable within the ranks of each individual race. The defective, the degenerate, the less trustworthy and progressive drop aside and die out. An ostracism which may be wholly unintentional, but which nevertheless is existent and ever active, bars them off from marriage with the better, the more hopeful elements of the race; and so the race by a process of self-purification and natural selection tends continually to rise higher, and to develop the best there is in it. And this process of evolution from lower to higher, which is thus active within the lines of each race as an individual, is equally present and active as between races considered as separate units.

Indeed, all history goes to show that of all acting forces it is the most efficient in the final uplift-

ing of man to his best estate. Races which prove to be defective, or which in the course of time become degenerate or unprogressive, undergo a race ostracism which is as well marked as in the case of the individual man. The social ban is placed upon them among races, and the more progressive, the more hopeful, draw back from intermarriage; and if the individual breaks over this race bar by a mesalliance with the inferior, it is to become a social pariah among his own. The law is not cruelty. It is not wrong. It holds within itself the hope of humanity; for so humanity climbs higher by freeing itself from that which would hold it back or drag it down. And we can see no reason why the law which has ruled in the upbuilding of man since the beginning is now to be reversed. That man whose idea of the brotherhood of all men carries with it as a practical corollary the miscegenation of unlike bloods is no wise friend of humanity. He may be, and no doubt often is, honest, but he certainly is no clear-visioned student of the history of man's race evolution upon earth. And he is battling against a law which is broader even than man; which takes within its beneficent scope the whole realm of animal creation. Even the stock-breeder knows better than to cross his blooded horses or cattle with the wild herd of the plains. Nature, wiser, however, than man's short-sighted philanthropy, has placed a bar to the miscegenation of radically unlike races in the well-known infertility of the mongrel, and his diminished resisting power to disease.

Under the combined working of all these influences the Negroid has disappeared from Asia; the Yellow man from Europe; the Red man practically from North America; and the Brown man from Australia; and he is

rapidly disappearing from the islands of the seas. Even the attempts to stay the law only seem to hasten its working to the inevitable and inexorable end.

Yet it is to be remembered that a dying race is not a dead race. Much may still be possible to it; only, it is dead as a creative force of new things. It originates no new civilization to take the place of that which is expiring. It has had its day. Its record is made. For there comes a time to a race, as to a man, when the record is finished, and the page turned over. It may attempt to borrow a civilization, but the borrowed attire is a misfit, and, as essentially alien to the genius of the race, can not be enduring. To adopt a borrowed civilization is not growth; it is not returning youth; it is as the wig of the old man, and hardly deceives. The race which must abandon its own indigenous and self-evolved civilization to keep up with the march of the world, will not keep up. The borrowed arms of the White man helped the Indian to prolong the struggle for race life; but this did not change the inevitable and foredoomed result. It was race death just the same. The race spirit may flame up again for a time as with the fires of youth; but not to abide; for youth with the vigor of its fire is gone. An old race is an old man; and youth comes not back.

Yet no one can deny to the Yellow men of the north temperate climatic belt the quality of being hard fighters. The history of their warfares from Attila in the fifth century to the man of Japan shows this. But hard fighting alone does not settle the destiny of races. The Celt also is a hard fighter; yet this has not held for him a continuing place among the world powers; neither has it assured him perpetuity of race life. There are

manifestly other elements which enter as determining factors into the problem. Nor does one battle, or one war, or one century settle the question. It takes the perspective of the ages to show whether the race is going up or down; in its upbuilding or its decadence. As in gaging the uplift of a continent the rise and fall of the single range of hills and its valley beyond will not show the trend of the continental slope, but a series of these must be taken, each succeeding range rising a little higher, each succeeding valley not sinking so low, and the reverse as we go down from the central divide to the other sea; even so is it with races. Success or failure in one war indicates little; it takes the succession of wars and their after-results to show whether the race is upbuilding or crumbling, advancing or retreating. And then the war of arms is not the truest nor the ultimate test. Victory upon the battle-field settles little. The Goth and the Norman gained this; and were swallowed up in their victory. There is a more insidious, and a far more decisive warfare going on silently through all the avenues of race strife. Its instruments are not the army corps or the battle-ship. The university is its fortress; the factory and the farm its recruiting-stations; the counting-house its headquarters. And in, and through all, is that strange, intangible thing we call race life, full, abounding, unconquerable race life.

Nor is a sudden display of vigor by some newly developing branch of the broader race stock necessarily any true index of the race trend. A slowly dying tree will often send out a vigorous shoot of new wood; full of sap and vitality apparently; and, indeed, for a time in reality of unwonted vigor. Yet a little while and its life is seen

rt of the decadent life of the dying tree; rt-lived; and premature decay is its inevi-

history show of the race life of the Yellow ce they held Western Europe and the Atlantic. The Aryan dispossessed them. ard, they returned in the fifth century in a of invasion which swept Mid-Europe as a was only checked at the field of Châlons in rance, where all Rome, and all Southwestern ited to repel the onset. Attila and his Huns first great historic dying struggle of the Yellow ut it was not yet death; for an after-wave of this ronological backward flow left a colony of its which, as the Hungarian peoples, abides in Mid- to this day. The next great attempt to regain ld lands came in the thirteenth century. But this he walls of Moscow marked the high tide of inva- and only the Slav, and not combined Europe, was ed to check the advance. Yet for two centuries the ow men held a large portion of the Slav land as trib- y territory; then the Slav, unaided, forced them back; d this time they left no colony behind them. And w the third great historic clash has come; but this time is upon the shores of the Pacific, and not in European nds; for now the Yellow man is at last battling to save is own homeland, and from the Aryan. It is no longer n aggressive, but a defensive fight. And he has made a rave fight; but what is the result? After the bloodiest ar of modern times he has succeeded in forcing the ck some two hundred miles from the shores of the —and all Asia still behind him. And it has all to

be fought over again in another generation; for the Slav is now migrating eastward; and the blood of this war has taught the Slav what the first Punic war taught the Roman; and he will not forget.

Since the foregoing chapter was written the eventful changes of the Russo-Japanese war have come to pass; yet with it all there would seem to be no reason to modify the conclusions with regard to the future of the two races which have already been expressed. These conclusions are based, not upon the drifting and shifting events of the years, but upon the broader and more far-reaching laws of the ages. The Russian still has his broad continental home; and the Japanese still is a man of the narrow island race dwelling; and the continents, and not the islands, are to settle the future of the races. Land is the ultimate deciding factor in race contests. Nor does the display of unexpected vigor and capacity in the man of Japan prove continued lease of life and power to the Mongol. No more surprising, indeed vastly less surprising, is this sudden outburst of the Mongol of Japan than was that sudden outburst of decadent Semitism in the seventh and eighth centuries, when the Arab overran all West Asia, North Africa, and made incursion far into the interior of Southern Europe. Yet that was apparently the dying spasm of the Semitic race, exhausting the last spark of vitality—and then the Aryan went on as before. And the Arab with this outburst borrowed a new civilization, and for a while seemed to flourish under its stimulating influence. Bagdad, Alexandria, Cordova, became the centers of a wonderful mental life of the newer type. But the Western civilization died out in

the alien soil of the Oriental peoples, and to-day the Arab is—the Arab, the Ishmaelite of old, with his horses, his camels, and his wandering tent life as before; and civilization and power are in other race hands. The doom of the Semite had only been delayed, not averted. The centuries since have seen no more Carthages, or Tyres, or Babylons; and the Bagdad of Haroun al Raschid is only a squalid cluster of mud huts. The Semite, successful in war, failed in peace; for it is to be borne in mind that the war of arms is not the supreme test of a race capacity for the tenure of continued power, neither is victory upon the battle-field a guaranty of long lease of race life.

There are, however, some significant and far-reaching lessons to be learned from the war. The discomfiture of Russia by Japan is not to be taken as a race defeat of the Slav so much as the breakdown of the mongrel, non-Slavic, Mongol-Germanic officialdom of the Russian government. It is a case rather of official incompetency added to intemperance and inertness. The officers of Japan thought; the officers of the Russian army apparently did not. And the Japanese military did its thinking before the conflict was on; while the Russians seem to have waited to attempt theirs after the conflict began. The world has learned anew that old lesson that the time to prepare for war is, not after the war has begun, but in times of peace before the war is on. And the world, this drunken, alcohol-cursed modern world, has also learned that sobriety pays in war; for the modern Japanese, whatever else he may be, is not a drunkard. It has also learned that intelligence and diligence are war assets, and war factors, as well as mere brute courage. The Russian

is drunken and ignorant. Yet he will get over both; for at heart he is sound; and the Russian home life, even with all the ages of wrong and oppression, is still sweet and true. Race death begins in the home; but keep this sweet and true, and the race life is strong within the veins. The evils are the legacies, products indeed, of the centuries of tyranny which have repressed mind and starved body. The emancipated Slav will not necessarily remain ignorant, nor will he continue drunken. The better hope of a new life will save him from that.

The reverses of the war mark the dawn of a brighter day for the Slav. The defeat is the defeat of bureaucratic and despotic Russia, not the defeat of the Slav. And it marks the beginning of the end for despotism and bureaucracy; but it marks also the beginning of a new race life for the Slav. It is the purchase of life for the race by the blood of the battle-field. The Slav will emerge from it all new-born. And then, the backward eddy of the current exhausted, the great unchanging stream of the ages will go on as before, for the law of race evolution, tho for a season it may be held in abeyance, changes not. The breakdown of the Russian autocracy is a long step toward the unification of the Slavic peoples, for it removes what has been the bar to the coming together. It marks the true dawning of Slavic power. And it will be, as said, a regenerated Slav with whom the nations will have to deal, not the child of the vodka, and the icon, and the White Czar—but a man. The world may get ready for his coming. Races make kings; not kings races. Kings may come, and kings may go; dynasties may rise and fall; but the race goes on.

And Japan?—Russia has had her Braddock's defeat;

but this is not the end. The struggle will go on just the same. The truce of arms may be declared; but the conflict does not therefore have cessation; only now it becomes the broader conflict of the Slav. In defeating Russia, Japan has raised up for herself a greater foe; and whether under empire or democracy, or whether led by Romanoff or peasant chief, or whether foreplanned or unplanned, the Slav will give no race peace until he has reached the sea; and not by permission, but by right. It is the history of the English-speaking man's westward march across a continent over again; and the English man should not be surprised that the Slav is learning his lesson. Yet in a broader sense it is not alone the English man's lesson. It is old as the rivalry of races. It is growth forcing a way for its expansion. It is so that the growing tree splits and pushes back the obstructing wall. But the sea rim is probably the limit; for the Slav has ever been a man of the land. He is the Persian over again. Xerxes from his throne upon the shore saw the limit of his power that fateful day when the beaks of the Greek triremes crushed in the sides of his ill-manned ships at Salamis.

There are two elements of possible delay, however, in the Slav-Mongol contest, and one is the problem of the Slav, the other of Japan.

1. To what extent have the generations of enforced ignorance, and Siberia, and the knout succeeded in breaking the spirit of the Northern Slav? It is a grave question. Yet when the hour of freedom shall have come, time and union with the freer non-Russian, Southern Slav will in the end undo the wrong and awaken the

Slav of the North to a truer manhood, and to a fitness for his broader race destiny.

2. But Japan, as said, has also her problem. The Japanese in race are not one but two, as China is two, and as Britain under the Norman was two. The Samuri and the Heimin, or common people, are racially distinct. The Tatar has been the Northman of the Farther East. What the Scandinavian was to Western Europe in the early Middle Ages, this Northland Mongoloid was to the Asiatic shore; and to-day as Manchu he dominates the purer Mongol of the south Yang-Tse; as Samuri he dominates the mixed Malay-Aino blood of the Heimin of Japan. And as the huge-bodied Vikings among the Southland peoples, or as Saul among the Hebrews, so even yet he towers head and shoulders above the lesser breeds about him. And as it still is with Tatar and Chinese, and as it was with Norman and Saxon, the one commands and the other obeys. How long will it continue so? How long will the Heimin remain content to be only as Gurth the Saxon? for this is no longer the twelfth century. As yet there have been no clashings; but that Japan can long postpone the clash is not probable. It is already on in China. Socialism will hasten the day—and the war tax, and hunger. There are hintings of it even now, for the seed is already there. That Japanese who sent word to the Russian Socialists that the war was a war of the respective rulers, not of the two peoples, was only an advanced spokesman for the tax-paying, burden-bearing Heimin.

But in the end the Slav will be free, and rebuild his checked and stunted manhood; and Heimin and Samuri will become one, even as have in a measure Saxon Gurth

and his Norman master; and the inevitable race contest between Slav and Mongol will again be on. And as before, it will still be for land.

There is an infinite, an unspeakable pathos in the fate of dying races. It is as the looking into the face of one slowly fading away with the wasting of some inborn and hopeless disease. "Unjust?" Yes, possibly, from a human standpoint. If this world, this life were all, there would be much both in the individual and the race life which could not be reconciled with the thought of an overruling justice. The existence and the unescapableness of these apparent wrongs are the strongest argument that this world, this life, are not all. It will take another life to right the wrongs of this. God's ways are not as man's ways; his thoughts not as man's thoughts. God is broader than one life. Eternity is greater than the years, the centuries. Out of this apparent chaos of races, this clashing in which the weaker goes to the wall because he is the weaker, are surely to arise the better things of some as yet only dimly apprehended future wherein man may begin over again, and with wisdom gained from the years go out to a saner, truer, broader life in the unmeasured beyond.

Has the higher race then no duty to these cruder races which precede it? Yes! To deny or ignore would be unworthy and unjust. These cruder peoples do their allotted work; fulfil their appointed mission in the evolution of man upon earth; and are as justly entitled to their reward as are those who supersede them. That they must give place to the higher, the whole history of

man's evolution unmistakably shows; yet while they still linger, they are the legitimate wards of their dispossessors. This is the duty which falls to civilization; a duty to which the conscience of the world is slowly arousing, and from the burdens and responsibilities of which no race worthy to be their heirs and successors will desire to draw back. This is the return which the higher can make to the lower who have thus been the burden-bearing pioneers of earth's geologic and climatic frontier. Wards, not slaves, to be helped, even tho by authority, to something better; not in bonds for the profit of a master. Slavery is no solution; only a deeper wrong. And the higher and stronger can not, for its own sake, afford to do this wrong to the lower and weaker. Of the two it possibly receives to itself the worse harm. The lowered and brutalized civilization of the Slave States of America is an instance. The harm shows itself in a disregard of the rights of others; in a warped and perverted public conscience; in a distorted and brutal sense of personal honor; in politics run by prejudice rather than by reason; and in a civilization which lags behind in the march of race advancement; and added to these a wide-spread illiteracy, and a distorted vision which fails to see its own failings. The wrongs of the slave are avenged in the mortal hurt which has come to the master in, and because of, the wrong-doing to the helpless victim. It is the moral history of wrong-doing everywhere, and in all ages. It is sin bringing its own punishment.

Yet the duty of the higher civilization is not to let barbarism alone, but to take hold of it and make, if possible, something better out of it; just as it is the duty of community to take hold of the dark and disorderly spots

within its own bounds. And it is to be expected that both will protest and oppose. Darkness neither comprehends nor craves light. It is generally content; and prefers to be let alone. The American Indian only wished to be let alone. The African negro, with his Voodooism, and his unspeakable barbarism, only wishes to be let alone. The cutthroat Malay pirate of the Philippines with looting proa and brass jingals only wished to be let alone. Barbarism never wishes to be interfered with—just as ignorance and cruelty and crime everywhere never wish to be interfered with. The crib district and the dram-shop send up the same cry. But is it better that all these should be let alone? better for the decenter, more law-abiding world about them? better even in the end for themselves? And can civilization with a clear conscience let them alone? Having the power to stop these things, can it without guilt and ultimate harm to itself decline to interfere? Does it not by so standing aloof become morally, as the law phrase has it, *particeps criminis?* But, it is said, to interfere is to infringe upon the rights of others. Is it? Are such things rights? The right of the individual to do wrong to his neighbor, or to community, or to make and keep up a moral plague spot, is not among the inherent rights of man. Neither is the right of a race to continue to keep a portion of the earth in darkness and violence and cruelty, and thus a plague spot to the races about them. The right to remain obstructively barbarian, even, is not one of the inherent rights of man. It does not matter that they do not ask for light; that they do not want light; that they resent the light. This is the way of darkness. As of old, when "The light shineth into darkness, the darkness

comprehendeth it not." And what it does not comprehend, it resents. And what it resents, it fights against; fights bitterly, and often to the death.

Altho this guardianship may not be sought, and altho it may be resented, it is a duty to the higher, nevertheless. It is to save barbarism from itself. It is the long-delayed repayment of the debt for that dim, shadowy Negroid beginning of civilization upon the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Nile, which afterward died out when its work of preparing the way for the higher was done. It will be the return for the work now doing, and yet to be done, upon the tropic rim of the great climatic heat belt of the world. But, as said, this spread of the higher type and of its sphere of influence will be battled against; there will be war and bloodshed; and many short-sighted philanthropists will say that it ought not to be; that the higher has no right to thus dominate and control, and in the end supersede the lower; that things should be suffered to remain as they are. Yet it has to be; and no man can stay it; and it is better that it should be so.

But with it all the lower types are dying out; and the man of the higher type could not save them if he would, for his race civilization is poison to them. They can not absorb it; they can not assimilate it; they can only die under its unintentional yet nevertheless fatal blight. It may be well questioned whether any race has ever succeeded in borrowing a civilization which was essentially alien to it, and survived the experiment. Somehow it will not fit, but galls, and chafes, and at last strangles out the race life of the luckless borrower. It is the instinctive, unreasoning recognition of this fact which takes the

North-American Indian back from the training-schools of the East to his paint, and his feathers, and his half-wild life again. This inability to conform to the new type is the unknown element of the race equation in the Southern States of America. It is the element of uncertainty in the future of the Mongol. Without the civilization of the White races they can not successfully compete in the struggle for existence as peoples; with it, they die. Either way the end is at last the same. And the history of man down through the ages shows that it is the inexorable working of a general law to a fixed and foredoomed end. It was so that the tree fern and the cave bear died.

IV. The White Peoples

Yet among the so-termed White races all are not equally progressive. Here, too, the battle for the survival of the fittest has ever gone on. The Negroid gave way; and the Yellow man gained respite by turning hermit, and withdrawing from the contest. But now the battle was on as between Semite and Aryan. And the battle was neither short nor trivial. Semite had fought Semite in the old Mesopotamian, Egyptian, Hittite, Canaanite, Israelitish days. It was the floodtide of Semitic power, and they fought each other because there was no other. Out of all the battling of the Semitic family within itself emerged the Phœnician as the Semitic race-representative in the interracial contest for the world. The Hittite disappeared, leaving only a name. Assyria ar Babylonia fell before the Aryan Medo-I crouched by her river, old, palsied, a

Israel lingered on a spiritual rather than a political state. Phœnicia, the old Canaanite of the Scriptures, stood the one surviving power of the Semitic world.

Yet it was to a troubled day the Semitic Phœnician had birth. Already the Aryan was pressing hard upon him. What of the earlier race battle of Semite and Aryan remains unwritten, we know not. The written world-history is little; the unwritten, much. Yet this we know—That about the east shores of the Mediterranean, and upon the islands and shores of the known sea of the West-Mediterranean basin, the battle was already on in the days of the primitive Greek colonization, seven centuries before Christ. It was even then practically already settled against the Semite about the shores of the Ægean and the Propontis and up to the fishing-grounds of the broader Pontos which lay beyond. In the west the conflict began about the scattered coast cities of that older Trinakria. It ended beneath the walls of Carthage; for the battle which Greece laid down Rome took up. But the battles which the Scipios, Africanus and Æmilianus, fought beneath the walls of Carthage were more than a battle of Rome against Carthage. It was the grapple of Aryan with Semite for the mastery of the world. And it was more than the mere question of supremacy which was at stake. It was the very underlying principles of two radically dissimilar and rival civilizations. It was the Roman *Res-publica* with all that this has meant of possibilities to the world in its civic life, as against the Semito-Asiatic idea of the despot, that more than τυραννος of the Ionian Greek of the main shore. It was that older fight of Herodotos over again, Europe versus Asia—only a wider Europe as against a far vaster Asia; and this time

not Aryan against Aryan, as at Marathon and Salamis, but Aryan against Semite, with all that has meant of changed destiny to the world.

Possibly no college lad has ever read the pages of Polybios or Livy without a thrill of admiration and sympathy for that long stern fight of Hannibal, spurred on by the memory of the youthful oath; yet that Rome, not Carthage, Europe and not Asia, should dominate that ancient world and lay foundations for the ages and the peoples to come, was written in the book of doom. And it was better so. Indeed, the possibility of the existence of modern civilization as it is to-day hinged upon the fact that it should be so; for the civilization of the Semite was ever crude, garish, barbaric, cruel, and polygamous, and had in it no apparent germ of a higher or better type. The struggle with the Aryan was inevitable. It was the clashing of the hostile and unlike; and hostile because unlike. Rome saw clearly where the battle lay. Cato's remorseless "Delenda est Carthago" had back of it the spirit of race prophecy. He saw in Semitic Carthage what Alexander had seen two centuries before in Semitic Tyre, the vital point, the heart of a rival and irreconcilable civilization; and each struck relentlessly, for each perceived that that Old Mediterranean World was not big enough for two.

Yet the Semitic power, broken for the time at Carthage, was not dead. The might of its material civilization was there overthrown, and without the life-giving might of some new impulse would possibly never have revived. One element of rejuvenation, however, yet remained to the race unused and fresh—the spiritual life. For the[r]e is a double life to a people, a spiritual as well as a po[l]

ical. It is this which has given to Rome a second lease of existence. This phase of the inner life of the Semitic peoples Judæism had never broadly influenced. Only a small, innumerous branch of the Semitic kin had ever felt, even in the days of its greatest ascendency, the Judæic impulse. Christianity also had failed to deeply stir the life currents of the race. Possibly because in its earlier and purer form Christianity was too devoid of fanaticism; for the Semite in religion was ever a fanatic. Fanaticism is an element never to be overlooked in calculating the horoscope of a race.

When from the deserts of Arabia went out to a polytheistic world—for Christianity under Rome was practically becoming polytheistic—when to Rome and the other nations fast lapsing back into the old polytheism the startling cry went out, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," men little suspected the reserve of power still latent in the Semite, or foresaw the volcanic outburst which was to follow, and which in the seventh and eighth centuries placed all the east and south shores of the Mediterranean again under Semitic control. It was Ishmael, the "wild man," the outcast, raging at last over the lands for his birthright, and in it all turning back after the centuries to the monotheistic shrine of his great forefather Abram. The Semitic wave of conquest did not check with the waters of the sea, but crossing into Spain rolled on over the rugged wall of the Pyrenees northward toward Central Europe until driven back by the hammer blows of Charles Martel and his Franks upon the plain of Tours in the year 732. Yet altho the Semitic overflow was checked and driven back from the Frank lands, it was

not driven back from European soil; and for nearly eight centuries longer the Semitic sway continued in the south of Spain, until in the year 1492 the struggle of centuries between rival races had an end, and Granada opened her gates to the conquering Castilian, and the Semite went back to his own land again. It is not so very long ago. The "Last sigh of the Moor" has hardly yet died away upon the slumbrous air of the Vega beneath Granada's walls.

The world has scarcely done justice to this man of the desert, this son of the bondwoman. His hearing, as of old, has been through biased ears. After the first wave of ignorant fanaticism had spent itself, he proved to be at heart neither cruel nor unchivalrous. Richard of the Lion Heart found a courteous and not unkindly antagonist in Saladin. Peter the Hermit, and men of his type, have too largely given to the world its picture of the Saracen; and under the bias of their ignorant counter-fanaticism the world has been slow to acknowledge the debt it owes to the desert-born faith of Arabia. Islam built up a civilization which, while not inventive, was receptive and assimilative, and so fitted to take and keep, during the centuries of chaos which followed the overthrow of the Roman Empire in Western Europe, the light which the world had gained. Bagdad, and Alexandria, and Granada, from the seventh to the twelfth centuries did the work for learning and culture which Athens and Rome had done during the ages before, and so bridged over the chasm between the expiring classical days and the newer learning of the Middle-Age renaissance.

As a strictly Semitic power, Islam saw its culmination

under the Califate, in the days when that second Semitic Solomon, Haroun—or Aaron—al Raschid, gathered about him at Bagdad the learning and the wisdom of East and West. But, his work done, the Semite passed; not, however, until the prophecy had been fulfilled, and the son of the bondwoman had also had his day.

Yet the Semite left one heir not Semitic in blood, but semi-Mongol, who for a few centuries gave new vitality to the rapidly failing Semitic power. A new force came to it out of the Northeast, that highland of Asia which has been the birthplace of so many conquering peoples. Out of it has come the Brahman of India, the Medo-Persian of the Euphratean plains, presumably the Græco-Latin of the Mediterranean littoral, and the Celt and Teuton of West Europe, with the Slav of the North. From it poured out the barbaric hordes of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. Out of this motherland of nations, in the eleventh century the Seljukian Turks advanced to the overthrow of the Semitic Mohammedan power; they in turn to be overwhelmed in the fourteenth century by a later wave of the same semi-Mongol blood, the Ottoman Turks. Yet, altho entering the Semitic lands as conqueror, this race of non-Semitic blood, as the pagan Teutons who overran Southern Europe, soon accepted the religion of the conquered; and the Mongoloid Turk, as the Semitic Arab before him, went out to battle and to victory to that old monotheistic war-cry, "Allah il Allah," and the Arabic postulate, "Mohammed is his prophet." Under the first fierce onrush of the new blood the Eastern Empire went down, and in the year 1453 the Byzantium of the Greek colonial days, the Constantino-polis of the second Roman Empire, became the Stamboul, and the

capital city and stronghold of this Mongoloid spiritual and political heir to the monotheistic Semite of the deserts of Arabia. Not until the walls of Vienna were reached was the onrush finally checked in the year 1683, John Sobieski taking up the hammer which Charles Martel had laid down, and Semitic Islam ceased to be an ever-impending menace to Aryan Christendom. The long-drawn race battle which Aryan Alexander had fought with Semitic Tyre, and which Aryan Rome continued with Semitic Carthage, was finally fought to a finish by Aryan Christendom under the walls of Vienna by land, and at sea in the Bay of Navarino.

Dying, but not dead! The Turk is a twentieth-century anachronism. His life is in the past. By the waters of the Golden Horn he sits dreaming away the years, heedless of the world-stir about him; and in his dreams he lives for Semitic Islam over again the days of Good Haroun of Bagdad; while from minaret at evening fall goes out upon the still air as of old the muezzin's cry, Allah il Allah!

And the future? "Kismet!"—and he turns again to his dreams. Kismet! for he knows the land is not his; and he feels the hour of doom. Islam has ever existed only as an armed camp upon European soil. Its tenure has been that of the sojourner; not the abider. It was so with the Moor in Spain. It is so with the Turk by the Bosporus. The Turk recognized this uncertain tenure from the beginning, and moved in, rather than built. The churches of Constantine became the mosques of Mohammed, with only the Christian symbols plastered over; and now, after three centuries, the stucco is peeling

off, and the Greek inscriptions stand revealed, mutely prophesying of the end.

This much may be said of Semitic Islam—It was, in the beginning at least, the protest of an aroused soul against the polytheism of a returning spiritual darkness: and it may be that Monotheism in the West owes a greater spiritual debt to the desert peoples than it has been wont to acknowledge.

XIX

ARYAN VERSUS ARYAN

But again it is to be noted that even among the Aryan kin there seems to exist a well-marked difference in the capacity for, or at least in the results attained to, in race evolution; and some even seem to have already passed their climacteric; to have had their day; and now to be in the sere and yellow leaf of the autumn of race life. For, as has been said, nations also seem to have their childhood, then manhood, and then old age and quick-coming death; while others rise up to fill their places and to dwell in their silent homes. The earth is only one huge graveyard of buried peoples. It is a well-recognized fact among horticulturists that the variety is shorter-lived than the species. The apple, the peach, continue from age to age; but the different varieties of the apple, the peach, and of other fruits have each only a limited and well-defined tenure of life to them; then, exhausted, they die. The law of the apple, the peach, is only part of a broader, more far-reaching law—That life tenure is directly as the broadness of class generalization, inversely as the subdivision. Varieties are born of the years, to die with the years; species belong to the ages; the genus endures through the æons. There are twenty-four extinct varieties of the Sequoia; only two living. Of these two, one, the Gigantea, dying; the other, Sempervirens, retreating. But the family, conifers, to which they belong, still lives on. In the family it is the fittest

that survives. It is so with the Aryan. Here, too, the struggle goes ever on. The strife for survival which came between families, as to the Negroid, the Yellow man, and the White man, has come within the family to the Aryan. Had we the history no doubt we should find that it was so likewise within the families of the Negroid and the Yellow man in their day of struggle, in each the weaker members dying out through attrition, and the stronger surviving through process of natural selection.

Two causes may be assigned for this:

1. Congenital differences within the race stock itself.

A race is a family upon a broader scale, subject to much the same laws and limitations. In the family no two children are born equal or alike in vitality, in season of maturity, or in period of decay. And this difference, less strongly marked, it may be, in the first generation, grows more marked, and the divergence more pronounced, with successive generations of removal from the common parent stock. Some come to maturity quickly; and as quickly reach the period of exhaustion. Others mature more slowly, but are more enduring. It is the working out of the law of variation within the species. Back of the variety it is the law of the variation of species within the genus. And as in the process of generation some species have received the stamp of an ancestry so strong, so marked, so full of vitality, that they live on long after others have died out, even through their superior strength crowding aside, and in the end supplanting the others; so within the species itself the stronger variety crowds aside, represses, and in the end extinguishes and survives the weaker. It is the law of the plant. It is the law of

the animal. And history shows it to be the law also of man.

2. The inexorable working of climatic law and of the law of material environments.

Every species of plant and of animal seems to have its own well-defined climatic zone as its normal habitat, within the bounds of which it attains to its best type, and far removed from which it first checks in development, then languishes, and at the last dies out under the double disadvantage of alien surroundings and the fierce competition of other species which are there in their normal home. Even should it, in the first fresh vigor of a sturdy plant or animal life, and while vitality is still unimpaired, succeed in overcoming, and for the time displace the species native to that clime, as is sometimes the case, yet in the end, under the ever-weakening influence of alien and uncongenial surroundings, vitality is slowly sapped, impetus is checked, and sooner or later decay and death are its fate. Even the minor removals from the normal race zone to a less distance show, more slowly it may be, and to a less disastrous degree, but proportioned to the degree of change in habitat, a resultant and inevitable change in race type toward deterioration and race decay.

Whatever view may be taken of the origin of man, whether as one or many, no fact is now better established than this—That now, for all practical purposes, the varieties, not to say species, of men are many and diverse. And another fact is equally apparent—That these different varieties or species have each its own especial climatic habitat within the bounds of which, and only within which, it produces the best type of its especial kind; and removed even slightly from which it begins to languish

and lose vitality; and far removed from which it weakens and dies. The native and normal habitat of the Negroid is within the damp, steaming tropics of the world. Take him from it, and even the comparative chill of the temperate zone checks his spread. The normal habitat of the Yellow man is farther from the equator, in that cooler yet still warm subtropic rim of the temperate zone where moisture is in excess. Here he shows his highest vitality, and has always built up his most enduring civilizations. The normal habitat of the Semitic races is in that portion of the subtropic temperate zone which borders upon the great dry deserts of the world, where, unlike the chosen home of the Yellow man, the air is marked by a deficiency rather than an excess of atmospheric moisture.

The Aryan also has his normal race habitat. So far backward as we can trace the race history, he has always been a man of the temperate zone. A still more careful tracing of his history shows him to be a man especially of the mid-temperate zone—neither subtropic nor subarctic. He has ever dwelt side by side with the beech, the ash, the oak, the apple, the pear. He has been at most only neighbor upon the north to the fir, the spruce, the larch, the alder, the buckwheat; and upon the south to the olive, the fig, the peach, the grape, and the orange. His home, too, has taken in the great grass lands of the world, making him a man of flocks and herds, and a meat-eater. And just so far as he has abided in this his normal race habitat, has his race vitality remained unimpaired, and his power proven permanent. It is the climatic belt from which went out the conquering Brahmanic Aryan to overrun the tropic plains of India. But a southern sun and the monsoon did an undermining work

upon his race constitution which the Negroid and the Yellow man had failed to do as against his military power, and after an unequal struggle with climatic law running, it may be, through generations, in the end he succumbed and became only one of many rival peoples in the land of the Five Rivers. To-day caste is the one remaining relic of his once absolute military domination.

It was this climatic belt, that primitive mid-temperate zone, from which went out the Medo-Persian, son of him of the Avestas, who overran the subtropic lowlands of the Tigro-Euphratean plain, and builded upon the ruined foundations of Negroid and Semite that old Persian empire which for a few generations held undisputed sway in Southwestern Asia. Then again to the man of the mid-temperate birth-land came the unequal struggle against climatic law, and in a few generations he fell easy prey to another and more vigorous, because as yet more northern, branch of the same Aryan family. Alexander and his Macedonians had climate to thank for the ease of their victory. It was Northman against Southman even tho of the same primitive stock. It was from this same normal mid-temperate climatic belt of the Aryan man that the Græco-Latin wave of Aryan blood descended to the conquest and the settlement of the Mediterranean littoral. And it was from the same mid-temperate race homeland that the Teuton with his attendant train of camp-following mixed peoples—for it is not to be forgotten that the Teuton formed always the main body of Rome's overthrowers—poured down to the Græco-Latin undoing.

True, the Græco-Latin made a brave show and a gallant battle, and it was ages before the end came, for his departure from the normal race home was less marked

than in case of the others of the kin just instanced, yet in the end the result was the same, and the law of climate again asserted itself. And that Teuto-Aryan conqueror of the Græco-Latin Aryan of South Europe, he, too, after a while found the one all-conquering power of climate; and the empire of fresher Aryan blood which he builded upon the ruined foundations of the Cæsars has in its turn succumbed to the same forces of heat and moisture which had proved the undoing of his Aryan predecessors; and Teutonic Rome has gone the way of Latin Rome and lies waiting that next oncoming wave of fresh Teutonic blood which even now beats fretfully against the north base of the Alps, and begins to overflow the left bank of the Rhine. This is the power which is again to be the undoing, and then the renewing, of Rome.

As instances of yet more radical and more quickly disastrous departure from the normal race climatic home may be cited the Latin in tropical America and the English man in tropical India. In both cases race vitality is gone in the second and third generations.

This undermining of race constitution from alien climatic surroundings is produced in two ways:

(*a*) In the gradual sapping of race energy and initiative through the enervating influence of an unaccustomed, and to the race an unnatural degree of climatic warmth. Its first effect, if not too widely varying from that of the old home, is the same as the abnormal temperature of the gardener's hot-house upon his potted plants, a stimulation to a more luxuriant growth and a quicker maturity. But the end is the same, a premature flowering, and then quick-coming decay, a decay setting in before its due time. So the Græco-Latin Aryan, in

his removal from the old and more northern race home to his new and warmer home by the East-Mediterranean basin, quickly responded to the stimulation of the unaccustomed heat, and soon distanced in the process of race evolution his Teutonic brother who remained behind, and even for a while threatened to become his master. Yet that cooler mid-temperate zone bred the stronger, more stubborn blood; and the Teuton in the end prevailed. And he prevailed because of the working of that old climatic law of the greater, the more lasting vigor, whether of man or plant or animal, in its normal climatic race home.

The working of the law is seen as well in departures of the race from its normal climatic home to regions of a lower annual mean temperature. Cold will do a like work with heat in lessening the vitality of a race unaccustomed to it. This is the fatal weakness of that other Aryan, the Northern Slav. It will prove his undoing in the coming contest with the Teuton for the mastery of the world. The Eskimo, and the Lap, and the dwarfed birch and alder, are only extreme illustrations of what cold does to repress life; for these may be taken as the still lingering, but slowly dying remnants of that old geologic subtropical life, animal and vegetable, in the ages which followed just after the time when the poles were tropic and the equator torrid.

(*b*) A more insidious undermining of race persistence by reason of climatic change comes through the reproductive powers. The plant removed south of its normal habitat may for a while grow leaf and branch with even increased luxuriance, but the seed begins speedily to fail. It no longer reproduces itself so numerously or so cer-

tainly as before. Removed to a colder clime than its normal zone, both growth and reproduction are speedily impaired. This climatic law of the plant is also the climatic law of animal life. The diminishing families of the arctic and subarctic regions under the ever-intensifying cold of telluric change, and the steadily diminishing ratio of increase among the Græco-Latin peoples under increased heat, are instances to the point. The absolute failure of the pure English stock in the second and third generations in India is an illustration of the extreme.

An additional cause for the greater vitality of the Aryan of the mid-temperate zone is to be found in the character and certainty of the food supply. Of all regions of the earth the great mid-temperate belt is marked by the most plentiful and most reliable supply of the most nutritious kinds of foods. It is the region of a summer temperature sufficiently high to stimulate a strong, vigorous growth to fruit and grain and root, without the excess which overstimulates to weak and watery tissue; and yet of a winter cold which, while sufficient to mature and harden and control the growth of the summer and check the tendency to excessive and weak tissue development, is not sufficient to interfere with a full and vigorous plant life. It is the region of the most valuable and nutritious of all the world's great food supplies, and of those woods and plants most valuable to man in his mechanic arts. It is the family home of the wheat, the barley, the maize, the legumens, the potato, the turnip, the beet, and of the numerous garden plants, and also of the nutritious grasses and forage plants, the home of the horse, the cow, the swine, the sheep, of the beech, the oak, the pine, the walnut, the ash, the apple, the pear, the

cherry. In it man has, more than in any other region of the earth, the most liberal supply of the strength-giving albuminoids in his daily food. And he is neither enervated by the debilitating effect of excessive heat, nor pinched and dwarfed by extreme cold. Yet has he an abundance of the genial warmth of the summer to expand his whole physical nature, and still enough of the tonic winter chill to brace up and harden the bodily frame. He escapes the torpid liver of the tropic and subtropic lands; he likewise escapes the congested mucous membranes of arctic and subarctic climes.

This mid-temperate belt of the world has always produced the hardiest, the most persistent races of the world, the races marked by the best average bodily development. Mentally it has been the belt of the best average of the world's mind workers—the evenly balanced men. The man of the mid-temperate zone has best fulfilled that old Latin formula of the *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

It is this mid-temperate zone, the home so far as we can ascertain of the primitive Aryan man, which from the dawn of history has been held by the Teuton. For a little while in West Europe the Celt seems to have preceded him; yet only for a while, for the Teuton soon displaced or absorbed him. Of all Aryan men the Teuton has thus, apparently, abided most continuously within the climatic belt of the original race home, the belt which seems to have given him birth. Yet the Teuton, at least in some of his branches, has never been an abider in the one locality. He of all men has proven to be the most persistent and the most successful colonizer. But this important fact is to be noted, That his family migrations

have always been along the line and within the bounds of the same mid-temperate zone from which the stock seems originally to have sprung—from the highlands of Mid-Asia—about the shores of the Black Sea—across the broad mid-land plain of Central Europe—by the south shore of the Baltic—over the Channel to the British Isles—beyond a still wider sea to the yet greater mid-temperate belt of North America—and south of the equator to that other mid-temperate belt which takes in South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia. He has kept within the belt of nutritious foods, of greatest bodily and mental vigor, and of unimpaired fecundity; and he of all Aryan peoples is multiplying most rapidly in numbers, while his strength and alertness of both mind and body show no sign of diminution, but on the contrary a steady increase.

There is another and potent factor at work within the lines of the Aryan peoples in the settling of this problem of race supremacy as between themselves. It is a factor to which frequent allusion has already been made, namely, purity of race blood. From whatever cause it may arise, whether from the fact that the Teuton of all Aryans has always remained most nearly within the bounds of the normal race habitat and has thus continued, more than his brethren, under the influence of the same climatic and other factors which were instrumental in first isolating and perpetuating that especial strain of blood; or whether that, as is so often the case among the sons of a common paternity, he has from some untraceable reason received as inheritance a stamp differing in some inscrutable way from his race brethren; or maybe as an Isaac among the children of the concubines;—from whatever

cause proceeding, the fact is well established, That of all Aryan peoples so-called, the Teuton is to-day, so far as we can trace, the most direct in line of descent, and the least mixed in blood, of all the numerous progeny of that primitive Aryan man. And it is only a matter of legitimate and fair inference that the blood which was masterful to assert its ascendency over all other races, will continue best to maintain its supremacy, even over its own kin, when kept most nearly in its original purity and guarded from admixture with alien and inferior bloods.

And yet one more factor is at work as between the Aryan peoples—scientific capacity and its concomitant, mechanical skill. Ability to enlist the forces of nature and make them work for him multiplies indefinitely the natural powers of man and increases the power for both offense and defense when his hour of battling is upon him. It means to him in his race life better food and more of it, warmer clothing, more comfortable shelter, increased facilities for transportation, more efficient means of warfare, a higher grade of intelligence, that reserve of resources which is known as accumulated capital—all of which, when it comes to conflict for race supremacy, may be summed up under the one general formula, Greater power to take and to keep. The man who first tied ox to forked tree and so made the ox strength stir for him an increased area of land for his daily toil, gained at once advantage over the man who still delved for himself with pointed stick. The race which first learned to harness the waterfall to its grist took a long step in advance of the race which still depended upon mortar and pestle for the trituration of the grain for its food. It was now two men toiling for one; and this blind, inanimate man of the

mill toiled that the other, his maker and master, might have leisure to think and to plan for the creation of yet other inarticulate workers who should likewise do his bidding and minister to his comfort and increase his power. So in battling. The bow and arrow, or maybe the sling and smooth stones, were the first mechanical triumph of brain over mere club strength. The defensive armor of the medieval knight was another step in the same line. And with each succeeding age, but most notably within the last century, the dividing-line between mere man and man plus scientific and mechanical forces, has become more sharply accentuated. So marked has the triumph of brain over mere brawn become in modern civilization, that, given land and the ingenuity to practically multiply laborers at will through mechanical appliances, and you have one of the most potent elements of strength in the modern battle for race supremacy.

This advantage of mechanical skill and scientific knowledge, such as there then was, once lay with the Aryan denizens of the subtropic Mediterranean littoral; but it did not remain there. It came with the earlier flowering of the Græco-Latin peoples while the Teutons of the mid-temperate climatic lands of Central and Western Europe were still in barbarism. The reasons fcr this earlier maturing of the peoples of the subtropic belt of the temperate zone have already been given in full, and need not be repeated. Suffice it to say that it was only the working of the law, animal as well as vegetable, of hastened maturity through the stimulation of unwonted heat; and this premature development is never so lasting nor so complete as that which springs from environments more normal to the stock. And so it has come to pass

that while others of the kin have gone on in the development of their mechanical and industrial life, the Græco-Latin has lagged behind until the great controlling centers of mechanical skill and applied sciences are no longer to be found in the Latin lands. An object-lesson is to be found in the commercial fact that of the wide-spread Latin possessions of the past those which remain Latin still in speech and spirit, and mixed Latin in blood, turn to the Teuton for their machinery and their implements of labor, and even for the weapons they make use of in their chronic internecine warfares. It is true the Latin homelands have not proven so abundant in resources of coal and metals, yet this hardly explains the full difference, for they were not by any means destitute; and Britain even now imports much of her crude ores from Spain.

The long, hard struggle with nature in her sterner moods in northlands, the battle with cold, and with a wet and stubborn soil, develops a firmer fiber in the race which makes the battle and wins. And the very needs born of the harder life under less genial surroundings lead to more thorough methods of work. Man learns to depend less upon nature, more upon himself. The simple, easy-going, out-of-door existence of the old Spanish ranch life of the Southern California plains would have been an impossibility amid the beech woods and the winter snows of Ohio. Only a higher degree of mechanic skill could enable men to live at all in the more rigorous northland. As tho recognizing this fact and making provision for the needs of a more elaborate civilization, the great stores of coal, of iron, of minerals, and metals which have to do with the mechanic arts are found, not in the subtropics, but in the mid-temperate belt of the

temperate zone. The necessities of his harsher climate have led the Aryan of this mid-temperate belt to utilize and develop his mineral resources until out of the schooling has grown a skill which has made him master of nature about him, and has given him control of the mechanics and of the trade of the world. Germany, Britain, America, they are the manufacturers and the traders of the world. There is none to dispute with them.

It might be urged that if the struggle of the mid-temperate belt has proven thus effective to spur on the mechanical genius of the dwellers therein, surely the yet severer struggle of the subarctic belt, which also is largely occupied by the Aryan blood, should develop even more strongly the same faculties. But here a new element enters into the problem. Life, which through excess of heat becomes to the Aryan man enervating and prematurely exhausting in subtropic lands, becomes equally inimical in subarctic lands through excess of cold. Again the battle becomes unequal; and now, with a rigorous and hostile climate, a soil chilled below the point where it may by art be made highly productive, and life an unceasing struggle, man again fails of his highest possibilities and ceases to excel. This is the burden the Slav has upon him in the greater part of his homeland; and it weights him in the race. The Slav, with all the wide natural resources of a continental homeland, has not thus far shown sign of any marked capacity in mechanical or scientific lines. His agriculture is of the crudest type; and other men make his implements and his machinery. It might be said that his time has not yet come. Indeed, it is often so said. Yet why? He has had the same needs as the others of his kin; yet while they have gone

on to make and manufacture for themselves, and have built up great industrial systems, he has stood still. In the industrial and mechanical battle which is now on for the control of the world, the Slav is only as an overgrown boy, helpless, appealing. It may be that the long-continued militarism of Russia has helped to repress any mechanical capacity in the race by repressing the individualism and the initiative of the units. No doubt it has had this effect. But the perpetuation of the system of repression which has made her the military power she has been in the past carries with it the germs of her own ultimate defeat. Yet back of all is climate—the bar of the subarctic chill.

To the Teuton the possession of the mid-land has fallen, in Europe, in America, in the great islands of the seas; and in that mid-land is to be found the major portion of the world's supply of wood, of coal, of petroleum, of iron, and the useful metals. And he of all men has shown most aptitude and skill to utilize them. To him as to no other man have the waterfall, the mine, the furnace, the laboratory, given up their secrets. No other man has so mastered the forces of nature and compelled them to do his bidding. And the skill which makes is the skill which can most successfully use. Other men may buy of him; but the man who builds the ship can best sail the ship; the man who makes the gun can most skilfully fire it. He may sell his machinery, his implements, his weapons; but his mechanical skill is not sold with it, nor the race aptitude which lies back of all. Navies may be bought ready-made, but they can not be so fought. It will be the man, and not the gold, behind the gun that will aim it. The conditions of naval warfare

have changed since the days when the sea-dogs of Elizabeth harried the Spanish coasts and flaunted their flags over the waters of the Spanish Main; yet the men have not changed. The Drakes, the Hawkins, the Sir Richard Grevilles of the sixteenth century are the Nelsons, the Farraguts, the Deweys of the nineteenth; and the man of the gun-deck is the man of the turret and the casemate. It is the viking blood of the "long ship" manning the guns of the ironclad. And who has power to arm another Armada against the English-speaking Teuton? And the man who owns the wheat-field need not fear the famine of war.

But back of all these, back of youth, vitality, capacity for growth, mechanical skill, lies something more—the man; the man with all those not easily defined or enumerated qualities, mental and moral, which go to the making of man—foresight, thrift, business capacity, power to organize, tenacity of purpose, coolness under trial, nerve. Some races have these by heredity in greater, some in less degree. And then race surroundings have helped to fix or to weaken these qualities. But these are the qualities which will tell in the battling of the future for world mastery. Whatever may have been in the past, probably no other man of the Aryan peoples to-day averages so high in these qualities as the Teuton, and especially the English Teuton. The nerve of the Aryan is a common heritage. The thin, silent line of defenders at El Caney, the hopeless yet battling sailors of Cervera, had the same nerve as the men in blue opposed. Wherein then lay the difference? for difference the results showed there was. It lay largely in the other qualities enumerated, the mechanical skill, the tenacity of purpose, the better-trained

ability to organize and combine. It is these qualities which the Teuton possesses in preeminence above all the others of the Aryan kin.

Whether they foreplan or not, all Teutonic peoples must more and more be drawn together. That force of kinship in interests as well as blood which is now so rapidly bringing all English men together will in the end bring all Teutons together. As the jealousies and bitternesses of three generations ago between English-speaking peoples have melted away, so will the lesser differences of the still broader Teutonic kin melt away. And the Slav and the Latin will help to force it; for between the two in Europe, and across the pathway of each all the world over, stand the Teutonic peoples, a check to the ambitions and a bar to the expansion of both. It is the Norse man standing guard at the mouth of the Baltic; the German with hand stretched out toward the Adriatic and the Dardanelles; the Briton at Gibraltar and Suez and in the Far East, and from South Africa, Australia, and India making of the South Sea almost a *mare clausum;* and the American in the West Indies, and at Panama, and over the Western Continent, and casting a growing shadow from the Philippines over the Pacific waters.

The first step in the practical unification of all Teutonic peoples will naturally be the consolidation of the different units of each separate family into a group by itself, English-speaking peoples, Norse peoples, Germanic peoples; then, as race rivalry and race pressure upon the broader world field become more intense, the forcing together of these separate families into a common race pol-

icy and practical race league. In the presence of great common needs and great common dangers family differences will inevitably be forgotten. It is the working out among the nations of the same law which in business is forcing the smaller capitalist, the weaker corporation, to enter into the combine or be financially wrecked in the fierce competition, that is ever growing fiercer, for control of the industrial and commercial interests of the world. The law of the aggregation and consolidation of capital is the same law which, working in a different direction, is forcing the aggregation and consolidation of kindred nations; and the law is as inexorable in its workings in the one case as in the other. Its fiat is, Combine —or go under.

The world, that old Mediterranean world, once knew a Pax Romana, when for a space the doors of the temple of Janus were closed, and all men dwelt in peace. It is possible that it may yet know a broader peace, the Pax Teutonica, when wars, at least the great wars of arms, shall be no more, and all peoples shall again dwell in peace. All Teutons, two hundred millions of them now, and increasing in numbers as are no other races upon earth; holding as homeland the greater portion of the habitable mid-temperate zone, that belt which breeds the most virile type of the Aryan man; possessing the bulk of the coal and iron deposits of the world, and having as no other race the scientific and mechanical aptitude to utilize them; possessing accumulated wealth far in excess of all others; having a common history, common hopes and aspirations, a common faith, and having as the manufacturers and traders of the world a common

interest in the ways of peace—when these two hundred millions, who control also the sea, shall unitedly say that wars shall cease, the great battlings of arms will be over. But it will be not yet. There are many questions still to be settled which no Hague Tribunal can adjudicate. And when it does come it will mean the world supremacy of the Teutonic peoples.

But that other world-old, arm-less war of kinds, not kins, the war alike of plant, of animal, of man, will go on to the end. And the end will be, The Survival of the Fittest.

XX

RACE READJUSTMENTS

THAT the nations can long remain as they are, probably few careful students of current history believe. Entirely new forces are at work. Or it might possibly better be said that history has turned backward fourteen centuries, and is preparing to repeat itself. There was a time, not long ago, when statesmen spoke of kingdoms and dynasties; they now speak of races and race lines. It is a recognition of the broader forces which are asserting themselves. Froissart's battle between the kings of England, France, and Spain is becoming a broader battle between Latin and Teuton and Slav; with the specter of that still older battle of Herodotos between Asia and Europe looming ominously in the background. Eras of race upheaval and of race readjustment come periodically to the earth. A mighty impulse, backed by a deep-seated race unrest, seizes upon the peoples, and as Samson they arise and shake themselves. It is a race readjustment. It is the working out of the law of the cataclysm. Such an upheaval comes at times to the solid globe. Under the slow shrinking of the earth's crust the great unresting interior becomes hide-bound; the strain of the pent-up forces becomes too severe for the restraining power; then follows the crash. The solid earth is rent and shattered. Mountains are uplifted. Plains sink. Then quiet returns; and wind and flood and tide

begin again their slower and quieter work of covering up the jagged outlines, and of smoothing over the wreckage, only after a while to feel again the cataclysm as the telluric forces again reach a point of tension where readjustment becomes inevitable. Such a cataclysm once split Africa from north to south along the line of the great interior lakes. It is quiet now.

Yet not always is the change by sudden cataclysm. Sometimes it may come through slower displacement and upheaval. But the forces back of it are in either case the same; and it is equally sure, and equally inexorable. And with earth or races, when the fulness of time is upon the ages, rock-ribbed continent, nor armed men may avert or delay. It is only the cataclysm prolonged.

It seems to be so with man. The races, possibly not designedly but instinctively, divide the earth between them according to their respective needs. Then they settle down to their little questions of national boundaries and dynastic lines. But as the centuries go by, some remain non-progressive; others grow and multiply until the land is too narrow for them. There is no longer bread for all the mouths or homes for the homeless. The equity of the old distribution becomes inequity. Some have too much, and can not, or do not, use it. Others have not enough. Even where the need is not as yet upon them, race instinct often forestalls it. Unrest seizes upon the peoples. And now the race instinct of a common destiny draws together like bloods. In the presence of a great common stress blood will tell. National differences are sunk, or forgotten. Folk-tie proves to be stronger than any bar of dynastic or national controversies. It is no longer Prussian and Austrian; it is German. It is

no longer Italian and Spanish; it is Latin. It is no longer Russian and Bulgarian and Rumanian; it is Slav. It is no longer Briton and American; it is English man. And the Teuto-Celtic Frenchman—he stands with blood and political and industrial affiliations drawing him one way, and sentiment drawing him the other. Which he will follow remains to be seen.

The kinship of race settles the lines of armies and fleets; and man arises to readjust the old boundaries. The strong prevail. The weak go to the wall. The earth is redivided; and for a season again returns the possibility of peace. Yet it is only a truce of races until the centuries have again made of the equity inequity, and then again must follow the unrest, the upheaval, and again the readjustment. Such a race readjustment came when the Indo-Aryan forced his way southward over the mountain passes of the Hindu Kush into the dense masses of the Negroid and the Yellow man upon the tropic plains of Southern Asia; it came when the Irano-Aryan thrust himself as a wedge into the Semitic peoples of Mesopotamia and Western Asia; it came again when the Græco-Latin overran the Mediterranean littoral; and again to the decadent Greek in the Dorian invasion; and to the failing Latin in the Teutonic irruption of the fourth and fifth centuries; it had come before this to the Iberian in the sweep of that Celtic flood which overflowed Southwestern Europe; it came again to Southeastern and Southwestern Europe, and to North Africa in that sudden fanatical onslaught of the Arab in the seventh and eighth centuries; and then Northeastern Europe had its turn in the Mongol rush of the fourteenth century. And after each upheaval was a season of quiet to the world as

the tired nations rested from the battle. Yet it was only for a season; for the same causes were ever at work.

Men do not always at the time apprehend the true character of such an upheaval. To the Roman of the fifth century it seemed that the end had come. When the cry went out over the startled lands, "The Eternal City has fallen," men possibly said in their fear, "There is no more." They simply did not see that in race histories the paradox holds true, That the end precedes the beginning. Augustine in his "De Civitate Dei," with the clearer vision of the seer, saw what it meant to after-ages. He looked beneath the surface and saw the deeper forces at work; and the world after a while as it looked backward perceived that the seer was right; for it was only the old and worn-out past agonizing in the birth-throes of a new and greater future.

Yet the thing which has been has a strong hold upon men. They shrink from the new. When a race is so led out the cry of "Lust of conquest," "Imperialism," is flung abroad as a bogy. They have missed the thought of the broader race life, and what it means in the upbuilding of humanity. Is not the so-called imperialistic impulse of to-day which has seized not merely upon democratic America, but upon democratic France as well, and upon monarchical Britain, upon Germany, Russia, in fact upon the leading powers of the Aryan peoples—is it not one of the signs of the fulness of time come to man again? Is not race imperialism something other than, something deeper, truer than mere race lust of conquest? Does it not mean instead that the question of race readjustment is again upon the world? Men, nations, which talk of checking it, of curbing it, might as well talk of curbing

the earthquake when the time for a readjustment of the earth's crust has come.

And then, the waste places of the earth can not remain waste because some one holds them who can not, or will not, utilize them. Civilization can not stop its expansion because the savage holds the great empty lands. Is it not time to go back again to first principles in this whole question of tenure of land, whether of race or of individual? There is a higher law of right to ownership than mere nominal possession, or than the title-deed of an international treaty. The land must go to those who can use it. It is no new law. It is old as man's career upon earth. It settled the ownership of Europe as between the White man and the Yellow. It settled the ownership of America as between the White man and the Red. "By force?" Yes! but it would be a strange student of history who would undertake to say that it should not have been, even tho by force. There is no abiding tenure to land. Use is the only true title. The excavations at Nippur bring to light whole archives of earthen tablets with inscribed title-deeds to the land of a people who once possessed it. The people are gone. They passed no title on to others. But the land between the rivers remains; and the sunshine; and the early and latter rains; and the waters of the great stream whose current enriched the soil. Not the six feet of burial space will hold title even as against the tree which will possess and feed alike upon the soil and its one-time owner.

After all, is not an absolute, instead of a relative, ownership in lands a mistakenly conceded right to either individual or nation? And should not an unused, or an

obstructively used, ownership work forfeiture of title when in face of the greater need of others? This whole question of tenure of unused or obstructively used lands has need of careful revision. In the state and the municipality it is partly solved by the public right of eminent domain. Should there not be an international, as well as an intranational right of eminent domain? There must be if these race wars are ever to cease; for race wars have always been essentially wars for land. Every great movement of the world forward is at the sacrifice of the technically vested rights of some weaker and less progressive nation or race. But the rights of the individual or of the few, whether of men or of nations, must of necessity be subordinated to the needs of the many. No other rule would make life tolerable, or progress possible. Possession is said to be nine points of the law, but nevertheless possession is not the law. The other one point still remains the law—to be invoked when need requires. And it will always be so invoked whenever need does require. And, further, it is right that it should be so, for the law is, The overruling welfare of the many. It is not to be forgotten that the earth was given to man, with the command to subdue and make fruitful; not to individual men or races, with authorization to hold in idleness and waste. This is perversion of the law.

Yet, as was said in a previous chapter, there are always men, good, well-intentioned men, with mental vision so adjusted that they see only the lesser injury, but fail to see that out of this is to arise the greater good; and they stand ready to pronounce it all wrong. Their logic carried out to its legitimate end would put a stop to the building of all public highways because the route must

perforce cross the lands of some man who is unwilling. I knew a man who to the day of his death protested that a foul wrong had been done him because the Cincinnati and Erie canal was dug across his farm; yet that canal reclaimed half a State from the wilderness, and made possible thousands of prosperous homes. Such men fail to see that the needs of humanity must overweigh the narrower interests of the individual. And the right of way for an Isthmus canal is only the right of way for an Erie canal upon a broader scale. So the seizure and condemnation of the lands of the individual for the public good within the state is only upon a narrower scale as the seizure and condemnation for the good of a broader public of the great unused or misused lands without the state. The one act we approve and call, The Exercise of the Right of Eminent Domain. The other we question, and as yet stigmatize by the epithets, Imperialism and Conquest.

And the dark places of the earth! They can not be permitted to remain the habitations of cruelty because to interfere is to transgress somebody's property line. The right to remain barbarian in the face of advancing civilization is not necessarily among the inherent rights of mankind. The swamp marsh with its malaria has as much right to demand to be let alone by the city's border. Civilization has its rights also; and one of these is the right to abate the miasm of its barbarian suburbs even tho in the process the swamp has to be destroyed. And barbarism is a swamp, unclean, unwholesome, and pestiferous; and most hopeless of all, stagnant; and not, as some degenerates of civilization would maintain, the ideal state of man. Civilization also has its marshes, unwholesome

and unclean; but not stagnant. Therein lies the better hope. It is not conceivable that the vast uncivilized regions of the earth should be left to barbarism unless the savage peoples should elect of their own free will to accept civilization. And the history of ages shows that they do not so elect. Civilization must place its hand upon them even tho they disappear in the process. And they do thus disappear. Men call it the Survival of the Fittest. We have not heard the divine name for the law, but the law is there, named or nameless. And it has been so from the beginning. We have no reason to suppose that it will not be so to the end.

Whether the world wills or not, the battle of race readjustment is again on—as between civilization and barbarism; and as between the more progressive and the less progressive civilized peoples themselves. But, it may be asked, will not international arbitration settle all these points peaceably? Whatever we may think of the might be, and however desirable it might seem, we have to take man as he is, and his whole history goes to prove that it will not be. The failure of the International Peace Conference at The Hague to agree to a system of compulsory arbitration is a sign which he who runs may read. And it is a sign, too, that the nations feel that the present race lines even in Europe itself are not to continue. Germany was right in declining to accept the principle of compulsory arbitration. With her already overcrowded and rapidly increasing population she must have more land. And it is right that she should. Thus to tie her own hands for the inevitable hour of race expansion would be race suicide.

The English man—Briton, American, Australasian,

Afrikander—with his larger surplus land-holdings, can better agree to it; yet he would only abide by it so long as his landed possessions suffice for his race needs; then he, too, would throw it to the winds, agreement or no agreement. It would only be the old Indian treaties of the government at Washington over again, which the government might make, but which the people would break. "Bad faith?" No! but the inevitable and resistless working of the higher law of race expansion. The error was in the treaty. All Europe, all the world, may in council assembled agree to the principle; and then they will go out each one to repudiate it when the stress of race need is come. And they could not do otherwise if they would; for expansion is the law, and the attempt to restrict it the breach of the law. The fatally weak point in any system of universal international arbitration yet proposed is a failure to recognize these facts, and so to make provision for race expansion. With human nature as it is, however, and the waste lands largely held by the races which are least amenable to reason, whether such a system of universal arbitration is a possibility may well be questioned.

Yet without such provision for race expansion it would simply mean that races which are few in numbers, but with large land holdings, would be secured in their unused possessions, while other races, large in numbers, and overcrowded in their own lands, would be restricted to present lines, and denied the right to occupy the unoccupied regions of the world.

It might be replied that the remedy for the trouble lies in peaceable expansion. Yet any one who has thoughtfully read the spirit of race life and race preju-

dices knows that peaceable expansion is slow and uncertain; while the race growth of some peoples is rapid and sure. The Uitlander controversy in the Transvaal is a case to the point. It means race animosities and race clashings of the worst possible kind; for each race will cling to its own customs and ways, and will insist upon making them the law of the land. Race expansion has in the whole history of mankind been ever attended by race conflicts, and probably always will be. Race wars, unlike dynastic wars, are essentially wars for land and for race supremacy; and they possess elements of bitterness involved in no other battlings of men. It is probably better in the end that they should come occasionally, short, sharp, and decisive, and be done with, rather than that they should be prolonged through centuries of bickering and clashing between neighbors. The strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of Lot is only typical of the controversy between races; and it is not always that the land lies virgin before them, and they may separate in peace, and each go its own way. To the ultra man of peace all this may seem a discouraging view for the future of humanity, but there is no reason to hope that the era of force has yet closed as between the races. For still the law of land tenure for them is summed up in the terms of that old couplet,

> "Let him take who has the power;
> And let him keep who can."

XXI

WAR—AND WORLD POWERS

THE world has been wont to place too much stress upon the battle-field alone as a deciding factor in race conflicts. A closer scrutiny of the basic forces shows the mere conflict of arms to have been overrated. The battle-field is spectacular; but it is not ordinarily final. Back of the battle-field lies as vital the power to make the battle. Behind the army, the fleet, must be the power not only to make the army and the fleet, but also the capacity to sustain them, and the ability, if necessary, to duplicate and triplicate indefinitely the army and the fleet. This was the point wherein Rome, that earlier Rome of the as yet unexhausted Italian wheat-fields, had the advantage of Carthage after Trasimenus and Cannæ, and the point wherein Carthage failed after Zama. The army is a consumer; the navy is a consumer; the military and naval schools are consumers; and they are all extravagant consumers. They produce nothing. And this fact which was true in the old Roman days is equally true now. The time came when Rome, impoverished and consumed by her armies, could no longer support them. Then was the opportunity of the Teuton; and he was not slow to avail himself of it, but was soon within the gates.

War may change in its military aspects; but war in its economic principles remains ever the same. The sword, the spear, the trireme of Salamis and of the Metaurus gave way to the musket, the wooden frigate, and

the thirty-two-pounder smooth-bore which decided the conflicts at Trafalgar and at Waterloo; and these in turn have given way to the magazine rifle and the quick-fire breech-loader and the steel-clad—but all the parties to the contest alike have them. The figures of the problem have grown larger, but the relative proportions have not changed; and the results, so far as these factors alone are involved, are not necessarily modified. But there are certain old elements which with each succeeding century become more and more emphasized in race conflicts. Modern weapons, while they have wrought many changes in the manner of warfare, have not changed these factors; nor have they destroyed, or even weakened, their ultimate deciding influence. Indeed, modern armaments have only accentuated and made more prominent what before was equally true but less clearly noted. War is more and more coming to mean attrition. The Civil War in America was possibly the most noteworthy modern instance. The Boer War only made it more evident. The merely military features of the war with Spain were too one-sided, and too brief, to be taken into account, but the race contest had been decided long before. Attrition!—but back of this as its determining factor lies the power to endure, to arm, to feed, to clothe, to replenish.

This is not new, but an old law reimpressed and brought into clearer relief through the vastly increased cost and strain of modern warfare. And in this, land is even more than men. A league of soil is, in the end, better than a company of soldiers. And a factory is more than a ship. Britain's power has lain more in her factories than in her armies or her fleets. These were only the exponents. It was the factories that wore Napoleon out. And it is not

to be forgotten that in race contests the decisive wars are not always, nor even generally, those of armies and guns, and that the victor upon the battle-field is not necessarily the victor in the end. Gravelotte and Sedan were of less weight in deciding the relative futures of Germany and France than have been the industrial forces which lay back of them. The battles belonged to the so-called accidents of war. The student of race conflicts does not forget that Jena and Auerstadt preceded Gravelotte and Sedan. Prussia was more thoroughly crushed under the heel of Napoleon than was France under von Moltke; yet time, and the silent working of economic forces scarcely noted, undid it all. And time, and the working of these same silent forces, might again reverse the past. The Frenchman lives in hope of this. Persistent militarism in Germany, and continued peace and the prosperous ways of peace in France, would do it. The German may not foresee and fear this; but neither possibly did the Frenchman of Napoleon's day foresee and fear industrial Germany, and then Sedan, and the lost provinces.

Race war, as said, is not necessarily confined to the battling of fleets and armies. This is only a possible ultimate expression of race contests, and is the crudest and least decisive of all. Industrial competition is no less war. It is, indeed, even more truly and more far-reachingly race warfare. In this war the spindle, the trip-hammer, the forge, are more potent agencies for race supremacy than the sword and the spear of old, or the rifle and the steel-clad of to-day. Land, mines, factories—these are the true sinews of war; for they mean food, clothing, appliances, numbers, and that rich, well-cared-for, and abounding race life which is the forerunner of

dominion. Herein has lain the true power of Britain. Herein lies the potential might of the Slav. And herein, in yet greater degree, lies the power, present and potential, of America. The Captains of Industry are the truest captains in race war.

Yet world power in its broadest sense means more than these things of the land alone. These are essential; but world power is yet broader in its requirements. An enduring world power must be a continental power; but it must be a sea power as well. And sea power alone would not be sufficient. World power must have a continent with its grain-fields and its mines for a base, but it must have, as well, the sea for its full expansion. And while the land must always remain the base from which the battle will be fought, the battle for the land will often be fought upon the sea. The nation or the race which lacks sea power can never in the broadest sense of the word become a true world power; neither also can the nation or the race which lacks breadth of continental homeland abide permanently as a world power. Persia had the continent, but lacked the sea. Salamis marked the point where myriads no longer counted. Carthage had the sea; but Zama could not be fought with ships. Here the legions settled the question of empire. In these facts lies possibly the key to that question of disputed empire in the Far East. The insular Mongol has his islands and the sea; but in all these ages he has shown little aptitude for continental domain. The Slav has the land, but gives no evidence of capacity to take to the sea. Each race seems thus to have its limitations. Each may be great within its own sphere; but neither has shown evidence of possession of the requisites for a true

world power. The insular man of Japan may seek to make up what he lacks of the continental aptitude by intimate union with the continental masses of China; but China has a habit of swallowing its would-be exploiters, and then going on its placid way unmoved.

America stands alone among the peoples of the earth as possessing all the requisites of a world power of the first class. Other nations divide a continent among them and arm against each other in mutual suspicion and race rivalry. The American holds a continent alone, with only one blood, one speech, one common race future. Other lands face upon one ocean; America faces upon all oceans. Other lands may be attacked by a hostile fleet in an hour's sail; while a hostile army may threaten invasion from only across the imaginary barrier of a purely artificial boundary-line. To touch the American a hostile armament must first cross two thousand miles of sea. Other nations largely import food. America feeds herself and helps to feed her only possible rivals. Other nations are cramped and dwarfed for space. America has room to expand. And the outlet which other races must find is in lands which will not breed their own race kind. America's expansion is in lands and under climatic conditions which will breed Americans with no deterioration of the race stock. Of all Aryan peoples, of all peoples of whatsoever race, America holds the greatest area of the productive lands of the mid-temperate zone—the belt which in all ages has given birth to the world-masters. With these advantages it is only a question of a little while until America stands not only as the one first military and naval power of the world, but as its financial and political clearing-house as

well. And with it all America is not militarily aggressive. Its ways are not the old ways of war, but rather the kindlier ways of peace. Of all races of men America is best fitted to stand as the exponent of the angel song of that old-time Galilean night-plain—"On earth peace; good will toward men."

XXII

RACE TYPES AND RACE PROBLEMS

THE type of the Aryan man in Europe and Asia would seem to be already fixed. He has lived in these older homes long enough to have in great measure grown into harmony with his physical and climatic environments, and much further race change in those regions is scarcely to be expected. What climate and physical environments did to man in Egypt, what they have done for man in Arabia and India and China, they are now doing for man in Europe; and the evidence would seem to prove that the work is already largely finished and the types approaching fixity and repose, except in that mixing vat of races, Eastern Europe, where the ever-recurring "Eastern Question" shows the ferment still to be on. Eastern Europe has been for untold ages the dumping-ground of Asia, just as New York and the larger American cities have been for Europe. And the results have been the same. Turkey and the Balkan provinces are only a larger Tammany; and Western Europe in its attempts to control and keep peaceable the seething mass of the Balkan and Adriatic peoples is only in the same position as the rural portions of the State of New York as they try to control and make decent the ignorant and vicious hordes of urban New York. In both cases the evil is chronic and hopeless until the dumping and mixing process is over, and time has done its work in race clarification. East Europe fights because it can not help

it. That ever-present and ever-ominous "Eastern Question," which like Banquo's ghost will not down, is simply the normal and inevitable ferment of mixed bloods. As well try to stop the ferment of the must from the wine-press. It may be done; but the price is death. The only hope of life lies through the ferment. Let it alone; keep out all new entrance of yet other bloods; and in the end will come peace. But it will be as in America, by the triumph of some one blood and the virtual obliteration of all others. The fermentation is the normal working of law to its legitimate and foreordained end. It is the same racially in all lands.

Latin—Teuton—Slav—in Europe the lines of segregation are sharply drawn, and the differentiation of types apparently almost complete. It is outside of Europe that we must look for further change. And of the three races only the Slav and the Teuton have shown ability to pass from the European homeland and survive. The Latin has failed. However glorious the history of his achievements in the European home, abroad he has signally failed. With Africa at his doors ever since the days when he dominated the known world and the Teuton was only an untrained savage upon the north, yet to-day it is the Teuton who, passing him by, has seized upon, and is peopling and opening up, the great African temperate plateaus where alone the Aryan can make abiding homeland. Even that little rim of North Africa only just across the narrow waters of the Mediterranean from the Latin has been to him for two thousand years an impossible land. In America the Latin was first to seize the land and exploit its resources. To-day it is the Teuton who holds, and has made homeland of the greater

part of the territory in which the Aryan man can thrive and multiply; while the Latin flags are gone, and the half-breed riots in a self-destructive anarchy over the semitropic lands which sapped the strength and brought ruin to that stout old Castilian blood. For some reason, some apparent break in the blood, the Latin seems to have lost the power of successful colonization. And the Greek, his nearest of kin, he for a while was a successful colonizer of cities, but only a colonizer, and only of cities; and that was no later than seven centuries before Christ; and then, after a season of decadence, and then that brief revival of the Achæan League, he died; and for more than twenty centuries since the battle day of Cynoscephalai he has been only a dream among the nations.

The Slav is in many respects unlike both Latin and Teuton. He stands in a class apart. He has never been, in the same sense as the others, a world power; only continental and of part only of one continent; and while he has been an expander, he has never been a colonizer. His expansion has always been solely into the lands contiguous to his borders. Neither has he been a man of the sea. His life has been intracontinental, not intercontinental. Touching the sea only upon wintry and inclement shores, he has never shown desire or aptitude for the seafaring life. The genius of the race does not seem to point that way. It may be questioned whether Russia can to-day show any return for all her hundreds of millions sunk in naval expenditures since that time when Peter the Great worked as ship carpenter in the dockyards of Zaandam and Deptford that he might go back and try to teach his landsmen the ways of those who go down to the sea in ships. And the Slav is becoming more and

more intracontinental as the years go by, turning hermit-like toward the vast inland plateaus of Northern and Central Asia, where behind the walls of the mountains and the barrier of the deserts he lives his life alone.

Nor does it seem probable, possible even, that the future will see much of a change. Like the German, his national evolution has come too late to find other homelands beyond the seas, lands where the race may multiply and preserve the race identity. These lands are already taken and held by others. More probably, what he is he will continue to be; for with him also climate and physical surroundings would seem to have already done their work, and the type has become fixed. And how far he will be able successfully to continue his expansion as one nationality even, remains yet to be seen. The problem of empire is that old problem of the antagonistic centripetal and centrifugal forces over again. It is this that gives limitation to empire. The English-speaking man has solved the problem for his race by distinguishing between national empire and race empire. He holds as a race under separate flags what he could not hold as a nation under one flag. Herein is his advantage. It also remains to be seen how far the Slav will be able to absorb and to assimilate the alien masses he is trying to assert governmental control over. Will he in the newer lands absorb them? or will they absorb him? This, and not military recrudescence, is the true Yellow Peril; and it is for those who go into the Orient. This is the subtile race peril which lies in wait for the man of Japan should he grow ambitious to enter upon a career of Chinese domination. Can he, if he enters into that great, immobile race mass of China, escape the fate which came to

the Aryan in India, to the Goth in South Europe, to the Latin in America? or will he, too, be swallowed up and lost in the infinitely vaster race life of the subject people even as was the Manchu before him? For that Mongol south of the Yang-Tse has a maw like the insatiable maw of the sea. And his likeness and kinship to the Chinese will only increase his danger.

It is rather to the Teuton then that we are to look for any further evolution of the Aryan man; and not so much to the Teuton in the European home where, as already said, he, too, has come into more or less complete harmony with his physical and climatic surroundings, and is with each succeeding century assuming a more fixed type along lines already established and unchanging. Here German will remain German in type; Briton will remain Briton; Norseman Norse. It is to Briton, and German, and Norseman as they pass out to other and newer lands, and especially to lands in which they mingle and merge, that we are to look for the newer Aryan man. And that man will be the resultant of forces and elements which vary in themselves. Briton, German, Norseman, with some additional strains of other Aryan bloods, are mingling into one; and all these plus the molding influence of new physical and climatic environments are at work in the making. He, more than any other of the Aryan bloods, if he keep within the Aryan climatic home belt, should most nearly represent the primitive Aryan man, for he will be the most composite of all. Yet it should be an Aryan man of still higher type than either of the component parts which have blended to his making, for he will represent the selection and evolution of ages as shaped and molded by the more masterful Teutonic strain.

But while we speak of this newer life of the Aryan man in other lands beyond the seas as Teutonic in blood and type, it is to be remembered that in it all and through it all the great dominating and determining strain has ever and everywhere been English. This fact has shaped the race destiny, molded the race character, and determines the race future. It is English in type of thought, English in speech, English in faith, English in form of civil institutions, English in traditions, English in its affiliations and aspirations for the future; just as in that migration across the narrower seas from the older European mainland to the British shore it had been, not Saxon, not Jute, but Engle. And again, in the migration across a wider sea to the still newer homelands, it is the Engle blood that has proven the stronger. It is then to an English Aryan race life rather than to any other that we must look for the further evolution of the Aryan man; for he alone of all Aryan peoples is feeling the stir, and passing under the fecundating influence, of new and favorable physical and climatic environments. He alone of all Aryan men is now ceasing to be continental, peninsular even, and is instead broadening out into a true cosmopolite with a world-home. And that the future of the world is to pass more and more under the controlling influence of the English-speaking peoples, the advantages of land, climate, homogeneity of race, and strategic positions would seem clearly to show. If this be so, the question, What type of man is this broader English man to be? becomes one of exceeding interest.

That this broader English man is not to be the European over again is already apparent. No one of even ordinary closeness of observation is apt to mistake an

American, whether from Canada or the United States, for a European. They have developed a new type which is common to both. Neither is the Australian, or the New-Zealander, or the Afrikander to be mistaken for one of European birth. Climate, and soil, and new skies, and the freedom of the new life have fixed upon them all a stamp unlike that which peninsular and insular Europe have affixed to their peoples. And the change is still going on; for time is an essential factor in race change. But while we may not as yet see the end, we may perceive the trend, and may reason toward the ultimate type which shall prevail when man shall again in the newer race home have come into bodily and mental harmony with his surroundings. What this newer Aryan man is becoming physically, intellectually, spiritually, politically, in America, has already been so thoroughly discussed under the topic of the American Aryan that to take it up again would seem to be needless. The fact of the change, the fact that there is such an evolution, is the thought chiefly to be recognized here. This much may be added, however, that each succeeding year shows that the further evolution is to be largely along lines already marked out, further away from the European type, nearer possibly to that older Aryan, or Proto-Aryan type of the primitive Aryan homeland; for, after all the centuries of wandering, this Aryan man has come again to dwell in lands which probably more nearly resemble in physical and climatic features that primitive race homeland of the Aryan stock. Yet the curve line of recurrence is again the climbing curve of the spiral, and he will look downward as well as backward to the level whence he came.

That he has sore and perplexing problems yet un-

solved before him, however, he is becoming painfully aware. While he has put away, and probably forever, from his political life the "divine right" of emperor and king to rule, he is beginning to mistrust that the early enthusiastic cry of his new-fledged liberty, "Vox populi, vox Dei," is after all to be received with considerable reservation; for while he has put away the tyranny of the old master, he is beginning to feel the tyranny of the new. He is finding that in democracy itself lies a germ, not always dormant, of a tyranny no less masterful, no less brutal, than that of Imperator or Rex, and even more intolerable as the one tyrant is exchanged for the many.

Even half a century ago, the man who might have questioned the complacent assurance and assumptions of democracy as the end and crown of human civil institutions would have been scouted as recreant to the highest interests of humanity. We might possibly denounce him less confidently now. In the face of the developments of the half-hundred years we are learning that the *demos* may be as merciless an oppressor as the *tyrannos*, or as the *ecclesia*—even worse, as more ignorant and consequently more brutal. And we are learning that the substitution of the new tyranny for the old is not progress. It is only a change of masters. It takes a strong faith to look into the future. Is civilization approaching one of its periodic breakdowns again? Or is it again only the recurving and recurring lines of the spiral? Enthusiasts say that it is no longer the cycle; but that at last humanity has struck out upon a tangent from its old tyrannous past, upon a newer and higher plane. M
have said the same thing before. They said it in
Yet this also may be said—and maybe it is the

sign in it all—Democracy is beginning to be afraid of itself. That specter called "The days of '93" will not down. Men are beginning to see that ignorance and the demagog are the deadly ingredients of the political dynamite which threatens to rend democracy. Maybe, foreseeing, they will somehow learn to forefend. Yet, after all, the world can not go back. The evolution of man is to be found, not by retracing his steps, but by going forward. But whither? Who is the seer to tell? One thing at least we are learning, The wisdom of making haste slowly even in what the world calls liberty. That old Latin was right in his "Festina lente."

In his civil and political life the American Aryan is beginning to find that the generalization of the Declaration of Independence was too broad, that a fallacy underlies the statement that all men are created equal. Instead, as he goes deeper into the perplexing problems which beset the pathway of government by the people, no truth is becoming more patent than that all men are not created equal. That they are created with an equal right to strive for certain things is the practical truth which democracy is forced to fall back upon. The equality of the men themselves is the standard for which Socialism battles when it would make no distinction between good and bad, competent and incompetent. It forgets the incapable and the degenerate. There is a heredity of morality, of capacity, of ability to bring things to pass, which no declaration to the contrary can obliterate, and which will show itself the moment men are brought into competition. There is a heredity as between races, and there is a heredity as between the individual units of the race. In practise the American Aryan

denies and sets aside the deceptive (and deceptive because defective) generalization of the Declaration of Independence. Equal in civil rights as before the law? Yes! Equal as man to man? No! And no form of organized human society has ever succeeded in making them equal. Heredity and natural gifts have ever countervailed the leveling efforts of human law. The anarchist is theoretically the one consistent exponent of the equality of all men. Yet he fatuously admits in the very workings of his anarchism the inequality against which he protests. Every mob rioting against law and leadership has its leader, and his word is law. Every band of anarchists battling against all organization admits by its very banding together that organization is the foundation-stone of things brought to pass, and has its own inner ruling cabal whose orders it unhesitatingly obeys.

That human society is a compromise in which for the good of all the will of the individual must be subordinate to the will of the whole; that liberty does not mean license; that anarchy is a long step backward toward primitive savagery instead of a step in advance: these are primary truths which democracy may yet have to relearn in fire and blood.

In religion this newer composite Aryan has put aside the spiritual domination of pontiff and priest, nor is it probable that he will ever go back to either. Even the mild *episcopos* becomes increasingly distasteful. Church lines with each succeeding year seem to have less power upon him. Yet how is he to hold steady the great ignorant masses when spiritual control is gone? for the church is the right arm of the law. The anarchist recognizes this fact when he strikes first at the church. It is no fresh discovery. The specter of '93 knew no God.

XXIII

FORECASTINGS AND DAY DREAMS

WE have traced the race life of the Aryan peoples from the time ages ago when they went out, a primitive, simple folk, from the early home somewhere in the interior lands of the Eastern Continent far from the sea. In the three thousand years they have traveled a long distance from the old childhood ways. The half-nomadic existence, with roving flocks and herds, has become settled and fixed. The pastoral village life has broadened out into the complex modern life of city and state. The communal gathering of the tribal folk to take counsel together for the common weal has evoluted into the formalities of delegated national government. The rude mechanical appliances of an incipient civilization have been multiplied and elaborated into the complicated mechanisms of the modern industrial world. The flaring pine knot has given place to the electric light. The voice which might reach as far as the hut of the neighbor across the field is heard hundreds of leagues beyond land and sea. The tree temple has become the dim-aisled cathedral. The hymns sung under the open sky to the nature gods of mountain and forest and plain have gathered into the monotheistic anthem to the One God. The eye that looked up to the stars of the night-time in simple wonder as to a torch-lit sky-roof has learned to pierce beyond the stars into the depths of space. It is a marvelous tale; an epic lived; such as no poet has ever sung.

But is this the end? Has the limit of achievement been reached; and is the future to be only a repetition of the past, as with the Mongol? or is this Aryan man to go on? Is what he has accomplished only the threshold to a broader, deeper race life, full of possible deeds, rich in achievements such as have only as yet been faintly dreamed of?

The world has ever been prone to magnify the deeds of the past, and to minify the possibilities of the future. To the vision of the many the present and the future are only a reliving of the past. But the past can not be so relived. It is only a semblance. The vision has been with distorted eyes; and men have failed to rightly discern. When Solomon in an hour of pessimism wrote, "The thing which hath been is the thing which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun," he saw the recurring circle of the years; only, he failed to discern in the recurring curves of that circle the climbing spiral of the ages. The real past comes back no more, either to the man or to the race. Ruskin dreamed that it might; and the dream was sweet as an artist's vision. But Ruskin only dreamed; for Ruskin was one of the world's dreamers. The one generation may for a little while think that it has so returned, and unchanged; but other men looking backward again discern the ascending curves. The man and the race have mounted upward; and the camping-place is upon newer and higher ground.

It has taken the world centuries, with much of toil and stress, and no little of human suffering, to learn this fact. For a thousand years men tethered themselves to the intellectual leash of Aristotle, just as in religion they tethered themselves to the spiritual leash of Rome, and just

as other men still tether themselves to Confucius. They are learning better. They begin to see the ascending lines of the spiral, and climb higher. And this new light upon the past is teaching them to be not only more guarded in their estimates of the present, but also in their prognostications of the future; for in essaying to forecast the future they have ceased to lay down hard and fast lines as to the possibilities which lie before man in his evolution. They have ceased to say, "Impossible!" They are learning to be more guarded in even saying, "Improbable." They do not forget that once, and that not so very long ago, the church, under pain of the major excommunication, made a man recant of the wicked heresy of saying the earth revolved around the sun, instead of, as the church maintained, that the sun revolved around the earth. A century ago even, men spoke of scientific impossibilities. They laughed at Fulton's steamboat upon the ways, and went on building their river sloops. They laughed at Stephenson's locomotive, and went on planning for the freight-wagon and the turnpike. Now Marconi says, "I have heard without wire across the Atlantic"; and immediately the price of ocean telegraph stock drops on 'Change, and men hesitate in the laying of more cables. The limit line of the knowable, the possible, which men thought to be fixed with a fair degree of certainty, is shifting on and on like the ever-receding line of the mirage. Would it be reasonable to suppose that the possibilities before men are exhausted midway in the race because we do not yet perceive them? The men of a century ago could not perceive, could not even conceive of the things which to the men of this century are matters of daily life, too common to be even

spoken of—spectrum analysis, the telegraph, the telephone, electric light and the electric motor drawn from the waterfall. In this survival of the fittest which comes to man upon earth, who can say what possibilities lie before him who shall prove himself to be the fittest?

It all means that men are coming to know God better, and the broadness of God's ways with matter and man. To go back to the old view that human possibilities have about exhausted themselves, is to ignore the infinite wisdom and power of Him who planned matter and man. It would be to say that God has exhausted Himself. Infinite progression only is God-like. Even heaven itself must be so, else heaven would only be death and the end; for life which is not infinite progress could only be the beginning of death. The law is, that when growth ceases death has begun. It is the law alike of the crystal, the plant, the animal, the man physical. Shall we deny the same law to the man intellectual and the man spiritual? It would be to deny God's consistency with Himself. It would be to say, Here law ends. Even the apparent exceptions to the law, we are beginning to find, are only law but half understood. Infinite and unending progression —or else death. And there is something in man, even in that "Poor Indian" of Pope, which says it is not to be death.

Can we forecast the future? Can we, as we look backward over the long ages since this Aryan man first placed his mark upon speech, stamped his presence upon the land, sang his morning song in the uplands beyond the Hindu Kush, delved and dug into Nature's storehouses, multiplied and conquered and spread, and in it all grew wiser until he has skill to wrest from Nature the

secrets of her mysteries and stands to-day the world's master; can we in the light of what he has done forecast aught of his probable future evolution intellectually and spiritually? Some things at least we may consider:—

Limitations

Altho man has ceased to say "Impossible," yet in all these centuries he has surely gained a clearer idea of the law of the limits of the knowable, at least of its limit under the limitations of ascertained facts. He has learned that in other things besides algebra an equation is unsolvable without the requisite number of known factors. Men did not always seem to realize this, whether in science or theology. Hence the wasted volumes of half-way science; and the discredited libraries of the "Writings of the Fathers." The trouble with that older world was not in any lack of skill and ingenuity in reasoning; it lay in the fact that men did not know. It was not the reasoning power that gave out; it was the supply of facts that ran short. Israel was not the only people of that Old World who tried to make bricks without straw. Plato did "reason well" in that metaphysical, half-mystical borderland of shadows wherein Cato stands halting and Hamlet falters perplexed; but Plato as certainly did not reason so well when he passed out from this region of shadows, a region in which logic must largely trust to faith for its premises, into the great law-builded, law-obeying cosmos about him; for Plato did not *know*. He did not always, nor often, have sufficient groundwork of knowledge accumulated upon which to base his reasoning. The essential number of known factors to the equation was too often lacking; and no amount of skill in

logic could take their place. Instead of the solid rock of known facts upon which to base the members of his syllogisms he had only a quagmire of guessed-at suppositions. Hence too often the fatal instability of the superstructure. The world had not yet learned the vital importance of foundations. It tried to build its house from the roof. Fifteen centuries more of failure still lay before it ere men fairly learned to begin with the foundation-stones. It was only when philosophy became inductive, when men learned to reason from the fact to the theory, rather than from the theory to the fact, that true progress became possible. And they have not fully learned the lesson even yet; for the safer highways of an inductive philosophy still are only too often neglected for less toilsome roads. It is wearied Christian and the seductive meadow path over again.

This knowledge of the limit of the knowable because of the known limitation of the facts, is no small gain to the reasoning world; but it is a knowledge as yet only imperfectly grasped, and even less perfectly utilized. While it will save from much waste of time and toil in retracing old blind pathways, it is not sufficiently appreciated to save still much fruitless work. We may reasonably expect, however, that the future will see a better apprehension of these limitations, and less groping in blind alley-ways of both science and theology. And yet there is ample room. Even with its limitations, the region of the knowable is broad, and ever broadening out as men go forward. There was a time when they feared that the supply of things knowable might run short. They are beginning to get over that now.

eaten by idleness; and that community is the poorer for every mouthful thus eaten;

That artificially hampered or restricted production reacts inevitably and disastrously upon the producer, whether he be employer or employee, the working of the natural law of supply and demand being the only safe and healthful guide;

That there is no mysterious power in the state. It is only the people aggregated; not an entity in itself;

That the state is no wiser than the individual members who compose it;

That law can not create wealth; only regulate it;

That fiat money is only of value as proxy for real money; and that real money has no intrinsic worth, but is only of value as a token of labor done;

That capital is only a credit-mark for labor done, and which has not been consumed; labor only unaccumulated capital, and which if not consumed may become capital;

That labor and capital mutually supplement each other; and that to each a higher grade of living is possible because of the other;

That while the honest day's labor is entitled to the honest dollar, equally true is it that the honest dollar is entitled to the honest day's labor;

That the unearned dollar is a dangerous possession, having in it a curse and not a blessing, for it carries with it the taint of decaying manhood—Was the curse of the Nibelungen Hoard only a medieval version of the curse of the unearned dollar?

That it is as incumbent upon the poor man to be just to the rich man as it is upon the rich man to be just to the poor man;

That there is no difference, morally or financially, and that there should be none legally, between a capital trust and a labor trust; and that each, while having a possible beneficent side as a factor in the industrial and economic life of a community, may become and too often does become simply a tyrannic combination to destroy competition and then to extort the highest possible price for the commodity it has to sell; and this irrespective of the intrinsic value of that commodity, and also this wholly regardless of the natural rights of others; and that if the one is more brutal in its methods than the other, it is only because it is the more ignorant;

That an injustice to one is a wrong to all;

That when community permits violence, it is sapping the foundations of its own safety. License paves the way for despotism; and the demagog is only the forerunner of the dictator;

That every dollar's worth of property destroyed by riot is so much of the world's stored-up labor blotted out; and the rioter himself, as a member of community, is that much poorer;

That the purse-strings of the state are only the indirect purse-strings of the individual; for the state is only indirectly and vicariously the individual, and whatever it does is only the act of the individual plus the cost of that much extra machinery;

That the man who promotes class jealousies is an enemy to all, and to himself as well; and that the labor-union demagog is the same pestilent creature, and in the end just as harmful to the causes he espouses, as is the political demagog;

That no man and no class is permanently lifted up by

pulling another down. The ties of the world-life are too closely interwoven for this;

That education, not mere learning, is the one popular safeguard in it all; but that it must be an education of the moral as well as the intellectual side of man's being.

Educationally

The true end of education should be the man; not simply the scholar. It may be questioned whether in planning our educational work this thought has been given proper prominence. Mere acquisition of knowledge is not the truest test of the educated man. It may co-exist with an exceedingly crude order of mental life. Culture is a better test—that culture which is the ripening and mellowing of scholarship. Samuel Johnson was a scholar—a scholar of the ponderous type; yet with his uncouth ways and his boorish rudeness he would scarcely be held up as a pattern. The quality of mental fiber produced is no less to be taken into account than the mere bulk. The education which fails to refine the fiber of the man is a failure, whatever it may do for the mere acquisition of knowledge. I have never forgotten a scene in my boyhood. A party of us had missed an early morning train, and as the omnibus had returned, leaving us at a station well out of town, we had to walk back a mile or two. As we went back together a German music teacher with fat perspiring face held aloft in great glee the dime he had saved by walking, exclaiming, " Es ist tswei gläser bier!" His musical training had evidently not changed the grossness of the native fiber. I heard the head of a large school deliver a public address, a man of marked attainments in science, yet who in his slipshod English,

and his brusque crudity in belles-lettres, together with a rude gaucherie of mentality, betrayed how little education had done to refine the real quality of the man. The idea of a truer culture was caught by the British squire who took his boy to Oxford, saying to the master under whom he was entered, "I do not expect you to make probably a great scholar of my boy; but I wish you to train him as a true English gentleman." That father had learned that quality of fiber is the first consideration.

It may also be questioned whether the athletic craze which has seized upon our schools is not distinctly and sadly lowering the standard of a genuine culture. The average college or university team is in its influence little above the old gladiatorial marshaling of the Roman arena. It is the apotheosis of brawn, and too often of mere brutality. It is by no means certain that the refining influence of the great schools of to-day is as marked as that of the schools of a generation ago. So noticeable is the lowering that many parents now hesitate to send their children to them. I have heard them say, "I prefer my boy to take his chance in life with less education rather than to run the risk of the schools." The tenderest tie that bound me to my old school at Oxford, Ohio, was its freedom from all this, and its atmosphere of academic repose. A small school, in a quiet country town; college halls already moss-grown; the aged trees of the primeval forest in a pure, æsthetic taste left untouched by the woodsman's ax down the long campus; a restful hush brooding in the shadows on the grass—the whole atmosphere one of scholarly quiet and refinement. This was the distinguishing type of the school; and it left its impress

upon the students who went out from it. Plato discoursing to his pupils under the plane-trees by the banks of the Kephisos was a more refining factor in the uplift of the world than the most prosperous school of the Rhetoricians in that after-Rome where the gladiatorial shouts of the arena floated in at the open windows. It was culture rather than mere scholarship, the quality even more than the mere bulk of the man intellectual, which gave to that little land by the Ægean power to fix its mental stamp upon all the after-ages; while the grossness of the Roman mental life has left the prize-ring and the bull-fight as its fitting legacy. The saner Greek mind left no such evil heritage. The gymnasion never degenerated into the arena.

Civilization, Aryan civilization, is now in the midst of the first great readjustment of social forces which has come since the fall of the Roman Empire; and never has the refining and steadying influence of the schools been more needed, for a new order has to be established. If the schools are not to be the source of this influence, where is civilization to find a substitute? And this influence they will not wield through the gladiatorial combats of the so-called, and miscalled, athletic contests, nor through the college and university atmosphere which they gender. Athens, not Rome, is the truer examplar. The utilitarian world will learn in its weariness to prize more highly the quiet of those old classic days by the Ægean; just as did the Latin in the satiety and disgust of the Rome of the Cæsars. Nor can the world, this unrestful Aryan world that is to be, afford to neglect or to forget.

Scientifically

Force: There was a time in the race life of man when his own hands, and then the strength of the brute lashed to the plow, represented to him the summing up of all force. Afterward came the harnessing of the waterfall to an enlarged hand-mill, and the horizon began to widen. Then he learned through fire to avail himself of the power of the vaporized fluid. But as the fuel supply began to show signs of limitation, forests disappearing, the coal-mine becoming exhausted, a season of misgiving and dismay settled down. How was he, as the ages should go by, to have power for his factory, light and heat for his dwelling? Then came the unfolding of one more leaf in the evolution of man's life upon earth; and now he unhitches the waterfall from the old overshot wheel, and with turbine, and dynamo, and cable, brings the waterfall to the cities and homes hundreds of miles away to supply light, heat, and power to factory and car and all the varied needs of civilization.

But has man yet tapped the source of power? Whatever the origin of force, we know it only as transmitted. We know neither beginning nor end. We only become cognizant of it as it ceases to be latent and changes dwelling-place. This much we know, however, that the force latent in the wood of the tree is only the accumulated force of the sun rays which drew together and holds in new form the inert elements of matter; the force of the coal is only the stored-up energy of the sun rays as exercised through plant life ages ago; the force of the dynamo is only the ultimate expression of the force which vaporized the ocean waters and lifted them to the moun-

tain tops that they might feed the waterfall. But who will tap the sun itself, which is back of all these? Who, upon some vast scale, will isolate from color and light in that solar spectrum the force ray, and without the cumbrous and circuitous intervention of wood, or coal, or waterfall, apply it directly to the needs of man's mechanical life; and then, by some new form of storage battery, provide for the darkness and the chill of the inert night? Or is the whole spectrum only force in another form, and simply needs to be changed back?—a kind of an alchemist's dream over again. Shall we, in the light of what has been accomplished by this Aryan man since the childish essays of those old Proto-Aryan days, say that this is impossible, improbable even? When this shall be done the desert will become its own reclaimer as the fiercely forceful sun rays lift the life-giving waters from their subterranean storehouses to make the arid land bear fruit, and blossom as the rose.

Yet more. Are there still unsuspected magazines of force? The startlingly intangible and as yet wholly inscrutable energy of the newly discovered element radium is a case to the point. What is it? Are its possibilities as those of the first lump of amber which some old-time man by chance rubbed, and found it to develop some mysterious power to draw to itself with unseen hands the particles of matter floating about it? That surely was less promising than radium; yet out of it has come the electric car, the telegraph, and the light mast.

Color

Once men said that the solar spectrum had only seven component colors. I was so taught. And now

we know there are more, only it is the eyes that are too gross to see. But put the sensitized paper before the prism—how the spectrum broadens out at both ends, ultra-violet, ultra-red, and beyond; light rays, heat rays, chemical rays. Are there more? Are there separate force rays or, as before questioned, are these all only force transformed? And which of them is the unnamed *x*-ray? or is it still another? And which of these is it that is to be turned back into sound waves, that we may hear the sun and the stars? There are men who are color-blind to a part of the seven prismatic hues. Are we all only color-blind to the remainder of the spectrum—ultra-violet, ultra-red, heat rays, chemical rays, and that other, the unnamed *x* which we see second-hand? There are said to be certain rude races which are unable even to distinguish all of the seven colors; and others which can not differentiate sounds that to civilized ears are distinct and unlike. Are we all, in the presence of these mysteries, these possibilities, only as the untrained and undeveloped savage? There are men, many of them in civilized life even, who are unable to comprehend the harmony of music, sound-deaf to melody. Is this only a more refined species of sound-deafness?

Telepathy

It would have been a bold man who a century ago might have prophesied of the coming of a time when men would communicate instantaneously with each other hundreds of miles away, not as Homer's flashing of signal fires from headland to headland, or as in the old days on the scouting trail I watched the Apache warning smokes answering from peak to peak of

the Arizona mountains, but along the thin strand of far-reaching wire. Yet this is now so far back in the scientific past that we accept it as tho it had always been. Even the telephone to the newer generation is beginning to be as one of the things of a misty past; and as we turn to the wireless telegraph of the future, so we begin to get ready for the wireless telephone. How soon will it be when even the "Hello, Central!" will be forgotten, and each man carry in his pocket his own transmitter and receiver as he carries his watch? Is it impossible? Stranger things are in the past. And is it among the impossibilities that the time may yet be when even this will be discarded as needless, and with the arousing of some as yet dormant but more subtile sense, mind may speak to mind across space without the intervention of matter or sensible force? Is telepathy among the possibilities as only a higher kind of telephony, just as the telephone is only a higher kind of telegraph? As yet men only ask the question. Such things may be only the idle dreams of dreamers. But they may be more. There are some unexplainable psychological happenings which hint of a borderland of which little is yet known.

Space

It is a long way from that primitive Proto-Ayran, looking up in simple wonder at the stars above him, to the forty-inch refractor and the depths of the abyss; but is it all the way? And has space no more revelations? Is there no further message for us from the interstellar ether? Have the telescope. and the spectroscope exhausted our means of investigation? or are there other "scopes" still to be devised? How about the ear

—shall we remain ever deaf to the sounds of space? For there must be sounds—storm-sounds in the sun, fiery cyclones that sweep with inconceivable swiftness over the seething mass, eruptions which flame out eighty thousands of miles in a few moments. Are they voiceless? What becomes of the noise when it passes on from the fiery vapors to the ethereal space? Shall we never hear it? Why should this be deemed impossible? There is only one sense touch. Sight is the touch of the light wave. Hearing is the impact, the touch of the sound wave. Taste is only the touch of the sapid substance. Smell but the touch of the odoriferous particle. I touch the sun with the eye: why not with the ear? And the starry space—shall the Nova Persei go on blazing out upon the silent night and no man hear the roar of the conflagration?

Why should it be deemed impossible? It only means the turning of the light wave into the sound wave, and the ear may hear the crack of doom. We turn the electric wave at will into the light wave, the heat wave, the force wave; and we take the sound wave and turn it into the electric wave, and then at the end of the line, hundreds of leagues away, change it back again to sound, and so hear the voice of our friend across the continent. Why may we not begin at the other end of the line, and turn the light wave back into the electric wave and the sound wave? And if with the light terrestrial, why not with the light abysmal? And the heavenly harmonies—was it only a figure of speech when "The morning stars sang together"? or was this the "music of the spheres" of which the ancients fabled, sweet, infinitely sweet, only men's ears too gross to hear? and did some one of those

old men really hear, some Enoch of material things, with ears of a finer pitch, out alone under the stars? or did he, too, only dream?

The Man Spiritual

The man intellectual of the twentieth century is not the man intellectually of the first century; much less is he the man in intellect of the Proto-Aryan days of four thousand years ago. He stands upon a different intellectual plane. We say he has grown; and we do not go beyond the fact in the statement. We call it evolution—the evolution of the man from the child. The history of civilization shows this to be the law of being of the man intellectual. In science, in literature, in art, in philosophy, in mechanics, in civic institutions, in all that goes to make up the life of the man intellectual, we have seen him, as the ages have gone by, steadily climbing up to higher and better things, to a clearer insight, a broader knowledge, a kindlier civilization. Is the man spiritual to be held as an exception to this law of evolution? or is the law general and not partial in its working? Yet we tacitly admit that the law has been general, and not special, in its scope in the past; and that man has passed through a stage of spiritual evolution. The Hymns to the Maruts are different from the Epistles. With all their fresh oneness with nature, they are still the nursery songs of the child as compared with the soul travail and the soul triumphs of Paul, or of Augustine, or Luther, or Jonathan Edwards, or Wesley. Yet when men talk of a further evolution of man, timid souls and conservative theologies draw back and cry—"The man intellectual? Yes! Who can measure the possibilities that lie before

him? But the man spiritual? Let us hold fast to the 'Writings of the Fathers,' and walk only in the old ways, lest we stumble and go astray. There is nothing more to learn. The past reached the summit of possible spiritual knowledge."

Is man then to look forward intellectually, but ever to walk with eyes turned backward in spiritual things? Has God in all else started His works from the rudiments —in the making of worlds, the fiery vapor, the gyration of the nebulous mass, the planets flung off to whirl about the common center, the slowly cooling globes, the successive telluric ages, vapor, water, land, reptile, mammal, man to be lord and master of all? Has He given to man himself only the germs of his possibilities upon earth in mechanics, in science, in art, in government, and then bidden him go on? Has God done all this thus far, and then in spiritual matters has He had to reverse the law? This is not the history of man spiritually thus far upon earth.

Thus far in the history of the human race there is a clear record of an evolution spiritual which has kept pace with the evolution intellectual. Why then are we to suppose that the one law has exhausted itself, and the other has not? That the man intellectual is to go on; the man spiritual to stop? Why shall we no longer look backward to Archimedes, and Lykurgos, and Aristotle, yet ever walk with eyes fixed backward upon Nikaia, and Augustine, and the creed-makers, nor dare to think or look for ourselves in matters spiritual? And is this looking ever to the past in questions of faith best honoring God? or are men best to honor Him, the God who made man in His own image, by looking onward and upward

in the path spiritual also? The trained eye, the awakened mind are ever discerning new things in the world about them. Shall the awakened soul alone of all God's creations remain without the ability to perceive new truths, and ever look only to the dead past as the summit of all spiritual perfection? It would be an exception to the law, that basic law of creation, evolution, and growth, which prevails everywhere else in the cognizable universe. And right here lies the great differentiating line between Rome and the essential life of Protestantism. The one looks backward; the other purports at least to look forward. For Rome with her *Semper Idem* is the medieval past. But, as said before, Rome dies hard—even in Protestantism.

What are the possibilities which lie before man in his spiritual evolution? And, again, we may only ask questions; for it is of the future, and of possibilities; and the Seer's vision is not always given to men.

This much at least would seem to be clear. We can not spiritually go back; not to the days of the Hymns to the Maruts; not to Woden and Valhalla; not to the Rome of Gregory and Hildebrand, any more than to the Rome of Numa or the Cæsars; not even to the days of the Puritan. Whatever the creed-bound may say, the God we know this twentieth century A.D. is a greater God than the God our forefathers knew. Not that He has grown; but that we have grown. With the broader intellectual range, with the more matured race mind, we can comprehend God better. And is it unreasonable to suppose that the man of the thirtieth century likewise shall say, as he looks with the yet keener mental vision of eyes that are open where we still are blind, shall not he

also be able to say, "Surely the God I know is still, greater"?

Shall the future hold in it for man more of a conception of the laws of God as general, eternal, immutable? more of God Himself as unchanging? and that the God of Law, of broad, far-seeing, far-reaching, unchanging, General Law, is a grander God than the God of special interposition and of expediency? for these mean failure of the Law, and thwarting of the Law-maker. Will there be less of that old Hebrew idea of God as an Oriental monarch, jealous for his own glory, intent upon his own honor? less of the figurative child-speech of man's spiritual infancy as found in the books of the Old Covenant? more of the conception of God as the maker of a law of life, and who would not that any should die; and man's sin not so much a personal slight toward God as rather a deadly wrong done against his own soul? Will there be more of a realization of the fact that, in the deep mystery of the existence of evil under the rule of an omniscient and omnipotent God, man's theological plummet has not reached bottom? that the problem of evil is something older, broader, deeper, more far-reaching than man, and this world, and an allegorical Eden? that it holds within its scope a universe and all created beings? and that evil is the essential and inevitable corollative antithesis of good, as up is of down, or as here is of there, or as darkness is of light; the one in its very nature logically implying the possibility of the other; and that this is Law? and that in the very nature of things this must have been so from the beginning, and will be so to the end; and that the existence of evil as an entity is the logical possibility which must ever lie back of a law of right when

coupled with freedom of will? else must law and freedom of will be self-contradictory and mutually self-destructive. Will there be a growing perception of the fact that Adam and Eve are to be found in the soul of every new-born babe? that Eden with all its undeveloped possibilities of good and evil exists anew in each child-life, and is lived over again in every human soul?

And in all this will there be more of a readiness in matters theological to say, "I do not know"; as ready to say "Nescio" as to say "Credo"? And in matters of faith will there be a clearer distinction drawn between the merely incomprehensible, and the incredible because impossible? Theology has not always hewn sharply enough to the line in these things. Will there be also a keener perception of the essential unity, and the unbroken continuity of the life here and the life hereafter? more of the thought of bodily death as only the nightly rest of a wayfarer who is but part way upon his journey; and that with the morning he arises and goes on his way refreshed—but still it is on—and still it is the same way? and in al this, more of a willingness to keep "hands off" in God's dealings with other men's souls; and a better understanding that the supreme duty of each one is to make sure that his own soul is right with God? And in all this will man also learn more clearly the lesson that it is not so much a question of religions or of creeds, but of the truth or the error which may be in them? that all religions may be said to be true so far as they have truth in them; false in so far as they have error? Will there be less of the idea that God has some especial name or creed by which alone He may be approached; but that He is the same to all men whether they call upon Him as

Theos, or *Deus*, or *Dieu*, or *Allah*, or *Gott*, or as only The Great Spirit of the wild Indian; just as the sun is the same, and pours out its kindly light alike upon all lands and nations by whatsoever name it may be known and called among the widely scattered and diversified children of men? The ἥλιος of that old Greek shone as genially down upon the wave-kissed shores of Argolis and upon the island-dotted Ægean twenty-five centuries ago as it does to-day upon the blue waters and the poppied plains of California del Sur. Only, to the Greek it was Ἥλιος; to us, The Sun.

Are we to put away somewhat of the spiritual egotism which would reject all light that is not of our especial finding, and admit that we may possibly learn as well as teach spiritual truth among those we are wont to call heathen? Shall we see more clearly that Sokrates had light, that Marcus Aurelius had light, that Confucius had light, that Gautama and Mohammed had light, and that the world is better because of their lives and their teachings? that they, too, builded stepping-stones on the way upward? and that they, and the light they taught, are to be judged, not by their degenerate types any more than Christianity is to be judged by its degenerate types; and that in this Christianity is in no position to throw stones? Will there be a better conception of the fact that God has many ways of revealing Himself to men, and that in an exclusive faith in what we have been wont to call revealed truth we may possibly have blinded ourselves to what other men may have received of revelation in other ways—that Inner Voice Sokrates speaks of so calmly when awaiting the death sentence from his judges—the light by which Marcus Aurelius walked through the long

years of a just life—the light which Confucius had, and which has made the home life of China sweet for untold centuries—the light which Gautama held forth in the teachings of "The Noble Way"? Will there be more of a recognition of the fact that every sincere heart that lifts itself in desire to God in the light it has is finding God, and is heard of God?

Will there be more of the self-respecting manhood of one made in the divine image; less of that old monkish idea of an utter and unworthy self-abasement which dishonors God in dishonoring His handiwork? And with this will there be more of the idea that man has his part to do, as well as God; that there is a price upon salvation from sin which man must pay? less of the ignoble idea that the typical Christian is a spiritual pauper who most honors God and free grace by doing nothing, and deserving nothing in himself?

Will there be a growing conception of the fact that the highest type of religion must take in the man intellectual as well as the man spiritual; and that the religion which can look upon ignorance as the mother of devotion fails utterly of an adequate conception of the broadness of the man God planned when He said "Let us make man in our own image"? Will there be an increasing conception of heaven and hell as essentially conditions; and that man makes his own heaven and hell? that where sin is, unrepented of, there is hell tho it were at the foot of the Great White Throne itself, even as Satan could "present himself with the Sons of God," and yet be Satan still, and all hell burning within him? and that where innocence is, there is heaven, even tho in the darkest depths of starless space?

Will there be a freer hand in brushing away the myths of the past? a clearer vision in the unfolding of allegory? a keener insight for the task of reading out of the undeveloped verbiage of the infancy of speech, in its first rude attempts to express spiritual thought, the errors which were inevitable? For these things were the rough, woody husk about that modicum of divine truth which primitive man was prepared to grasp, and were born of the crudeness of his spiritual capacity in the days of the childhood of the race. They were to the soul of man in his spiritual infancy as the picture-books and the painted blocks of the kindergarten.

Has not this whole theological outlook been from a mistaken standpoint? If the fathers knew not more, but less, of science, of philosophy, of God's universe about them, and of God's way with man through the centuries, and less even of the history and the tongues of the sacred books upon which their faith was based, than do the children, why, with this lesser light, should they be supposed to have a deeper insight into the spiritual truths which pertain to man's soul? And if they saw less clearly, why should the present and the future tie themselves helplessly to the creeds which these men builded? Is man in spiritual things alone to deny himself the liberty of thinking for himself? Is not the man of the present as competent to frame a creed—indeed, is he not more competent—than any Council of Nikaia, or of Augsburg, or of Westminster, or Calvin, or John Knox, or John Wesley? And when the Council of Constantinople decreed that the formal creed of the three hundred and eighteen bishops as adopted at Nikaia "shall not be made void, but shall remain forever," did they wisely forecast the

future? If the man of the twentieth century is not fitted to frame a creed for himself and for his generation, but must turn back to the man of the past to do this work for him, he has failed in his spiritual evolution to keep pace with the evolution of his intellectual powers, and has reversed the law which holds good in all else.

Man's spiritual pathway in the past is strewn with the discarded wrecks of his outgrown creeds. Is the future to be different? Men have been thinking so for all these ages, each new age deeming that at last it had found the end of spiritual truth, and that now its newly framed creed would abide. And the next age looks back, and, lo, again the wreckage by the wayside. Who shall say that the end is now at last reached? If we dare not say it in science, if we dare not say it in the intellectual field, dare we say it in things spiritual? Who can say it in the face of the unpreachable, not to say unspeakable, articles which even yet find lodgment in some of the creeds?

And a creed—what is it? It is CREDO, I BELIEVE. Have we ever yet fully grasped the truth that the highest spiritual duty of man is to be honest with his own soul? and that the creed which the lips profess, but which the heart rejects, is nothing? worse, that it is the death of a true spirituality? for it is the way of untruth.

And will there come a clearer recognition of the fact that man's whole future can not be fixed by his mere mental assent to dogmas of belief where, through insufficiency of data, or limited capacity of judging, an intelligent opinion is as yet to him an impossibility; and that such a state of things, if it could exist, would be a violation of that fairness and justice which must lie back of eternal law, unless that law be only a mockery? And will

there come a better appreciation of the fact that blind assent to an unbelievable dogma is not honoring God—rather that it is dishonoring Him by thus debasing His handiwork, the man intellectual; and that there can be no such thing as blind faith? that this is only superstition, and on a par with the Voodooism of the African?

And the other man's *Credo?* Has the world yet learned the lesson that religion is purely an individual matter, which pertains not to state, indeed not to church, nor to neighbor, but lies only between each soul and its God? Of some of its observances at least Paul had caught this truth when he said, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Will there not also come a growing sense of the impossibility of leading the lower types of man at once to an appreciation of the higher types of spiritual truth? a recognition of the fact that they, even as the Israelites of old, fresh from the idolatries of Egypt, must have some visible evidence of their God—the elaborate ceremonial, the pillar of cloud and of fire—and with this will there also be a recognition of that other fact, that these religions are not necessarily in themselves evil; only incomplete; having in them light, even if only as the flickering rush-light of man's infant civilization? And will men learn to recognize and to acknowledge the spiritual brotherhood of the higher and lower types; and will they be more ready to say "Brother" spiritually to the heathen, remembering that we once stood where the heathen now stands, and realizing that it is the man that is dwarfed, and that the man must grow before his conception of God can grow, and that in this thought the forces of civilization are indirect spiritual forces?

And in all these possibilities will the man of the future learn to be more just toward God; less prone to poise as spokesman where God has not spoken? Will there be a juster conception of God as the pitying All-Father of all men? less of that pitiable human narrowness which would look to Him as the God especially of my particular church and of my creed? Will there come a broader, sweeter, kindlier charity for those who may not see as I do; and a willingness to admit that they may be as honest in their opinions as I in mine; and that after all they may possibly be right, and I wrong; and that God has not delegated to me the authority to be judge? Will men and churches, in a wiser humility, learn, as said, to keep "hands off" with other men's souls?

It has been a long, weary road that the world has traveled spiritually, a road of centuries of theological hatreds, and persecutions of earth-made creeds, and the unholy ambition to dominate other men's souls. And the end is not yet; only it seems nearer; the end which the old Seer pictured to Israel that day when, looking into the heart of the Almighty, he said:

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Yet with all these many possibilities, scientific, intellectual, and spiritual, opening up before the human mind, there is still to it, as it exists here upon earth a limit to the knowable, a limit fixed, impassable. In his grasp of physical facts man stands midway between the ultimate star and the ultimate atom; and each is equally remote,

and equally unapproachable. To the finite mind all things are only relative, strictly speaking. For it there is no fixed, no ultimate; only approximations. In the intellectual limitations of his narrow world man is to the universe about him only as the tiny insect which floats upon the drifting kelp in the great eddy of the Sargasso Sea. It rests upon the little foothold which to it is home, while above, below, and all about it are only the abyss, and the void, and the on-reaching waste, unmeasured, uncomprehended, inconceivable.

And, in fact, we are learning that all human knowledge is not ultimate, only comparative; for we have no fixed starting-points. Is it the establishing of a point in space?—but the basic points of our measurement are drifting. Is it the defining of an era in time?—but who shall fix the basic place of time in eternity? Is it the determining of direction in space?—but which is up and which is down? Is it a definition of the One Great Central Life-force of all?—He has only said, "I AM." Is it the spiritual resting-place of a creed?—the centuries are only one long line of dragged anchors and wreckage.

What is the meaning of it all? Simply that the finite mind reaches its limit when it touches upon the infinite. In science, in intellectual reaching-out, in spiritual aspirations, always the point where the mind stops baffled in its quest, and can only say, "Maybe!" and so turns back upon itself helpless. Before it is the wall; and however the wall may seem at times to recede, still it is there; and still it is a wall, gateless, impassable.

And the lesson of it all? Not despair; but a clearer appreciation of the fact that to man, as he is here upon earth, there is an insuperable, and presumably intentional

limit to the knowable. But the limit is wide enough for the years. And the future, when the years shall have broadened out into the eternities?—He can only wait. For the end is not yet.

And maybe there is after all to be a gateway to the wall. And maybe the rift men call death is the entering in; and the finite shall come into touch with the infinite; and at last we shall know.

XXIV

EPI-LOGOS

The epos of the Aryan race-life is still an unfinished tale. Much as has been lived in the three thousand years since that old Proto-Aryan gave birth-mark of dominion to a masterful progeny; yet, as with the closing book of the "Æneid," so we stand only midway in the unfinished cantos which other ages must live to a conclusion.

Why has the Aryan man of all men proven to be the most masterful, the most enduring in race vitality and the possibilities of race evolution? That it has not been the effect of climate and environments alone is shown by the fact that he, an intruder, was able to dispossess and drive out other men before him from his chosen race homes. Much as climate and environment have done for him in his race development, there is something more back of these. The history of three thousand years of successful race aggression and race upbuilding shows this. And it has not been chance. When we contrast the race achievements of the Indo-Aryan, the Irano-Aryan, the Græco-Latin, the Celt, the Slav, the Teuton with the achievements of the lesser bloods through all these ages, there is more than mere chance. We have come to an ultimate fact. We here stand face to face with the truth that there is primarily a racial and a radical difference in bloods. Some can—some can not. Why? we have not yet discovered. It is the ultimate fact just mentioned.

Granting the origin of all men from one common stock,

why is it that they thus differ in possibilities of race evolution? In the animal and vegetable kingdoms we speak of this difference as the outcome of sport. Yet it is not sport in the sense of chance. Back of the Morgan trotter, foaled of a common roadster, back of the Crawford peach, sprung from a common seedling, lies a higher law than that of sport or chance. We call these unexplainable things sports; we simply have not yet discovered the law of the sport. But there is a law. There is always law. Granted one single case of chance in the universe, and the dominion of law is gone. There is a law of the sport —only we have not yet found it out. And where there is a law there is a maker of the law; for law is intelligent preordination. And so we come back to the bald dictum, God, the law-maker, through His law made the Aryan masterful among men. This is the primary fact. Climate and environment only helped on.

Is the field of achievement for the Aryan man exhausted? and for him is history from this time on only to repeat itself? Men have so feared in all ages. The past is so clear, the future so inscrutable, that men are apt to say, The future can only be as the past; it only remains to live the old over again. Solomon in an hour of pessimism so thought. Yet each succeeding age has shown the mistake. The on-coming centuries open out to an ever-widening horizon with ever-broadening possibilities. And the Aryan blood which three thousand years ago set out upon its world-march is not exhausted. Whatever may be in the future, it shows no sign of failure yet. The epic is to be lived on. But is it always to be so filled with the deeds of "Arms and the man"?—for the history of the Aryan is a history of storm

and stress. Yet it certainly is less so than in the days when Vergil sang. And maybe, heathen as we call him, he, too, was at least part way a seer when, looking forward into the years to be, he sang of some dimly seen, far-off time:

"Then shall the harsh ages grow mild, wars being put aside."

Yet we have no reason to believe that the struggle for place upon the earth is wholly to cease; no reason to suppose that it shall cease in the vegetable world, for plant must go on making war upon plant in the battle for life; no reason to suppose that it is to cease in the animal kingdom, for animal must go on preying upon animal, unless the whole law of foods, and of the struggle for existence, is to be reversed. And man—why should he be an exception, and the law be broken? Still the struggle must go on, and the weaker fall by the way. Even when John, in the Apocalypse, saw the vision of the millennial years of peace, it was only as a prelude to the deadliest struggle of all. And then came, not peace for the warring races of men, but The End. Only, the end was but another beginning.

What is the lesson of it all? Is it that the struggle and the battle are the preordained law of life? And that only by the rugged way of this path is to be attained the highest excellence through the survival of the fittest? And again may it be said that man did not make the law, but must live out his race life upon earth under its inexorable conditions. And as he holds fast to his faith in an overruling and all-wise God, he must believe that somehow it is better so, that somehow battling and stress are the most effective stepping-stones to a higher type of

being, whether in races or in men. This much would seem to be clear, That the struggle of the ages is the workshop in which is the making of the man of the eternities. This for the life we know. And the life beyond? —the veil is not lifted. Yet the dreamy mind of the Farther East has conceived of a rest from the struggle, and called it Nirvana. To that mind it is absorption in Buddha. To the possibly saner mind of the West it would mean a blotting-out.

If there is to be rest for toiling and struggling man it will be, not in annihilation, not in the cessation of the progress upward. From the very thought of these the soul of man recoils. Rather would it seem to be when with a growing wisdom the struggle shall be better apportioned to the strength. It is the overstrain that makes weary. But life, full, abounding life with an ever-higher beyond—for this the soul of man reaches out as the night-world to the hope of the coming dawn.

Conceived in the womb of the ages,
  Fathered to toil and strife,
Brought forth to the stress and the battling:
  This is the Way of Life.

And the toil and the strife are heavy,
  And sore, since the world began;
And the stress and the battling cease not:
  For the end is, The Making of Man.

XXV

THE VISION OF THE EPHEMERIS— ET SÆCULA SÆCULORUM

A WINGED ephemeris burst its larval pellicle and came into life with the rising sun. The morning light flooded mountain and plain and wood with the cheer of its radiance, while all nature rejoiced in the birth of the day. Yet it was only the ever-recurring miracle of the morning which had never failed to return to the night-sleeping earth since time began. But of all this the tiny ephemeris knew naught. To its feeble faculties mountains, and plains, and the far-reaching wood, and the ceaseless chain of the returning years were as the mysteries of space and eternity to man. Content with its own little world, the ephemeris sported in the genial sunlight of the morning, nor dreamed of aught beyond. To it the one morning which it knew was the birth of all things. For it, time and existence were bounded by its little hour; and mountain, and plain, and the on-reaching depths of the greenwood—with its feeble vision it could not see them; only the flutter of the leaf in the wind, and the narrow circle of the dancing rays where the sunlight broke through the boughs of the trees; and in its tiny wisdom it said: "There is no more beyond; and this is all. Time began with me." The end?—it had not yet dreamed of an end.

The morning sun mounted into the heavens as the day advanced; and as the strength of the noontide drew near, the little ephemeries with firmer wing danced higher

in its flight. Yet still the great tree-tops were to it as the far-off sun-stars and the unfathomed depths of space to man. But the little ephemeris lived its fleeting hours and said, "Lo, all things began with me; and this great world, which reaches from the brink of the pool on and on to the darkness of the wood, is mine; and after"—— but it could not comprehend that there could be an after; all was only one on-reaching present; and its brief day was the full cycle of time; and there was no more.

And then the noontide passed by; and the sun sank toward the west; and the chill of the night-time came apace; and upon the ephemeris of a day the weariness and the feebleness of age began to settle down. And the tiny creature of a summer day said within itself, "Lo, the end of all things draweth near. Saw I not the dawn of creation when all the vast world from the pool to the dark wood was still young? And have I not known the broad noonday of time? And now the great sun is growing feeble with age, and its warmth is dying out. Only a little space, and time, and the broad earth from pool to the dark wood will be no more; for this is the end of all."

And with the setting sun the ephemeris closed its aged eyes of a single day, and went out; and the darkness of one more night was upon the face of an earth so vast that the little fleeting insect of the water-pool had not even dreamed of it.

But the end of all things had not come; and the great earth was not dead; and the night-time was only for a space; and the dawning returned again; and yet other ephemeridæ came into being with the light of another morning, and lived again the life of day, and died.

It was only a tiny ephemeris; and its world was only

the little space between the pool in whose waters it had its larval birth and the leafy wall of the green-wood; and it was only a life of a single day; but the evanescent microform of the insect world dreamed that in the span of its brief existence was the full measure of time; and that the sunrise and the sunset which it had known marked the beginning and the end of all.

There are other ephemeridæ than the tiny insect of the water-pool; and there are other days than that of the rising and the setting of a sun; and space is more than the narrow reach from water brink to the hither verge of the green-wood. And the other ephemeridæ are of broader vision; and their span of life is wider; and they pierce deeper into the mystery of the universe about them; yet they, too, are ephemeridæ; only, of a higher type, and of a broader day. Races of men are the ephemeridæ of the ages. True, with a wider knowledge than the ephemeris of the water-pool the races of men know that there have been other races before them, yet to them also comes the egoistic vision that their own race-life is the one great central fact in the history of the ages; and to them also the setting of their race sun seems as the end, for they, too, fail to discern the working of a plan that is broader than their brief day of life and action.

And to each dominant race in its turn its life as a race seems to be the pivotal point about which centers man's career upon earth. It looks back proudly to the sunrise of its own civilization as the beginning one of true progress. It lives its day of power; and when its day is over it goes out in the darkness and the gloom of age. And it, too, dreams the self-centered dream of the ephemeris, that with its passing the end of all things surely is drawing nigh.

Yet the end had not come; only the passing; and then the night-time of that little day of racelife. The dream was only the pessimism of the expiring egoist; and the morning sun rises again upon yet another generation of race ephemeridæ, raised up to take the place of that which had gone before. And back of all, and above and beyond all, is evidence of the working out of a fore-planned and inexorable law, vaster and more far-reaching than ephemeris or man has fathomed; and ephemeris and races of men live out their allotted space of time, and fill their allotted and predestined place in the broader scheme—and die; and others rise to take their place.

Yet alike, without ephemeris or race the plan would be incomplete; else would they not have been given their allotted place. The tiniest ephemeris of the fossil amber stick could not be spared, and the plan complete. The feeblest race of the countless myriads of men could not have been dropped out without a void. Each has its allotted and indispensable space. And back of all is Law—Law from the far-off beginning when that time first was, and that goes on age after age, and that reaches out from the centuries to take hold upon space and the eternities. For the earth-plan to its minutest detail must be only a part, yet an essential part of some broader, vaster plan which has limit neither of time nor place; else is Law not universal, and chaos rules supreme.

"Domine, mille anni ante eculos tuos tamquam dies hesterna quae praeteriit, et custodia in nocte."

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